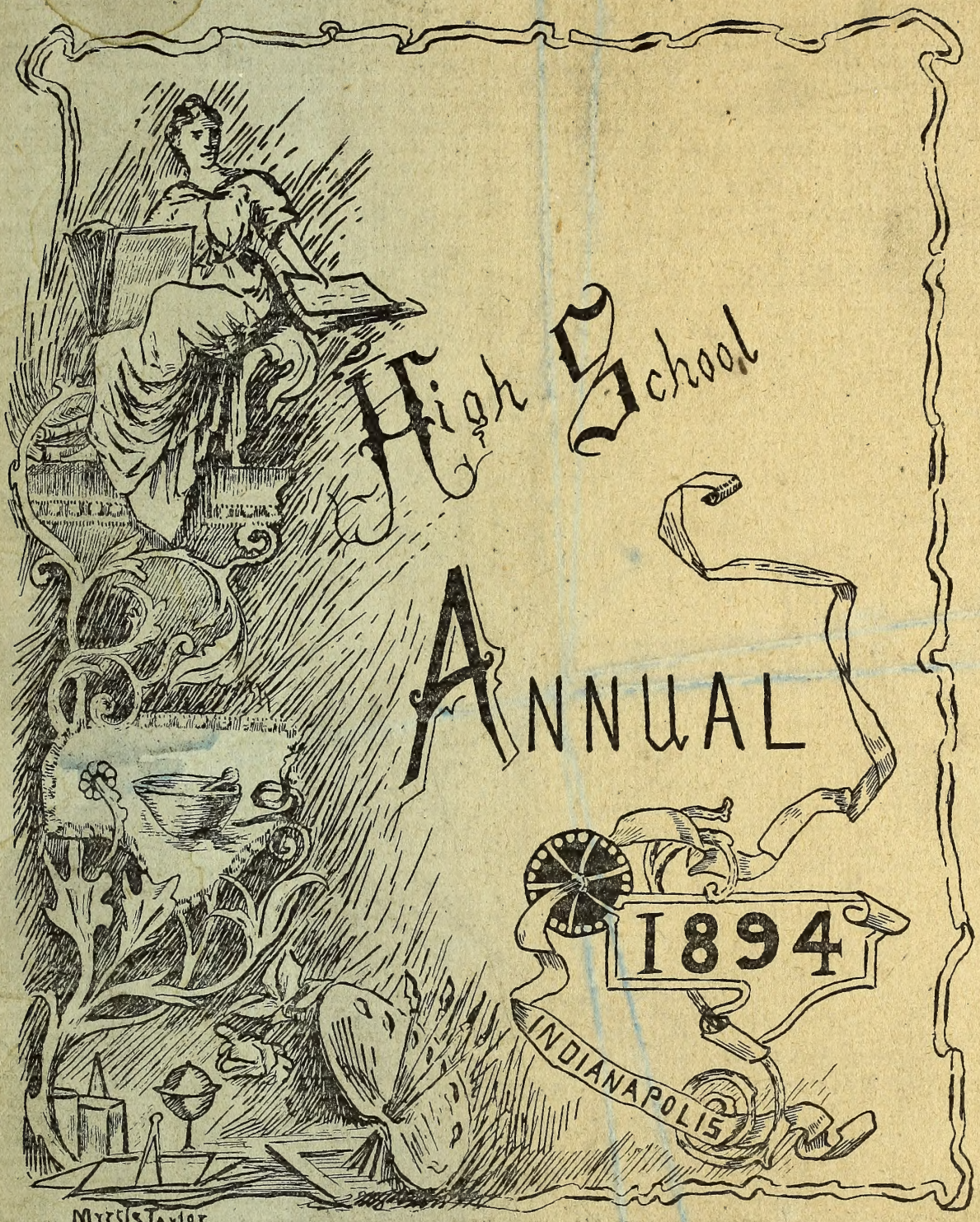

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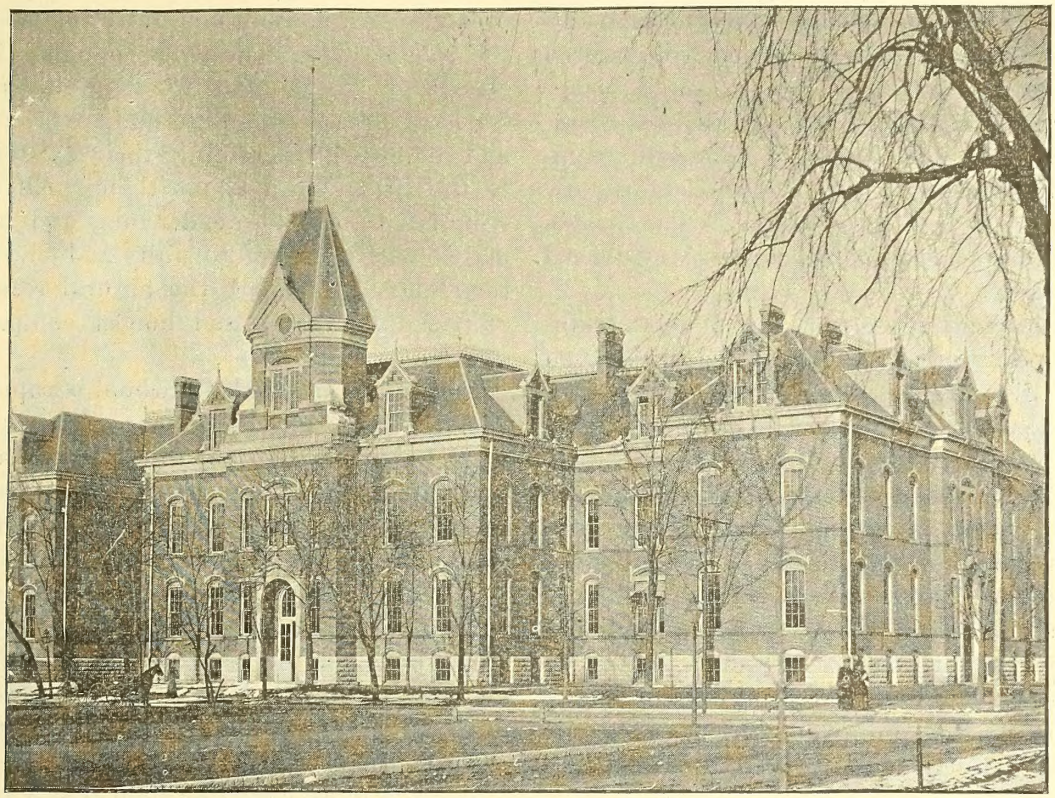
THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more."

VOL. I. No. 1. INDIANAPOLIS, IND. JUNE, 1894.



HIGH SCHOOL No. 1.

THE GROWTH OF THE SCHOOL.

IT WAS in the year 1853 that a high school was first organized in Indianapolis. At that time, higher education was not so strongly advocated as it is to-day, and the movement was met with antagonism from all sides. Earnest and continuous must have been the labors of the few enthusiasts, who were compelled to struggle with many foes, and to encounter many difficulties.

Not until the year 1864, did the apparent drifting of the school cease, when, under the principalship of Mr. Wm. A. Bell, it was relaunched, this time prosperously to sail the sea of education.

From time to time, the location of the school has been changed, each change bringing with it better advantages, both for teacher and pupil; until, finally, in

the year 1884, with the erection of the present High School, large, spacious and cheerful, the people of Indianapolis have come into possession of an edifice, which, though some day, it may crumble, in obedience to the call of destroying Father Time, will stand forever, a living structure, in the deeds, and lives and hearts of the many already, and yet to be, benefited and inspired under its roof.

"Progress is the law of life." If disregarded there is no real life. The Indianapolis High School lives; it has lived for many years; it has progressed; it has grown with age; its spirit of progress is evidenced by facts.

Not many years ago, the manual training department was organized in the high school, offering to a large number of students, long wished-for opportunities. In the different branches of science, laboratory work and personal investigation by the pupils, have replaced the older and less helpful methods of teaching these studies. The course in English and English Literature has also undergone many changes, until to-day the methods are so simple, the teaching so skillful, and the work itself, so full of interest to every one, that the most gratifying results are being attained.

One of the surest signs of growth is the existence of an organizing spirit, a desire to unite for the purpose of mutual benefit and advancement. This spirit, this desire, has long been prevalent among the High School students. Nearly ten years ago the Senior Debating Club was organized, and ever since, it has been doing good, effective work. Since that time, scientific associations, nature clubs, political organizations, athletic associations, and literary clubs have sprung up, entering upon useful careers, and will, no doubt, live and act, as long as the school itself.

Latest of all, is the spirit of class-organization. Heretofore, the classes have been in the habit of organizing themselves, but a short time before their graduation. At present, the appearance of many-colored ribbons, floating and fluttering about the school halls, denotes a change. The classes of '95, '96 and '97, as well as of '94, have already organized and are proudly and delightedly heralding their existence to the little world about them All are stimulated to noble endeavors, and animated with a desire to unify and elevate their class. Such are the natural results of friendly rivalries and honest comparisons.

The Indianapolis High School is rapidly evolving into a school-home. What is more homelike than the sweet music and entertaining readings with which pupil greets pupil in the several rooms, at the beginning of each day's work! Work? Yes, work it is, if happy, voluntary endeavor can be called such. What is more homelike than the sociable socials, pleasing entertainments, and congenial receptions tendered the school by one or another of the classes!

What is more homelike than that which is most loved, next to home!

What is more homelike than the close relationship and strong feeling of harmony which exists between teacher and pupil! They understand one another. They work together. The goodly ship which they are so carefully guiding is steering its course onward, onward, towards the glorious goal of progress, of knowledge, of broad humanity.

HERBERT C. KAHN, '94.

HIGH SCHOOL No. 2.

In 1884, a second High School was established, and located on Virginia avenue. Its growth has been steady; during the past year, the number enrolled being about three hundred.

During the coming year, this school will be removed to an elegant new building on South Meridian street, and it will be incorporated with the new Manual Training High School, which is to offer opportunities for industrial training, equal to those afforded by any other city in our country.

WHAT THIS YEAR MEANS.

THE last year has been an important one in the world's history. It has been marked by a series of events which, doubtless, will have a noticeable influence on the future.

Our faith has been tried by many unprecedented disasters, wrecks, panics, fires and earthquakes, commercial and civil, as well as physical. We delivered ourselves from the ravages of the cholera only by the utmost sanitary precautions. But what we have gained in the knowledge and practice of hygiene, will not count for nothing.

The progress of science is remarkable. Not only are practical inventions constantly being made, but the former ones are becoming more perfect. While such men as Edison live, the advance of science will be unquestionable.

The decision of the Bering Sea question last fall affords a strong evidence of the value of arbitration. The United States was very fortunate in having so able a representative as Blaine; for her interests undoubtedly would have suffered, had it not been for his keen foresight and cool judgment.

In England, the Home Rule Bill was the theme of many long and heated debates for several months, but it was resisted almost too unanimously by the Peers. However, it is a question of such a nature that, though it may be laid aside for a time, it will be brought up again sooner or later.

Meanwhile, Germany has been wrestling with the Army Bill. Brazil has been engaged in civil war, and other South Central and South American States have had their annual internal uprisings.

Nor has the United States escaped. The disgraceful Hawaian affair had better be left unmentioned, but it will not be forgotten. The present adminstration has certainly failed in every particular, in fulfilling the promises made to a confiding people. The hesitation and delay of the Senate on several most important questions, the introduction of the Tariff Bill, with the unsettling of values, and uncertainty for the future, has caused much suffering and distress throughout the country.

The Coxey Army is but the result of a growing discontent among the tramps and fanatics. It is a foolish, ridiculous movement, and will accomplish no good whatever.

The crowning event of the past year was the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, the great influence of which will be felt the world over. A general interest was awakened, and capital was generously provided. The approval and coöperation of foreign powers were obtained in the beginning. The master minds of all nations were called into activity; and the efforts of the many, each working out his best thought in his especial department, brought to perfection a new wonder of the world, the "White City."

The successful management of this great undertaking reflects much glory upon our noble men and women. The simple fact that there was a Board of Lady Managers shows that we are becoming broad and liberal, and able to recognize true worth anywhere. The Woman's Building alone stood as a proof of her ability in architecture and all the decorative arts, as well as in almost every other line of employment.

It brought the history of America before us in so vivid a manner that it will never be forgotten. Columbus will certainly live forever in the minds of all who attended the Fair and saw the many memorials of his name and fame. This is especially true of the school children. Even those who were not able to go have embalmed and preserved him in essays, pen-sketches or sonnets. So that they *could* not forget him if they ever should so desire.

One of the most important effects of the exhibit was the bringing together of the nations in the different congresses. The Congress of Religions was attended by representatives of all sects, and their enthusiasm grew stronger as they realized that the one essential point in their different creeds was the same, a belief in an all-wise and loving Father.

Much homage was paid to the old Liberty Bell on its journey to Chicago. At every station, it was received by the patriotic school children who had turned out and marched to greet it with songs and joyous shouts. But its home coming was quite a contrast to its former journey. People all over the land were shocked at the recent murder of Carter Harrison; and as the old bell was placed side by side with the new one, preparatory to departure, both were draped in black in honor of his memory.

As an educator, the World's Fair can not be equaled. We are amazed at the manifestation of the remarkable progress in all the arts and sciences, and gather hope and encouragement for the future. We begin to realize our capabilities and those of our neighbors and of our foreign sisters. We appreciate the fact that the world is moving forward, and we determine to work with increasing zeal in the development of our resources.

We should be grateful that we live in this glorious century. This year alone is worth fifty, a thousand years ago. Our minds are broader, our vision is keener, and our souls are purer. We are beginning to understand that the way to find God is to get near to man.

HATTIE M. TUTEWILER, '94.

SPENSER.

The day is not yet born, but night is dead;
  The hills lie bosomed in the shadowy sky,
  Flower-perfumed breezes softly murmuring fly.
It seems as though the very birds have fled.
But lo!—above yon mountain's snowy head,
  A rosy finger sweetly shoots on high,
  And the sweet wild birds chant their matin cry.
As all the east flames into rosy red
  And gold, so divinest Spenser came,
As the first dawn of day since Chaucer's morn,
  Sank down, clear-silvered with the light of fame,
Ere England saw that splendid sun-lit noon,
  Which thou didst herald, O great prince of song
  In wild aërial music echoing long.

G. A. F., '94.

TRAVEL AS AN EDUCATOR.

IN the eighteenth century, a trip on the continent was thought by the English to be a necessary adjunct to the youth's education. Immediately after receiving his degree at the university, he was sent, under the care of a tutor, for a two, or perhaps three years' trip on the continent,

during which all the more prominent places of interest were visited. The youth's ideas of the people and places, about which he had been studying, probably vague and indefinite before, now assumed fixed shape. The contact with people of different nations, and acquaintance with manners and customs foreign to him, tended to develop his immature ideas and to round out and give *contour* to his character.

He stood on some great battle-field while his tutor pointed out to him the clever manoeuver of some great general which had possibly decided the fate of a nation. He pondered over the inscriptions on the monuments of kings, once rulers of some great empire, but now forgotten by all except the student of history.

In Greece, he beheld the ruins of wonderful Athens, and he stood upon the battlefield of Marathon, where for the first time in history, the Persians felt the sting of defeat. Rome brought to him memories of what Rome once was, the sovereign of the world. Her long line of great men passed before his vision. He heard the eloquent Cicero once more addressing the spellbound populace in the Forum. He saw the triumphal procession of the great Cæsar again pass through the city streets, and heard the shouts of the populace as it moved along.

Gliding along the grand canal of Venice, listening to the sweet strains of a gondolier's guitar, he felt the tranquillity of an Italian evening. Again he was stirred into a glow of excitement by the dazzling snow and never ceasing jingle of the drosky, in cold St. Petersburg. One day, he was delighted by the merry frolics of the quick-witted girls in the sunny vineyards of France; another, he was transfixed by the mad rush of an avalanche as he stood among the Titanic Alps, which attract the eyes of all to Switzerland. He lived the life of a simple Dutch peasant, and he entered into the excitement of the night's mad rush of a gay Parisian.

Such was the crowning point of the education of the youth in the eighteenth century. Bacon says: "Travel in the young is a part of education." By it, the youth of the last century learned to think more broadly, to judge more critically, and to live more charitably. Although we, today, do not consider travel a necessary adjunct to education, we recognize its beneficial results, and the people of the latter part of the nineteenth century are probably the greatest travelers the world has ever known. In England, it is natural that one should think of going to the continent, because England is so small and the continent so near. However, the craze of Americans to go to Europe as soon as possible, is unwarranted. To foreigners, these travelers often exhibit such a lack of knowledge of their own country, as not only to bring chagrin upon themselves, but to reflect discredit on the nation which they represent They should keep in mind the advice of Thomas Fuller: "Know most of the rooms of thy native country before going over the threshold thereof."

Moreover, America offers to the sightseer natural attractions which can not be surpassed even by Europe. Perhaps the most wonderful region in America is the Yellowstone National Park, a district having within its borders beautiful scenery, herds of animals now nearly extinct and rarely seen outside its borders, and the most active geysers in the world. The romance of a six days' ride over the mountains in a stage coach through such scenery crowns the traveler's enjoyment.

The park itself is situated in the north-

west corner of the State of Wyoming, and comprises an area, sixty-five by fifty-five miles. In 1878, this region was set apart by Congress as a National Park, and is under the control of the Secretary of the Interior. The nearest railroad station is Cinnabar, Mont., about eight miles northwest of the park. The tourist, arriving here about three o'clock in the afternoon, is met by the coach and conveyed to Mammoth Hot Springs, the first stop inside the park. Here he is introduced to the wonders of the park by those truly mammoth hot springs. They lie in broad terraces, the sides of which have been formed into beautiful, fantastic shapes—not unlike the ice formations around a fountain—by the water bubbling over them in bygone centuries.

Early the following morning, the tourist starts on his first day's journey to the lower geyser basin, forty-two miles away, stopping midway at Norris for lunch. It is an interesting ride—now along the level open plain, now through the dark forest, now climbing the steep side of a mountain, now along the narrow road, scarcely wide enough for the stage, with a perpendicular wall on one side, and a steep descent on the other, where the apparent unconcern of the driver, as he "swings his four" around the sharpest curves, without the least concern, frightens the timid ones, and makes them forget the wonderful tales which he is constantly telling. Their fear is probably increased upon fording some swift-running mountain stream, especially if it is early in the season, when the streams are swelled by the mountain freshets. However, after a refreshing supper, they are ready to see the geyser play, and to watch from the back porch, the cook feed the bears, which come regularly to get their evening meal.

The next day, after another ride of eight miles, the tourist sees the most wonderful geysers in the world. "Old Faithful," so named from the regularity of its spouting, is seen in action by every tourist. Standing a little distance away, he sees a column of boiling water, from two to four feet in diameter, thrown, with terrible force, one hundred and fifty feet into the air. This continues for more than five minutes, at the conclusion of which, the tourist starts from the reverie, into which he has fallen, and is convinced that he has not been dreaming, by the streams of hot water flowing away in every direction.

During the following morning's twenty-mile ride to Long's, on Yellowstone lake, the tourist will, if he is lucky, see a herd of elk, or perhaps some buffaloes.

This road is cut across the great Continental Divide and is through a most wild and desolate region. After lunch, a boat carries the tourist across the Yellowstone lake, the largest body of water in the world at so high an altitude—eight thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The next day, after a twenty-mile drive, the tourist arrives at the grand cañon of the Yellowstone. Here, the Yellowstone river, after taking a leap of three hundred and sixty feet, flows through one of the most beautiful cañons in the world. Standing on well-named "Inspiration Point," the tourist sees before him the almost perpendicular walls of the cañon, the sand and jutting rocks of which, comprise nearly every color of the rainbow; the whole terminating in that majestic waterfall which makes this, nature's wonderland. The tourist seems enchanted, and, forgetful of himself, remains motionless, with his eyes fixed upon this beautiful scene, until the harsh voice of the guard recalls him to himself.

After leaving the Grand Cañon, the tourist returns to the "Mammoth Hot Springs" and from there to Cinnabar, where the rumble of the railroad train breaks the spell of enchantment of the past few days. But the pleasant memories of these days will forever remain fixed in his mind, and he will ever afterward recall his visit to the Yellowstone National Park as one of the most pleasant as well as profitable epochs in his life.

FRANK R. JELLEFF, '94.

SNATCHES OF VERSE.

It seems as if two cups were put together,
The one above, of priceless sapphire made,
Inverted on the emerald one below,
And pouring riches into its clear bowl,
From one great central spot where
God shines through.

Sunshine and shadow below,
And clouds driving over the sun,
Glimpses of blue above in the sky,
Gleams of gold on the snow.

Radiance of light above,
Gleams of light on the world below,
Glory of God in the Heaven o'erhead,
Glimpses on earth of His love.

MR. JONES'S FERVOR.

[A Drama in One Act.]

Dramatis Personæ:

MR. BYRON JONES, ... A poet.
MR. PETER HARDHEAD, . A man of common sense.

SCENE: A large common on a very cold moonlight night.

(Mr. Jones is standing in the freezing atmosphere, gazing at the moon with a rapt expression of countenance.)

Mr. Jones—O beautiful moon, fair emblem of June, how grand is thy sight on this cool, chilly night. My heart glows with fervor. O, moon! if I ever gain rank as a poet, dear moon, you shall know it. I'll bring you to fame and give you a name by writing a sonnet, with pictures upon it, to the beautiful moon, fair emblem of June.

(Enter Mr. Peter Hardhead. He gives a start of surprise on seeing Mr. Jones and grasps him vigorously by the coat-collar.)

Mr. Hardhead — Well, Byron Jones! Have you taken leave of your senses? What on earth are you doing out in the cold at this time of night?

Mr. Jones, (rapturously)—I'm addressing, you see, an apostrophe to the beautiful moon, fair emblem of June. Observe, my dear Peter, I speak only in meter. Why friend, you have never felt poetic fervor, or else you would see, no apostrophe more fine and more grand could be found in the land.

Mr. Hardhead—Well, if I can't feel poetic fervor, I *can* feel the absence of fervor in the atmosphere, and since you seem to be so fond of figures of speech, I will give you one. Byron, if you don't come in the house at once, the frosty air to which you have been and now are exposed, will bring about a train of results, the outcome of which will be that you will have to bid adieu to the joys and pleasures of this present life. By this I mean that you will catch your death of cold. Euphemism, Byron, come on.

(He grasps Mr. Jones by the arm and attempts to lead him away, but the poet resists, and exclaims regretfully):

Farewell lovely moon, bright emblem of June, I bid a good night to your pale, silver light O, moon—

Mr. Hardhead, (impatiently) — Byron, you make me tired. Do stop your nonsense, and come in.

(Mr. Jones retires into mournful silence.)

[Exit]

BESSIE MCINTOSH, '96.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

Published each June, in the inte ests of the Indianapolis High School, by the members of the Senior Classes.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Feb., '94, { MARY C. RITTER. HERBERT C. KAHN. June, '94, { HATTIE M. TUTEWILER. FRANK JELLEFF.

"Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed;
Drink deep until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite,
And slander die. Better not be at all
Than not be noble."

The Senior class of the Indianapolis High School presents this issue of the Annual to the faculty and students of the High School, to the alumni, to similar institutions of the land, and to all patrons of education and progress, wherever they may be. We have watched with pride, the decided improvement in our own institution in the past few years, and rejoice in the progress of High Schools in general and the increased interest manifested by the people in educational matters.

Such a publication as this is, of necessity, a school mirror. It reflects the inner life of the students, the strength and weaknesses of the institution and pupils, the evils that exist, and the respects in which it keeps pace with or strides in advance of the time.

Its object is to show the character of each year's work, to give, in some way, a history of the school, to instruct and amuse, and to express the sentiments of students and their hopes of reform.

Though fully aware of the grand prospects for future growth which lie before it, we can not shut our eyes to the fact that a few defects still exist in our High School.

No institution can be a success unless teacher and student are in sympathy with one another. The students must respect those in authority, for their ability, liberal culture and the high principles which they advocate. Teachers must govern with reason and candor, and suit the method of instruction to the disposition of the pupil.

The majority of the High School teachers are strong, liberal, broad-minded, and fully abreast of the times. Outside of their particular line of instruction, they possess a knowledge and power to think, which make the class-room a source of delight, and inspire thought in the student.

With a contented, earnest-working body of students, appliances for scientific research adequate to satisfy the needs of such a body, able and enthusiastic teachers, and a sufficient financial support to meet the demands of all departments, we can but be proud of our Alma Mater and her rank among the schools of our country.

We commend the class spirit which has so increased in the last two years. It bespeaks the activity and wakefulness of the school, and creates a friendship among students which exerts a strong influence on their lives.

The interest in athletics now apparent is also laudable. We hope that the effort to secure a good gymnasium will be successful.

The spirit of reform, now astir, we believe will continue till our High School shall be second to none in the land.

In the midst of such a brilliant outlook, we now present to you for the refreshment of weary hours, this first number of the High School Annual.

R.

THAT best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts,
Of kindness and of love.

—*Wordsworth.*

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE.

WHAT are you going to do? What shall be your life-work? These are the kind of questions put to High School graduates by the many, interested both in them and the school which they represent. The answers received are varied. There are no professions and but few vocations, to which the educated man does not find his way. And it should be so, for he is needed everywhere.

Education is at a premium in every line of business. "The world follows a few thinkers." In a smaller degree, do the educated in the different departments of the mercantile world, act as leaders and thinkers, upholding its standard of honor. To-day, as never before, great minds are needed in every kind of business. The time has come when intellect among merchants is in demand as it is among the professions.

But, referring to a previous statement, the educated man is needed everywhere. His usefulness is, by no means, confined to business or profession. He exerts an influence in every direction, and is as a reserve fund which can be freely drawn upon in time of an emergency.

In matters of religion, he has, time and again, by leaning to the side of justice and tolerance, outweighed the heavy scale of prejudice and fanaticism, and, to-day, when each man may believe what seems to him to be truth, the educated man has still a great work to perform.

At present, the scholar is greatly needed in the political field and in works of charity. To-morrow, other problems may demand his attention. Assuredly, there is always something—art, science, literature, all these bear the names of the world's greatest minds.

The scholar can be nothing nobler than a citizen, as such, performing "justly, skillfully and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

There is a glorious outlook for High School graduates. Honest ambitions prompt a large proportion, yes, all of them, to continue their education, either in higher institutions or among themselves. Can we not hope that some day, as educated men, they will answer to the call of duty? Surely there is an outlook of happiness for them, if nothing else. For none are happier than they who, in the performance of duty, help to make the world "happy, lovely and free." K.

PICTURES not only furnish adornment for a room and give it an air of refinement, but also afford pleasure and inspiration to the occupant.

From a scientific point of view, a long stretch of blank wall is injurious to the eye. There must be something to break the monotony. No doubt the very fact that our walls have been blank, has made the occulists of to-day the rich men that they are.

The faces of some of our ablest writers, to which we look up, afford us great encouragement.

Even sketches of spirited animals would also be an advantage. The eyes of one of Landseer's dogs would exert a great influence even on the most prosaic pupil.

A bust of a hero would be to us as the Great Stone Face was to little Ernest; and a few statuettes could easily be obtained, the value of which would be inestimable.

We have advanced considerably in this direction in the last few years. Some classes have been especially active in their

efforts, and the excellent results are apparent. We commend this spirit among the pupils, and hope that those whose duty it is to furnish the rooms will consider the matter and do likewise.

T.

THERE is a period in life when the dignity of living dawns upon us; when the mind begins to turn in upon itself and realize its individuality; when a certain sense of pleasure is felt in the power to think. This period is reached sometime during the four years in the High School.

While in the kindergarten and the ward schools, most children are but imitators. Studying is simply committing to memory. Association and combination are unconscious processes. But when the great, broad ideas, broad as the universe and humanity, and high as the eternal, burst upon the conception for the first time, we feel a sudden transition into a new existence. Then it is that the mind needs good nursing,—then it is that the High School meets the need.

Timothy Titcomb says that there are three periods in every girl's life, and this is doubtless true of a boy's as well; namely, the chaotic, the transitional, and the crystalline. The High School has the difficult task of guiding through the transitional period, for with most persons, the crystalline period has begun by the time of graduation.

Whether character is made for the man, as Robert Owen compelled all his adherents to declare, or whether it is made by him, our High School, with its conscientious and able corps of teachers, and the spirit of true manhood and womanhood, which dwells within its walls, supplies the requisites of either process.

That a boy is a graduate of the Indianapolis High School is a better recommendation to the business men of the city than the fact that he is a college alumnus.

We believe that the High School, midway between the ward schools and college, the chaotic and crystalline periods, is one of the strong pillars of the nation and our government, because it has the power to determine, in a large measure, the character of the leaders of the people, and to instill the principles of good citizenship and righteous living into minds and hearts that will influence communities. R.

OUR GRADUATES.

WITH the June Commencement, 1,403 persons will have received the diploma of the Indianapolis High School. The first class (1869) numbered five. Beginning with 1884, two classes have been graduated each year, the largest number, 129, passing out of the school in 1893. A large number of these have become sucessful teachers in this city. Others have taken college courses, and wherever they have gone, they have reflected honor upon the Indianapolis High School.

Law, medicine, and business life have each proved attractive; but, so far as is known, only one alumnus has entered the ministry.

In 1888, a High School Association was organized, consisting chiefly of High School graduates with their husbands or wives, and on the evening of June 15th, it will hold its seventh annual reunion.

It is hoped that a history of the doings of our graduates may be prepared and and ready for publication in the Annual of 1895. K.

THE privilege of thinking should be enjoyed by all. School teachers have not always believed this. There was a time when the "Hear and Believe" theory was in vogue.

Oftentimes, people unconsciously impede that which they mean to promote. Surely all teachers do this who check freedom of thought on the part of their pupils They suppress any originality that the student may possess; they stunt his mind's growth. Yet they are trying to make of him a man for the nation. "The child is father to the man." He who dare not think for himself in youth can not do so when grown into manhood.

Most educators have learned this, and consequently encourage in the student all that shows original thought. The teacher who wishes to influence and persuade can not succeed by using the anti-thinking method. On the contrary, he will sympathetically hear the views of all and judiciously accept those of few. In this way, is brought about that happy result, when students are made to feel that the teacher is one among them, not one above them. K.

CLASS spirit has recently manifested itself among the classes of '95, '96 and '97, not only by their organization into classes, but by the selection of colors, which shall be identified with them. White was very appropriately selected as the permanent High School color, one other being chosen by each class as its special property.

The colors selected are as follows:

White and old rose, February, '95.
White and orange, February, '96.
White and green, June, '96.
White and red, February, '97.
White and violet, June, '97.

Each pupil is proud of his class, of his colors. He will strive to do all which shall make the ribbons worn by him most honored, most loved He will take care that his every act reflect credit not only upon himself, but upon the class of which he is a part. The benefits to be obtained through all this are obvious.

MONEY! Money! Money! The great fault of the American nation, the fault of the age, lies in those magic words. The desire for wealth, merely for wealth's sake, is the serpent that is consuming the life-blood of the nineteenth century. This desire for money extends even to the boys, and its influence is seen in the comparratively small number of boys who complete the course in our High Schools. Disregardful of their after life, they wish to leave school and go to work, thinking that the money they will earn will be the golden key that will unlock the door of future happiness. In a few years, they see the folly of their course, and, throughout their after life, regret their youthful indiscretion. But the lesson of one seems to have no effect upon those who follow. The boy of to-day asks, in the same impertinent way, what good Latin and Greek will do him in the business he intends to follow, as did the youth of years ago. The pleadings of his mother, the stern commands of his father, and the advice of friends, are alike disregarded. Nothing can dissuade him from his purpose. But, in after years, regret is sure to come. With the examples of thousands of persons, with the urgent advice of the world's greatest minds, and with the facilities for a good education offered by the nineteenth century, let us hope that the boys of the coming generation will show to futurity what an age of highly educated men can accomplish. J.

THE PROPOSED CHANGE IN ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY.

The resolution recently introduced into Congress providing for a change in the English orthography in public printing has evoked much discussion. This resolution is, of course, only the beginning. The idea of the adherents of the movement is to have the changed method taught in the public schools and secure its permanency in the language.

Such a change is, we think, not desirable. Primarily, it is not practicable. The great majority of the older persons—those who have finished their school education—would not learn the changed method. The business men, especially, either could not or would not take the time to learn it. Therefore, it would not be accepted in the business world, at least not for many years. Thus we should have the rising generation learning the new method, and the present one practicing the old. There would come a time when the two systems would conflict with each other. The result would be that we should have neither our present system nor the new one, but a corrupt system, worse than the present one. Thus it can be seen that the proposed change is utterly impracticable.

But if it were practicable, the coming generation would have a system of orthography foreign to the present one. Shakespeare would be as difficult for them to read as Chaucer is to us. The result would be that the works of the writers in whom we, to-day, find inspiration and enjoyment, would be very little read, and the English-speaking nation would be deprived of its greatest benefactors. The world may never know another Milton. It were better that Milton's works be read and appreciated than that we have the simplest and best system of orthography that could be devised.

Although there may be many reasons why a change would be desirable, the attempt to make such a change would undoubtedly accomplish more harm than good. It will not be impertinent, perhaps, for us to say that we hope that our senators and representatives in Congress will not hesitate long before they decide the fate of a resolution which, if passed, would probably work so great an amount of harm that it would take years to correct. J.

IN looking over the list of graduates, we find the names of many who have completed the course in less than four years. This has long been discouraged by the teachers, and not without good cause.

The course, arranged by persons able to judge of the capacity of the average pupil, requires the completion of three studies each term. If sufficient time be given to these, with a reasonable amount of general reading, the student's time will be entirely occupied. By taking more studies, it is necessary for him to exert himself more than either his mind or body is able to bear.

But even granting that a pupil may comfortably pursue four studies at the same time, is it not unwise for him to try to graduate before the close of four years? Only under unfavorable financial conditions should this effort be made. One's school days are short and fleeting. They should not be made shorter without necessity.

Let every pupil take as many subjects, each term, as his capacity will allow; not for the blind purpose of finishing the

course in less than four years, or of graduating with a dear friend, but with the one end in view of gaining as much as possible while he has the opportunity.

K.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime."

Some one has truly said: "The measure of a nation's worth is the use she makes of her great men." The great men of a nation are great, not only because of the greatness of their own lives, but because of the effect their lives have on the lives of other men. There is an inestimable good to come from the study of great men—a good to be compared with that received from studying the Bible. One can not look into the inner life of a really great man, study his every progressive step, and watch the workings of his mind and soul, without feeling a desire, however slight it may be, to emulate that man's virtues.

Many of our greatest men have attributed to the study of Plutarch's lives, their first impulse toward noble endeavors. Perhaps we, too, by the study of lives just as great as those recounted by Plutarch, may be likewise impelled.

The effects of studying heroic characters produced from the imaginative brain of an author, are good. Yet, they seem minor, when compared with the effects of studying heroic characters, whom we know to have been real live men, compelled to fight the same obstacles, and to hew the same stumps that we find in our paths. From these, we receive inspiration and guidance.

Every American should become thoroughly acquainted with Washington, Lowell, Franklin, Garfield and others. From such men, we have all to receive, nothing to give.

K.

The "Hoosier School Master," which was presented in the hall a short time ago, has shown to all of us the value of amateur dramatics. To be able to act a character, one must utterly cast aside his own personality and assume that of another. If able to do this, he can better appreciate the works of authors, and find more enjoyment in life. The play above mentioned, together with the annual presentation of scenes from Shakespeare's plays by the Senior class, has given the pupils who participated, an excellent opportunity to train their voices, to test their understanding of what they read, and to give outsiders a keener appreciation of the work presented We are pleased with this cultivation of true dramatic powers, not because the students may amuse an audience with facial contortions and wild gesticulating, but because it gives them a clearer understanding of character and a knowledge of humanity's peculiarities. But before dramatic performances or anything on that order can be profitably presented, the arrangements of our hall need altering. All connected with the school can appreciate this criticism. We should have a permanent stage, a new piano, and better acoustic arrangements.

R.

Among the pleasant memories which the class of '94 will carry with them when they leave the school, will be the delightful morning exercises held in Mrs. Hufford's room. This class, as every one knows, has some talented musicians among its numbers. A majority of the members of the High School Orchestra, which has furnished such high grade music on several public occasions, and Miss Aufderheide, whose talent as a pianist is exceedingly

fine, have helped to make the music notable. The musical numbers on these morning programmes were, therefore, excellent. Early in the fall, four pupils from each division of the Senior class, that is, from the February and June divisions, were elected; each of whom prepared a programme for, and presided at a series of such exercises. Mrs. Hufford's informal talks on these occasions were both profitable and of interest. R.

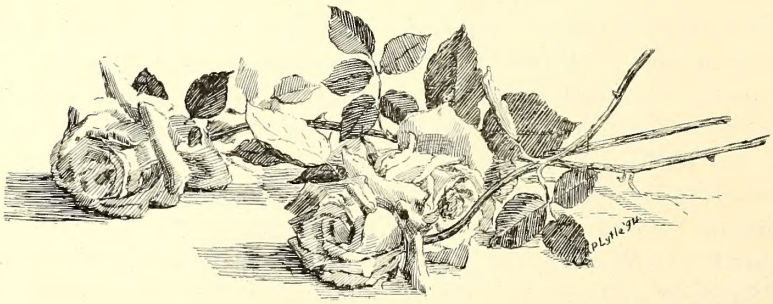
THE alumni meeting, to be held in the High School hall on June 15th, should be, and no doubt will be, largely attended. These annual meetings are always delightful. Old schoolmates, who are separated during the entire year, meet one another on that night. The times gone by are lived over again; all the pleasant memories of school life being recalled. This year, some social features will be added to the evening's entertainment, which will make it especially enjoyable. All graduates of the school are cordially invited to attend.

THE CHORUS.

LAST year a High School Chorus was organized, with Mr. George Benton as musical director. Good work was done at the weekly rehearsals, but owing to the scarcity of tenor voices, the compositions studied had to be selected with great care. There was a large attendance, and the drill was productive of fine results. The double quartette, now also under instruction, is doing exceedingly well.

SOME FACULTY FAVORITES.

Mrs. Hufford—"As Carlyle says."
Mrs. Sprague—" What say you?"
Mr. Dotey—"Est horribile!"
Mr. Roberts—" Please step to the map."
Miss Platter—" Study your principles."
Miss Dye—" You sweet child!"
Miss Rankin—" So to speak."
Miss Donnan—" Well, you know my rule."
Miss Edson—" Confine yourself to your subject."



MONDAY NIGHT PEN-AND-INK CLUB.
OPPRESSION
BIGOTRY
IGNORANCE
H. INGRAHAM
R. HOLMES
H. LINGRAHAM

TRANSLATIONS

From Vergil's Æneid—Book I, Lines 124–141.

Soon the great Neptune, the god of the wild waves,
Saw that a storm was sent forth and the waters about him were troubled.
Even the cool and calm depths of the ocean were tossed far above him.
Deeply incensed was this god, as his large, placid head he extended,
Seeing the fleet and the Trojans o'erpowered by the winds and the billows.
Known were the wiles and the wrath of shrewd Juno to Neptune, her brother.
Eurus and Zephyr he summons and chides for their unorder'd actions:
"Do you so trust in your race that you terrify both land and heaven
"Raising up such mountain-waves without my authority granted?
"Now it is better for me to allay the unrest of these waters.
"Ye shall atone for your deeds by a punishment different hereafter.
"Hasten your flight and report all these words to the king of your empire.
"Tell him to me has been given the trident and rule of this ocean.
"He holds the rocks where ye dwell, then let Æolus there show his power,
"Ruling that prison enclosed of the wild winds." Thus spake the god Neptune.

Bertha Landis Walker, '95.

Book IV, Lines 173–188.

At once speeds forth rumor, that horrid monster,
And flies through the cities of Libya so great.
This rumor, than whom no evil is swifter,
Mightier than others, gains she strength by her swift flight.
When young, she is timid through fear; but ere long
She rises aloft; in the air spreads her pinions;
Sets foot on the ground; hides her head the white clouds among.
Her mother is Earth, who enraged at the deeds
Of the gods did become; and to Coeus, the Titan,
A sister she is—this monster so baneful,
So mighty, so swift of foot and of wing.
And every plume in her body an eye, wakeful
Always concealeth; and as many in number
As these are the babbling tongues she possesses.
The wide-open ears she erects are in number
Equal also to these. Through the darkness of night flieth
Rumor. 'Twixt heaven and earth rush her pinions;
Her eyes in sweet slumber ne'er rest them,
A watchman, she sits oft at day-break,
Aloft, on a palace or cottage, and frightens
Great cities who know her, since as closely she cherishes
Falsehood, as does she whatever is truthful.

Mary C. Ritter, '94.

NATURE CLUB.

Of late years, a very prominent position has been given in our school curriculum, to the writings of Whittier, Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow and Lowell, and they have filled many of us with a deep love for Dame Nature. Some such feeling probably led to the founding of our Nature Club. This association had for its purpose, the study of the beauties of meadow and woodland around, and almost every Saturday was spent in happy wanderings by "Green fields and running brooks," or

"Through verdurous glooms and winding, mossy ways."

Sometimes we went to the dim, mysterious tangle of Crow's Nest; sometimes to the sacred swamps, where the fringed gentian, more holy to us than any lotus of Egypt, showed its azure flowers. Then again, we went west, to the ferny banks of Big Eagle, or along the sands of our glorious White river, everywhere learning precious lessons from stream and sky, from tree and blossom, from bird and bee. Then, in the long dark winter evenings, we gathered about the warm fire, living over again the delights of summer in the pages of Burroughs, Thoreau, Thompson, Cottman, and other nature writers—nay, Mr.

Burroughs and Mr. Cottman were even so kind as to write us pleasant, encouraging letters.

Such is a brief outline of the work of our club, and to any who may hereafter form a merry company of woodland lovers, the old Nature Club would say, "God Speed."

NATURE JOURNAL.

[The following are fragments of Nature-studies and observations by pupils of the first year English classes.]

SPRINGTIME is here. All Nature has put on light, green dresses to welcome summer. The trees have thousands of little buds, which make them look like large buildings with numberless little heads poked out of a window to see the procession of life go by.

SOME OF NATURE'S GARMENTS FOR EARTH.—How handy and thoughtful Nature is! She is very economical and saves herself much work in clothing earth by simply remodeling the same garment several times. This she does according to earth's needs. Two weeks ago, her black form was clad in a pure white, downy frock, which could be but poorly imitated by any mortal hand. It seemed it was an emblem of purity itself, and that, hid among those fleecy folds, were millions of diamonds, ready to beam forth at the touch of the fairy sunbeams. But, alas! The dark earth could not keep this celestial raiment free from the stain of mortals long. Soon the earthly tint mingled with it and hid the diamonds from sight, just as a person's heart may be so filled with sin as to hide and push out all the precious gems contained therein.

Now is the season of all the year when the earth casts off her garments of sparkling ice and snow and assumes the brighter robe of green, dotted here and there with little wild flowers. The air is cool and bracing, and the trees, ashamed of the lorn condition they have presented during the long winter siege, put forth their buds, which are destined, at last, to burst and give place to the many colored, variously shaped leaves.

A CLEAR, blue sky overhead, tender little blades of grass under foot, the slender branches outlined against the sky. What a picture this would make if one were an artist and could paint it in Nature's own colors!

THE first signal of sunrise is given by the color of the clouds. Pink is the favorite color, although blue and silvery gray are often seen. Perhaps the pink is caused by the blushing of the clouds when kissed by the sun.

The sky gradually changes in color from a dull grayish-blue to a beautiful combination of pink flecks, dashes of red, and waves of silvery gray and salmon pink.

The sun, after fifteen minutes of watching, appears upon the horizon, like a golden eye watching our actions.

The gray clouds may represent to us the old, gray-haired fathers of the rosy, blushing maidens. They form the sun's faithful attendants and bodyguard. The sun pays them for their services, with a golden kiss every morning.

A sea of crimson color surrounds the golden sun as he sinks to rest; a beautiful panorama furnished by God for our pleasure and elevation. The flecks and dashes of gold and blue, together with the numerous sea-horses with crimson trappings, prevent a monotony.

When on this earth smiles the sunshine,
And caressingly comes the rain,
Then, from the bare trees around us,
Spring forth, ye bright blossoms, again.
So, welcome! welcome! wee blossoms,
And welcome! ye little green leaves;
We have missed you, but now are happy,
Since ye greet us from all the trees.

As the spring is the beginning of the flower life, therefore we should be grateful for it, and also should learn a lesson from the flowers, that if we try to grow better and better each day, our lives will, at last, be as pure and as spotless as the beautiful flower, and, like the flower, we shall not die after one blossoming, but shall only be transplanted to the heavenly garden, there to blossom eternally.

The sun and the rain bathed a bare, brown tree
With their light and their welcome showers,
Till after the buds had opened wide,
The tree was clothed in flowers.

AMONG THE PANSIES.

THERE was quite a commotion in the pansy-bed. Ruby Lip, a beauty in heliotrope and white, had laughed at a new-comer with an odd, strangely human little face.

"Look at me," she said proudly. "Does any one dispute my supremacy? See how this heliotrope shades off to red and again to white. The loveliest colors of the rainbow are mine. Oh, I am beautiful!"

"Still," said Royal Purple, "still I am the one most spoken of. One knows that no pansy-bed is complete without me and I am content." As she leaned over to catch a glimpse of herself in a tiny pool of water, Blue Eye spoke up. "I am very, very pretty," she soliloquized. "Every one admires me and my mistress gives my blossoms to her *very* best friends."

"Since you all are praising yourselves, I may as well remark that I am always needed as the bright, finishing touch to the most beautiful bouquet," put in Yellow Gem.

Odier, the large-eyed newcomer would fain have said something, but Snow White exclaimed, "Oh, *are* you not done? Dear Ruby Lip, how could you do it? And we were having such a nice time!" But the quarrel was not over.

"And pray, Miss Monkey-face, have you nothing to say for yourself? Who were your ancestors?" asked Ruby Lip of Odier. "And who were yours?" was the pert reply.

"Royal Purple and I are daughters of the rainbow and children of Royalty," said Ruby Lip.

"Yes, and Golden Heart was my mother and she was a daughter of the Sun," exclaimed Yellow Gem.

"*The* daughter," began Ruby Lip, scornfully, but Blue Eye softly murmured: "Laughing Wave and Blue Sky were my parents."

"*Must* I confess that I have none to speak of?" said Odier.

"Never Mind," said Snow White, "My father, Light, loves all alike, as does the great God, our Maker. 'Tis true, Ruby Lip is beautiful, but Yellow Gem and Blue Eye, Royal Purple and Odier, all have their peculiar charms. Let us do justice to all—Ruby Lip, the most beautiful; Yellow Gem, the brightest; Blue Eye, the daintiest; Royal Purple, the richest, and Odier, the wisest."

"And what are you, friend?" inquired Ruby Lip.

"Why, I—I—I am —" stammered Snow White.

"You are the best and dearest of us all," chorused the friends, and Odier added in a low voice, "Truly, how blessed are the peacemakers!"

Addie C. Lecklider, '97.

CLOUDLAND.

BENEATH the cool shade of a sturdy oak, one beautiful summer afternoon, I lay gazing far up into the limitless arc of space. As I gazed, the height of the great arching dome impressed itself upon me, and then height gave way before admiration of the wondrous color which no earthly dyes have ever been able to imitate. Fleecy white clouds sailed over the clear blue and I began to take note of shape as well as height, depth, and color. Past all finite calculations are the variety, the beauty and the grace of cloud shapes, even in an ordinary summer sky.

I stayed until the sunset, and the panorama of glory that lay before me repaid the time spent. The white clouds gathered in the west and the setting sun illuminated them with colors, the brilliancy of which are never seen anywhere but in nature. Grand castles, fairy palaces, and cathedrals of gold rose in many pinnacled splendor from the red sea of the sunset. Little crimson barks and barges sailed here and there on the sea of fire surrounding the city of cathedrals, and castles and rays of sunset crossed the whole expanse. In the north and south, were purple shadows, and in the east a reflection of the whole glory. I turned my head for a moment, and when I looked again, my palaces and castles were gone, and the cathedral of gold had fallen. In place of them was a flaming sea of fire. The conflagration of sunset, one of the grandest spectacles of nature, faded, and there remained quieter, but no less beautiful cloud effects.

What a feast of color there is spread for us in one single sunset, and as no two sunsets are ever alike, what a gallery of pictures one year would serve to hang in our memory if we but took note of them all!

The sunset glories of cloudland are wonderful, but the glories of cloudland in a storm afford even a wider scope for the study of the pictures of the artist, Nature.

MARIA C. KEEHN, '94.

THE DIVINE ART OF SMILING.

THERE is a great deal of unrecognized divinity in this world, but it seems very strange that the divinity of a smile has not made itself apparent to more of us.

To state exactly why smiling may be called a "divine art," would be impossible. But suppose we stop a moment in consideration. Each of us can easily bring to mind some one of our friends, that is always ready with a pleasant smile of gentle sympathy for every one. Now, just imagine (however impossible it may seem) that all persons were endowed with this same rare faculty. How much sweeter, and happier, and purer this world would be!

In the acquisition of his art, there is nothing really difficult. But this is an age of hurry and worry, and humanity is so deeply engrossed with its own affairs that it does not give much heed to such seemingly insignificant things as smiles. The brow of mankind is furrowed by the care and strife of seeking wealth or fame; his lips are hard and compressed, and his eyes have a cold, determined expression in them, or, perhaps, one of discontent and trouble. He has almost forgotten how to look glad or happy, and the divine fountain of smiling within his heart seems nearly dried up.

Why do we not always smile whenever we meet the eye of a fellow-being? One writer has said that it is "the true recognition that ought to pass from soul to soul constantly."

A smile is such a simple, easy thing for us to give, and yet we little realize, perhaps, how inexpressibly dear it may be to the one upon whom it is bestowed. Costing the giver so little, yet these smiles bring a reward that is far above rubies—the love of many hearts.

Little children in simple communities smile involuntarily, unconsciously. In Germany, the honest-hearted peasant possesses this unaffected habit of smiling almost to perfection. Helen Hunt says: "It is like magical sunlight all through that simple land, the perpetual greeting on the right hand and on the left, between strangers as they pass each other, never without a smile."

This, then, is "the divine art of smiling"—like all "fine art, true art, perfection of art, the simplest following of Nature."

EMMA C. STRADLING, '93.

LIFE LESSONS, AS TAUGHT BY THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

TO me, the greatest and most impressive lesson taught by this play is the result which inevitably follows our decision in the great struggle between passion and reason, a struggle which occurs in every life. The result is invariably the same. When reason conquers, when our impulses, inclinations, passions are reduced to subjection, while we mould our lives according to the higher principles which reason dictates, then happiness, the just reward of duty, never fails to follow. Portia, ever mistress of her own desires, never failing in her duty, always strong and self-restrained, with a gentle dignity peculiarly her own, makes us realize more fully what may be expected when reason and the higher laws control our motives and our actions. Not less plainly do we see the opposite result in the case of Shylock. With avarice and revenge ever warring in his heart, at times his reason almost swept away by reason of his hatred for Antonio, his unhappy fate could not fail to overtake him. In Portia and Shylock, the struggle is most prominent, but it is universal. It occurs in every one's life. Our circumstances and environment must, of necessity, determine its form, but although differently manifested, it occurs in all stations and conditions of life. Do we not see this same struggle in the case of Launcelot and Jessica?

We can not read that passage in which Shylock so eloquently pleads for his race, or that in which he tells of the insults and disgraces he has endured, without a strong feeling of indignation at the wrongs which race prejudice inflicts. His suffering was common to all his race at that time, and serves to show us what is the result of a narrow and unjust prejudice of that kind. The introduction of the Prince of Morocco into the play shows us another phase of prejudice equally narrow and unjust, but probably not so evil in its consequences.

The falseness of much that is supposed to be true is brought out in numerous places. It is the predominating thought in each of the scrolls.

> "The world is still deceived with ornament."

Is our world of to-day less deceived than that of Shakespeare? To me it seems that here we have made but little progress. We must ever be alert to detect the true from the false, to discriminate, and to look below the surface of a mere outward appearance if we would know the truth as such.

As we study Shylock's character, we realize how we may become so engrossed

with some strong passion that, swayed by its influence, our intellect is dulled and all our thoughts turned into one channel. His failure to detect the flaw in his bond, of which Portia took advantage, is an evidence that the finest and keenest intellect may be blunted by an absorbing passion.

"If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge." Such practices on the part of those who profess to be Christians do more harm to the cause of Christianity than can be easily estimated. It should teach us to realize more fully what it means to profess Christianity, and what untold harm we do to its cause by proving unworthy of its name.

Antonio's devotion to Bassanio is one of the greatest beauties of the play, and yet do we not here find conclusive evidence that such a friendship can not be wholly right? Beautiful and noble as is the self-sacrifice and devotion of Antonio, we can but feel the wrong of such complete surrender to one absorbing passion. Such a love, while beautiful in itself, must, of necessity, dwarf the growth of our higher development and limit the range of our capabilities.

In the contemplation of his near death, Antonio becomes a different man. His nature softens and we see his mental development in his greater breadth of view. Such is the effect of the experience of a great crisis. All things then appear in a broader, truer light, and we see more fully the insignificance of our own petty views and prejudices.

Shakespeare reflects human nature in all its relations. He is familiar with the motives, the springs of human action. In the "Merchant of Venice," as in all of his other dramas, he shows us that in just the proportion that our motives, our inner consciousness, and our actions resulting therefrom, are in harmony with the moral law, in just that proportion shall we secure happiness. Each of his plays impresses us more fully with the force of that great truth, "That which a man sows, that shall he also reap."

KATE P. SMITH, '95.

HUGH OF LINCOLN.

[One of the most delightful of the tales told by Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims is the Prioress's story of Hugh of Lincoln. The following is an attempt to modernize the tale and yet to retain some of the sweet, pathetic, mystical beauty of the original.]

He sped adown the village street,
  Singing a blessed, holy song,
Past straw-thatched house and garden sweet,
  With lilies in a throng.

And swift he sped through Jewry there,
  Where tall, o'er-arching houses hung,
And where no gardens blossomed fair,
  Or breezes perfumes flung.

With light of angels on his face,
  He "Alma Redemptoris" sang,
And echoing through that gloomy place,
  His clear voice loudly rang.

The Jewish traders, dark and stern,
  With anger heard that sainted song;
It made their fiery hearts fast burn
  With rage restrained long.

"Utter no more that impious sound,
  Or thou shalt die the death," one said;
The fierce foes gathered all around,
  But he no answer made.

His blue eyes shone with gleaming tears,
  His white hands clung together fast,
And still he stood as one who hears
  A longed-for voice at last.

He gazed one moment up to heaven,
  Then lifted high his childish face,
And all the crowd by wonde riven
  Swayed back a little space.

He sang, and through the misty air
His sweet voice scaled the heavenly wall,
And Mary, mother mild, heard there
This infant on her call.

"O, Alma Redemptoris" rose
Up through the yielding azure air;
The Jews in anger round him close,
With keen knives flashing bare.

They cast him in a hollow dark,
'Mid grass and bramble-briers wild,
And high in heaven the lilting lark
Sang of the blessed child.

With tears his mother searched the town,
Then sought the forest dusk and dun,
And, midst a brake of tangled brown,
She heard her angel son

"O Alma Redemptoris" sing.
They took him up with tend'rest care,
And wild birds round him in a ring
With music filled the air.

They bore him through the little town,
Past straw-thatched house and garden sweet,
To where the stately church stood brown
Above the moss-grown street.

And ever from his lips there rose
The "Alma Redemptoris" sweet,
As when the west wind whispering blows
In the mid-summer heat.

It fled through vault and choir and nave,
And 'gainst the fretted roof it swept
And round the columns wave on wave;
The carved angels wept.

As in the night, a wild swan sings,
High in the air, his dying song,
Pouring out molten notes, and flings
To earth the echoes long,

So sang the wondrous child, and filled
The great cathedral with the sound,
Till all the dragon-gargoyles spilled
The music on the ground.

Then soft the abbot spake to him:
"O holy child, most blissful one,
Though now thy eyes with death are dim,
Though life is almost done,

"Tell me, how can'st thou sing that song,
That 'Alma Redemptoris' clear?"
And then the sweet child answered long,
Nor ever showed fear:

"My neck is cut unto the bone,
But as I lay in forest wild,
All 'round me softly splendor shone,
As though the angels smiled.

"And Mary, mother mild, stood there
And laid her hand upon my head,
And praised me for that I did dare
My mortal blood to shed.

"She laid a grain upon my tongue
And bade me ever sing that song,
That blessed anthem that I sung
When the Jews did me wrong.

"She said that she would come for me
When the grain came from off my tongue,
And this she promised by the tree
On which my Savior hung."

He ceased, and all the church was still
As in the peaceful midnight hours,
And all without, the murmuring rill
Danced on amid the flowers.

The priest stooped low and took the grain,
The sweet child softly, "Mother," cried;
And Mary mild his soul had ta'en
Unto the mansions wide.

GEORGE ARCHER FERGUSON, '94.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

THERE are, and have been, men to whom America can never cease being grateful. Such was Mr. Lowell, a refined, cultured and broad-minded man, who has kept his countrymen in touch with the intellectual life of the Old World. While American energy and ability have, for the most part, been expended in the various branches of trade, commerce, manufactures, finance and above all, politics; while all of these have offered alluring careers to men of ambition—literature has been at a discount. Although our country has never lacked in generals, statesmen and patriots, there have been but few writers worthy of the name. Yet there have always been some men whose resplendent literary genius

must, at one time or another, have secured them recognition among their fellowmen. So, with Bryant as a precursor, we have had historians, novelists, poets and all kinds of literary men. James Russell Lowell was one of the most versatile of that illustrious company, and in the "Vision of Sir Launfal," we have a notable exception to the previously mentioned state of American literature. This poem was produced in 1848, and 'tis said, that during the forty-eight hours in which it was written, the author seldom paused, even to partake of nourishment.

From the manner in which the prelude to the prelude is written, I think it was originated after the entire poem had been conceived. As Mr. Lowell had an abundant reserve of apposite illustration upon which to draw, it would not seem difficult for such an apt and beautiful simile between himself and the musician he mentions to present itself to his ever active mind.

In the prelude, he shows us that we daily lose opportunities of coming nearer Heaven without ever thinking we have had the opportunity; not only in our infancy do we do this, but in the prime of life, and in old age. He continues in this strain, dwelling at length upon the manner in which we waste that which is best in us, for the follies of this earth, and then turn to Heaven for consolation, and try to develop, spiritually, the ruins of our lives. Then comes a stanza, which none but a poet could originate. Mr. Lowell's fastidiousness as to language being the vehicle of thought, amounts almost to a mania, and in this stanza he gives his "mania" full scope. It abounds in descriptions and illustrations drawn from everyday life, but couched in such beautiful language that the fire of his poetry burns into the heart of the most practical and prosaic. This prelude, in a manner, raises the curtain which conceals from our gaze the panorama of Sir Launfal's early future.

Then begins the poem proper. We do not in history, read of Sir Launfal as one of the knights who went in quest of the Holy Grail, yet Mr. Lowell chose this character to show that it is not a privileged few who may live eternally, but that the lists are open to all who will conform to the laws which govern our spiritual lives. The poem ushers in Sir Launfal in the act of giving an order for his accoutrements preparatory to his search over orient and occident for the Holy Grail. Then he falls into a deep slumber, and the vision which "flew into his soul" unveiled the drama of his future, 'twas the harbinger which prevented him from wasting his life in useless search.

Sir Launfal starts on his journey, young, buoyant and happy, with Nature in a corresponding vein. But as he passes through the gate, he notices a leper crouching in the road, and in the twinkling of an eye, his soul has undergone a change. The happiness flees therefrom leaving him a prey to all those sensations which a "dainty nature" feels on beholding a repulsive object. Sir Launfal throws a golden coin to the mendicant, but the leper raises it not. His reply is characteristic of a Christian He rebukes the donor and implies that Sir Launfal will never see the Holy Grail until he has first seen the beacon-lights of Christianity.

The prelude to the second part is partly an exquisite description of a brook's freezing—a commonplace occurrence—yet the description can not be adequately rewritten in prose. The picture of Sir Launfal's dreary prospects for the future is al-

most as realistic. This prelude likens the winter in Nature to the winter in Sir Launfal's heart and life.

Part two resumes the thread of the narrative with Sir Launfal being turned from his "own hard gate" wherein a stranger was seated. Sir Launfal again meets the leper, but this time as Christian meets Christian. He divides his last mouldy crust, and brings water in his cup, and behold the metamorphosis! Where, but an instant before, had stood a repulsive leper, perhaps the most repulsive specimen of humanity to be found, now appears to Sir Launfal's gaze a man "tall, and fair, and straight," and in the wooden cup, he beholds the wondrous Holy Grail. Then he awoke from his dream; he had become a follower of Christ, and henceforth his castle gates were open to all who chose to enter.

Throughout the whole story, there is presented to us an idea of democracy besieging monarchy, represented respectively by sunshine and the dark old castle; especially at the conclusion, is this brought out prominently.

The poem resembles a mosaic work of Mr. Lowell's phases of character. There is the student of government presenting our American principles; the moralist expounding the doctrine of Christianity; the student of words clothing his thoughts in a choice rapt expression; the student of human nature; the poet communing with Nature. Yet all these are so delicately interwoven and so skillfully joined that, if our character-mosaic were a real study in marble, it would do credit to the finest Venetian workman.

EDMUND SCHIFFLING, '96.

A MAN never realizes how deceitful appearances are until they are against him.

A HISTORICAL GLIMPSE.

SCENE: The home of Glaucus, a Grecian gentleman. The banquet hall, in which are Glaucus and his friends, Diomed and Alcestes, reclining on purple couches, around a table laden with viands and wreathed in flowers.

Diomed, looking around to his host, Glaucus:

"Glaucus, thy tapestry is lovely as that of kings. Where didst thou obtain that of Ganymede and the eagle yonder? One almost sees the regal boy panting in the chase and Jove's armor-bearer swift upon him."

G. "Yes, friend Diomed, I value that beyond all my tapestries. 'Tis true to life and shows upon its face the hand of the skillful artist. When one is at ease at the banquet, then is the time to look with pleasure upon these works of art."

A. "This wine gives to my mind almost as great a pleasure as thy tapestry; for the warmth and glow of soul that wine can give can hardly be surpassed by works of art.

G. "Thy soul is dull and does not feel the lofty thoughts thy tapestry inspires. The all-powerful Jove, though not seen, yet suggested; the strong and swift messenger, obedient and intelligent; the noble, helpless, yielding boy—do not these give to thy soul a new inspiration?"

A. "Enough, good Glaucus, thy logic reaches the heart. Art and eloquence must have the victory over such dull souls as mine."

D. "Friend Alcestes, thou givest thyself but a poor name. Did I not see thee yesterday swayed and absorbed by the charming old play we beheld at the theater?"

A. "True, and what was the name o

the play and the author? That were something to uplift one. To keep the tale needed application. Everything that deceived, concealed, shifted, eluded, was symbolized by clouds. Verily, old Aristophanes, 'Clouds' is worth listening to."

D. "It is ever new—it will continue to charm when we are dust."

A. "I have heard it said that another play from the dead hero of yesterday is to be rendered at the theater of Dionysus tomorrow, 'The Wasps,' and equal, they say, to 'The Clouds,' in every particular. It is noised abroad that the chorus of this is to be the most splendid seen in our beloved city for years. The Choragus is not disclosed, but is known to be one of our wealthy men, who can well afford it. Methinks, friend Glaucus, I would not be far amiss if I should venture to say that thou wouldst be the one to raise the most magnificent choragic monument in the city, even rivaling that of Lysicrates."

G. "Not so, my friend, not so. Methinks it ill befits me to measure choruses with Lysicrates, even if I could afford it. But if I am not mistaken, I heard whispers that, to morrow, passages from our noted poets—Aeschylus and Sophocles, and mayhap Euripides—are to be delivered in the Agora."

A. "Diomed, what of the Olympian games? Thou hast seen them and we have not. What of the chariot race?"

D. "It was a great chariot race. 'Tis strange with what unfailing interest we all hang upon the result. The excitement was tremendous for awhile."

G. "Tell us of the competitors."

D. "I knew only one, Sarpedon, from Thebes, said to be descended from Jupiter, who claimed to be endowed with the power of prophecy. By that, he was able to say who would be victor in the game. That honor he attributed to himself, and sent word back to Thebes beforehand to be in readiness for his reception. The day before the race, I saw his glorious Thracian horses. Their grooms handled them with a care beyond what women take in their toilets. Their beautiful skins, their flowing manes and tails, their sparkling eyes, were a delight to the eyes. I thought any one would have a hard task to outstrip those noble steeds. Their necks were wreathed with flowers, and the metal on the chariot was burnished to rival the sun. The gaping crowd applauded as the slaves led them round."

G. "I heard it said that there were many women present."

A. "I do not approve of women's presence at these exciting scenes. The most valued among women is she least heard and spoken of, and seldom seen in public places."

D. "'Tis true, for women have no voice in public matters, and 'tis better for them to stay at home. Did not Helen set all the world agog, and was she not the instigator of more suffering and bloodshed than any other known person?"

A. "Surely she was a woman lacking in modesty and most womanly virtues. A woman's place is out of sight. To the men belong the affairs of the world and the mastery at home and in public."

G. "The power of reasoning and the gift of conversation belong to men. I look with admiration and respect upon those men whose business in life is to talk—to whom the highest pleasure is to hear and to tell some new thing. What pleasure their minds must be to them!"

A. "Well, those of us who are not so much burdened with that article get a deal

of satisfaction out of dice and the public games, which I must needs think were made for the venturous throng."

G. "Well, let us pour out our libation to the gods and then betake us to the market-place to hear what latest has been said, and what of Paulus, whom we heard lately with his strange doctrines."

A. and D. "Agreed! He was a taking speaker, and we would gladly hear him again."

G. "I thought when I saw him on Mars' Hill, that around him shone a strange radiance, a brightness that was very remarkable; and his words had such a persuasive power that I was half tempted to believe. But let us go; perhaps we might hear him again."

FLORA M. KETCHAM. '95.

MEMORIES OF AN OLD MAN.

AN EASTER REVERY.

IT is night. The moon, motionless over the dark fringe of the deep forest, sheds an uncertain light. On the banks of the river, almost lost behind the dark fir-trees, are clustered together the cottages of the little village, bathed in that darkness common to nights of spring, when under the misty moon, vapors arise, blending together the lengthened shadows of the forest, and enveloping the fields and glades in semi-transparency.

All is peaceful, and in the gloom, the village sleeps. The dilapidated cottages cast their shadows in a dark mass, studded here and there with flickering lights. Presently some pedestrians, then somebody on horseback, passes by, or a vehicle rolls heavily along with a creaking axle. These are the peasants from the forest hamlets, hastening to church on this Easter eve.

The old belfry, lofty and gloomy, raising its spire straight toward Heaven, stands on a little elevation almost in the center of the village. The bright radiance of wax tapers is seen through the many windows. Heavy footsteps resound on the winding stairs that lead to the platform of the spire. It is the old bell ringer going up, and his lantern appears aloft like a pale star. The ascent is laborious; the old man easily loses his breath as he climbs the well-worn stairs. His feet are no longer the same, active, willing ones of his youth, and his sight is growing dim. Poor old man; he is so worn out! Ah! it is time, high time, he thinks, to leave for the land of rest; but God does not wish it; He does not send death. The years are becoming heavy, yet God wills that he ring the chimes again on this evening.

The old man draws near the balustrade, leans on his elbow, and becomes absorbed in thought. Below, all around the church, he sees the village graveyard, full of worm-eaten, wooden crosses, which, with out-stretched arms, seem to guard the dead. The clumps of birch trees, still stripped of their leaves, bend over the graves, and exhalations ascend toward the bellringer, who has now fallen into that sad restfulness preceding the eternal sleep.

Where will he be a year from now? In this same place, under the same bells to awaken with a resonant peal the sleeping night? or will he be stretched below in one of the lonely corners of the grave-yard? God alone knows. As for him, he is ready; death may come! And with his eyes lost in the skies, where twinkle millions of stars, the bell-ringer sighs gently. He is awakened by a tremulous, quavering voice from below, asking him if it is not time to

ring the chimes, and the old man, gazing at the stars which resembled a thousand fires in the blue, said that it was not.

He had no need of a timepiece for the stars told him when it was time. The heaven and earth, the white cloud brushing the blue, the deep forest that he hears rustle almost constantly, and even the little river that glides in the shadows, all speak to him in a language he understands, for there is a bond between him and nature. All his life has not been spent in the old belfry in vain. Now, the distant past rises up before him, and he calls to memory the day when, for the first time, he stepped upon the same platform with his father. He sees himself again, a small boy with a bright, happy face, his golden hair blowing in the wind. But it seems to him that this wind is not the same which raised a blinding dust in the road. No, it is a breath from heaven which only skims the summits. There it is again—his childish vision. Men that look like dwarfs pass along far from the belfry; the cottages look dwindled, while the glades around grow very large.

"Yes, it is there before me just the same," he murmurs, with a smile, as he covers the space before him with one glance. In truth, all his life is there. There have been hard roads to travel, but through the whole journey he has not lost courage once. Now he has reached the goal; may Mother Earth not be long in giving him his long-sought rest!

Now it is time to ring the chimes, and casting one farewell glance at the stars, the bell-ringer rises, takes off his hat and gathers the ropes into his hands. A moment later, and the bells begin swaying to and fro. First there is one stroke, then another and another, and the strokes, repeated, follow each other in succession. It is a ringing peal of deep, sonorous tones whose prolonged vibrations fill the night.

Then the bells are silent. Usually when services began, the bell-man would go down from the spire and kneel before the door to hear the chants and pray with the faithful. But now he does not leave the belfry. He sits on his bench, his ears ringing with the dying vibration of the bells, and wanders off in thought.

As the old man dreams, his head sinks upon his breast; they are singing psalms; he sees himself again in the church, the vision of the present, lost in that of the past. Here is the stern countenance of his father, and his eldest brother, prostrate at his side; he, himself, is there, full of energy and life, with a vague hope of happiness. But where is that happiness? And his thought, like the last flame of a dying fire, suddenly lights up the innermost recesses of his past life; exhausting labor, then sorrow and poverty. Yes, where is that happiness? Hard destiny has wrinkled his young face, bent his powerful form and taught his lips to murmur complaint; still the vision keeps unfolding.

Now he sees a rich and powerful man—his enemy—kneeling in prayer, and the old man's heart grows bitter and he murmurs, "May Heaven be our Judge." Then becoming stirred in his sleep by a voice calling him, he rises quickly to his feet, rubs his eyes, gazes around in a dazed way, and sees by the stars that he must ring the chimes once more to sound the glad Easter tidings. Below, the crowd of peasants are stirring like a swarm of ants, the banners are waving sparkling with their golden broidery; it is the procession going into the church and the joyous cries rise

as far as the bell-ringer—" Christ is risen!" The acclamation re-echoes violently in the heart of the old man.

Never had the bell-man rung the bells as he does now. One might say his whole soul had passed into the bronze. The quivering bells, throwing toward heaven their peals, now laugh, now weep, and the variations fall toward earth in long caresses of love.

The choir now swells the anthem, " Christ is risen! then the bass alone predominates in his deep, powerful voice, "Christ is risen!" then the clearer notes of the tenors repeat joyously the strain; and lastly, the sopranos, like the voices of children in a concert of male voices, hasten, crowding together their shrill notes, vying with one another, repeat the strain. The wind that beats upon the face of the old bell-ringer repeats after the voices and bells, " Christ is risen!"

Then the bellman forgets his life, full of bitterness and wrongs; he also forgets that he is alone in the world, like an old tree uprooted by a tempest. He listens to the bell singing and weeping, and he thinks he is surrounded by his children and grandchildren. The happy voices of the grown ones and the tender voices of the little ones form a concert, and sing to him about the joys and happiness of life he has never known.

Suddenly the large bell hesitates in an uncertain position and becomes silent; the small ones send forth indistinct trills, then brusquely stop, as if to listen to the dying wail that trembles in the air. The old man sinks down upon his bench, and two tears —the last—course slowly down his cheeks, now grown white as wax. The morning sun, rising over the belfry, sends its soft, gentle rays upon the man who has gone so quietly. Bessie White, '97. H. S. No. 2.

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN SCHOOL-MASTER OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

Upon the sunny slope of a New England hill, surrounded by deep-toned forests, near to the meeting-house, but hidden from it by a bend in the narrow road, stood the school house of "the good old times." Rude though they may seem to eyes accustomed to the imposing buildings of to-day, no Roman was prouder of his city on the seven hills than was the early New Englander of his temples of worship and learning in the wilderness. Those who have built miniature log cabins of their mother's clothes pins, or during their stay at some quaint old farm house, have visited their host's corn crib, or the large pig-sty "back in the woods," have a fair conception of the "school'us" of two hundred years ago.

Within it, upon hard, backless benches, seven or eight boys sat droning over their dry text-books. At one end, was the traditional fire-place, while, upon the wall opposite, hung a bundle of switches, as a warning to any mischievously disposed urchin. But all these minor details sink into insignificance at sight of one who, by a glance, was able to make the hearts beneath the linsey wolseys of his pupils beat fast with fear. And where, in all history, can be found a more formidable, and at the same time, a more picturesque personage than the school-master of the colonial period as he sat at his rough-hewn desk? The powdered cue, the long-tailed coat and knee-breeches, the striped stockings and buckled shoes, seem so much a part of him that it would be hard to imagine him in any other garb.

Whatever his faults, whatever his short comings as an instructor of youth may have been, he certainly did not add to

them a belief in the "divine art of smiling," for never was he guilty of that pleasant look which expresses, more than words, the appreciation of the teacher at the success of his pupil, or that sweetly sad one for his undeserved failure. His duty was to lead his pupils into the realms of reading, writing and arithmetic, and like a cruel driver, he sought to accomplish this by means of a long, cruel "gad."

By instinct, he knew which tree yielded the rod which caused the greatest pain with the least permanent injury. In the knowledge of this, and this only, may the old-time school-master be said to surpass the teacher of to-day, unless he be given the credit of that most true and wise saying which is somewhat to this effect: The birch tree produces one of the necessaries of life, for in its smaller branches has been implanted a most miraculous virtue for communicating all knowledge.

This long departed and almost forgotten tutor was also a mechanic in a small way, for from the goose quills of his patrons he manufactured the pens which were the cause of all those pains so often felt in the knuckles of the writer. When the sun had sunk low in the west, when the shadows, like mice, crept forth from their corners, when the forests and hills had sent back the last painful echoes to the still smarting urchin, the school-master donned his three-cornered hat, secured his birches and quills against any thief who might happen along that way, and set out on his homeward journey. Through brambles and briars he crept, through forests infested with snakes and wild animals, and along the narrow foot path he traveled, until he arrived at his destination. No sceptred monarch could receive greater respect than was paid to the district school-master by the good farmer and his family. Again and again he was urged to the best which the table afforded, until by the arrangement of his knife and fork, by the disposition of his spoon, or by some other well understood signal, he intimated his desire to be helped to no more.

When the evening meal was finished, the dignified master was not unfrequently called upon to hold yarn for the industrious Puritan maiden, or to escort her to spinning matches or quiltings. And when not in the employ of the sisters, he might be seen helping the boys with the following day's lessons. Certainly, if variety is the spice of life, his must have been all spice. For did not almost each week find him an inmate of a different house, and the escort of a creature more or less fair than the one whom he had seen "safe hum" the week before, in spite of hobgoblins, witches and headless horsemen? Wherever he went, he was the respected of all respected, the admired of all admirers. With whichever patron he stopped, whether for a long or short time, according to the number of boys in the family attending his school, he was received like a guest from some higher region. The best food stored away for special occasions was brought forth from dark corners, the great feather pillows were aired, the nine or ninety block quilt once more saw light of day, and the easiest chair placed in the warmest corner assumed its most inviting look, in readiness for its stately occupant.

When the snow melted from hill and vale and delicate trailing arbutus clung tenderly to mother earth, the master of the powdered cue disappeared, and when again the shrieking winds played through the leafless forest and entered the large cracks of the school house, in his place sat the ambitious student earning his miserable pittance toward a little learning and much

flogging at Harvard. He, too, soon departed, and up the road shambled the lanky farmer boy who came carrying all his worldly goods tied in his pocket handkerchief, to rule o'er this little kingdom. And though in outward appearance he contrasted strangely with his two predecessors, his method of instruction was the same, "lickin' and larnin'," and "'tis better to spoil several rods than to spare the child."

About the time that the latter class became numerous in the east, the great west began to import that most highly intellectual being, the school-master. But, alas for him, who emigrated from New England in the hope of making a fortune at school-teaching in the "Wild West." If he had gone into the jungles of Africa, there could be no greater contrast than there was between his life in the east and the one which he led in the west.

The early settlers of the middle States had no respect for the instructor of their children. School-master was to them an empty title implying only a worthless fellow too lazy to earn a livelihood in any more energetic manner, nor did they consider that his services in this line fully repaid them for his "board and keep" and the small salary which he received. His leisure hours, unlike those of his eastern brother, were not spent in pleasant duties but in doing chores about the farm, and instead of being waited upon and looked up to, it was necessary in order to possess any degree of popularity whatever, for him to play the flattering courtier. Indeed his food was too often ill cooked, his bed a miserable straw one in the "furdest" corner of the garret.

Nor was the appearance of this school-master such as to command respect. His scowling face was crowned with locks of tawny hair which, from its manner of standing out, might have been cut with a saw. His dress generally consisted of a blue cambric shirt, showy plaid trousers held high above the shoe tops by means of gorgeous suspenders, and a pair of cowhide shoes several sizes too large for even his large feet. He did not think that a "little learning is a dangerous thing," but was an illiterate person whose chief pride was his "spellin" and whose chief delight the "spellin match."

The school house itself, though similar in structure to that of early New England, was nothing more than a small arena in which daily pitched battles were fought between the teacher and "big boy," with the remaining pupils drawn up as a reserve guard in case the big boy should need assistance. It certainly took more of that courage called pluck to teach school in the "good old times" than it does to-day, for if the master was not successful in making friends with the big boy, which was seldom, or in "lickin' him," which was more seldom, he was "driv out" before the first term had expired. The young John L. Sullivans of the west were not only permitted, but encouraged in any abuse of the school-master. Inside the school room he was kept in constant dread of some trick; when out of it he never knew when he might again return on account of the "lock-out." He was even ducked in the nearest pond by unseen hands; his locomotion homeward was sometimes varied by a ride on a rail, and in many other ways, he was the receiver of pleasant surprises. Thus was his life made a torment to him and before he had taught many days in the "deestrict" school of the west, he knew the full value of his only requirement, in the language of old Jack Means, "Ef yer think yer kin trust yer hide in this deestrick school-house I hain't no 'bjection. But if yer git licked, don't come on us."

The exact date when the school-master departed is not known; but at the same that he went out, the "school marm" came into existence, and ever since has held her sway.

Men may make the laws, which, whether or no, she must obey, fill the important positions and talk of woman's sphere as something utterly inferior, but it is the "school marm," nine times out of ten, who disciplines his mind in boyhood, places before him the noble standard "excelsior," and almost entirely fits him for his future life. Nor in doing this, does she follow the method of the New England school-master, that of cowardly subjection, nor the mistaken one of the early western teacher by attempting to crush out the animal spirit by animal spirit; but by treating those in her charge as reasonable creatures and awakening and developing in them that which in the drudgery of every-day life gives them communion with angels. Woman, your name may be frailty, but how much the success or failure of future generations depend upon you is unfathomable, especially if you happen to be a "school marm" of to-day.

MABEL S. DAVY, '94.

PREPARATION FOR CITIZENSHIP.

HONESTY, industry, intelligence and patriotism are safe-guards to every form of government; especially is this true of a government like our own, which is of the people, by the people and for the people. Had these principles been implanted in the minds of all children in America, the Coxey army, made up of men distinguished chiefly for their ignorance and indolence, could never have been organized or encouraged. If these essential qualities of character can be instilled into the minds and hearts of the rising generation, the permanency of this government will be assured. We are to be congratulated that the powers that be are wisely building for the future, and one of the most promising efforts in this direction is the introduction of the study of civil government into the public schools.

The aim of this course is not so much to implant an extensive and exhaustive knowledge of the subject, as it is to set the pupils to thinking along the line of good citizenship. In order to accomplish this object, it is thought that they should be very familiar with the Constitution of the United States, and accordingly the great archetype of republican government is memorized by the pupils, and explained by the teachers. Afterwards, the Constitution of Indiana is read in the class and compared with the Constitution of the United States.

The critical period through which the United States passed, owing to the defects in the Articles of Confederation, is made familiar to the pupils through Mr. Fiske's well-known book.

By an examination and comparison of Franklin's Plan of Union, the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Ordinance of 1787, a knowledge of the relative value of these early governmental papers is acquired.

But a person must not only have knowledge of the nature and formation of the government of his country, he must also have feeling in regard to its preservation. Feeling and the control of feeling are cultivated through debate. One recitation each week is taken up in debating on questions relating to education, taxation, suffrage, the blessings of liberty, etc.

The duty of the citizen at elections is taught by holding elections according to the Australian system, in the school-room. The method of procedure in the ordinary court trial is brought vividly before the pupil by having him participate in a trial in a moot-court. A familiarity with parliamentary law is acquired in the High School Senate, in which body each member adopts the name of some United States Senator, and, to the extent of his ability, represents the attitude of that Senator in public questions.

The Civil Government Department has a library consisting of about two hundred choice books. Some of these books are used for reference, while others are made the subject of voluntary review by pupils.

FROM THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

SOME NOTES ON ALUMINUM.

THE greater part of the spare time this school year, in the chemical laboratory, has been spent in the analysis and study of aluminum rocks; not to find a less expensive method of separating aluminum from its combinations, but with a view of establishing the origin of some clay soils, if possible.

Most rocks, at least most silicious ones, contain aluminum. Some contain as high as eighty per cent. of available aluminum, others as low as fractions of one per cent. The outside appearances are no indication of the internal structure. Aluminum rocks are very deceptive in appearance. The presence of a small per cent. of iron is enough to mask them.

The pure aluminum silicate, such as we found in southwest Missouri on a recent trip in connection with the study of this subject, is a clear white, very fine-grained rock, not changing in color on exposure to the air. It is found immediately above a hard, blue flint, and lying upon, or disseminated through it. Such sections of the ground as could be seen on descending mining shafts, did not develop true veins of this rock, but more of a pocket condition. The rock taken from one of these pockets showed considerable difference in structure, and especially in hardness. Some specimens were so hard as to give sparks when struck with a hammer; others, so friable as to crumble easily under pressure of the fingers. On analysis of these two varieties, the composition remained about the same. In some cases, the harder contained more silicon dioxide or sand and less aluminum; but in most cases the per cent. of composition was reversed, the softer varieties containing less aluminum than the harder, and more silicon and other earthy substances.

The reason for this difference in hardness seems to be this: the potassium and sodium aluminum silicates, and a few others, are slightly soluble in water. They are made more soluble by the presence of considerable carbon dioxide. This region being a limestone one, we find everything necessary for this change or the washing away of the rock, and, consequently, the softening of the white flint. This theory is partly substantiated by the finding of some flowing springs on the side of a cut, just above the blue flint, which are ejecting a white, jelly like substance. On analysis, this proved to be a pure aluminum hydrated oxide. This substance would be the natural outcome of such a theory, for the reason that carbonates or carbon dioxide would precipitate aluminum hydroxide from solutions; the aluminum hydroxide, changing on exposure to the higher hydroxides.

Pure aluminum rock or soils have a large place in the commercial world. They would have a larger place were there ways of separating metallic aluminum at a less expense. Clays are used in all kinds of pottery. The quantity of iron and sand classifies them. White aluminum rocks or kaolins are used principally now in the manufacture of alum, and in considerable quantities in making white tiles and porcelain. The quantity of iron, silicon and the alkalies, separate these into classes. The ones containing some alkalies can be used for porcelain, for they melt and fill up the pores, consequently giving the glaze. The aluminum rocks used in the manufacture of pure aluminum are the fluorides principally.

A. Hugh Bryan.

CHAUCER.

He was the earliest song-bird of that brood
  Whose music echoes yet throughout the earth.
His song was of the meadow, field and wood;
  Clear-spirited and strong his notes burst forth.
Life, with its everchanging forms, he sung
  In camp, in court, in mart, in crowded street.
Now, his majestic voice with spirit rung,
  Then low his varied voice became, and sweet.
The herald of our English verse and tongue,
  He sounded loud the trumpet's fierce alarms.
Then taking gentle lute, he softly sung
  In various cadence, nature's peaceful charms.
Courtier and scholar, poet, wit and sage,
  In one, as all, the pattern of his age,

—*Wilbur C. Abbott, '86.*

DEBATING CLUB.

"Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator."

—*Shakespeare.*

"THE club will please come to order." This command, issued by both male and female voices, in various keys and with different accents, has been heard at a few minutes before twelve o'clock, every Friday morning, for about ten years, in the club room. The order proceeds from the dignified President of the Senior Debating Club, the hope of joining which society is the source of inspiration to Freshies, Sophs and Juniors, and the goal toward which all efforts strain

During the somewhat broken silence which follows this mandate of the President, the roll-call, minutes, and parliamentary questions are endured with patience, with the soothing help of sweetcakes. A program, usually of credit and interest, then follows, introduced by an oration from some statesman, and a brief sketch of his life.

The debate is ably led by four orators, and a general discussion follows. But, oh, the critic's report! How the breasts of those who have had the floor heave, and how their eyes grow dim as the critic rises from her seat. If the criticism be favorable, a sense of unequaled importance fills the soul of the member, and he feels it a pleasure to live; but his less fortunate neighbor—well, he freely partakes of the sweetmeats tendered him by sympathizing friends, and resolves to show what he can do the next time he is down for a debate.

Though Mrs. Hufford, the critic, leaves nothing untouched in her report, her position and enthusiastic aid have made the socity what it is.

It has been the custom to give a public debate at the end of the school year, with prominent citizens as judges. These performances have always reflected credit on the competitors and the club.

The members of the class of '94, who have been presidents of the club during the past year, are Helen Loeper, Mary Ritter, and Clarence Stanley.

OUR WORK IN BIOLOGY.

"TRACING the foot-prints of the Great Creator." It was thus that Agassiz spoke of his scientific work.

The object of studying biology is frequently misunderstood. The conception many have of the work is very crude. They think that the analysis and naming of flowers, or the dissection of a few animals is the sole purpose. Instead of this, the primary aim is to cultivate the powers of observation.

The majority go through life blindfolded, and so see nothing about them. The true spirit of investigation is possessed by few, and to lead the many to ask the why's and wherefore's of the common things so long unnoticed, is part of the object.

There are no dull text-books to study, and one is not required to take second-hand knowledge. He can come in direct contact with nature herself.

Hard questions are presented here as elsewhere, for the work deals with the most intangible of all things, the greatest of mysteries—life. Then the question is constantly before one, why has this leaf this particular form—of what advantage is it to the great economy of nature? For nothing is wasted, nothing is hap-hazard, but all things are arranged on a definite plan and are subject to law.

"To observe, to sketch, to express," is what one learns to do. Mere seeing is not enough; drawing the object increases accurate observation, and finally telling clearly and definitely what is seen, drawing inferences and making conclusions complete the study.

Individual work is necessary. Each must see for himself, conquer his own difficulties, and so become stronger for each new task.

The microscope reveals wonders of which one has never dreamed, and as the line of evolution is followed from the single cell to the plant in all its glory of root, stem, leaf and flower, some small part of nature's wonders is appreciated.

The training gained from this kind of work enables one to deal with any subject on a scientific principle One can analyze a subject, see its parts, their relation to each other, and the causes which produce the whole.

The result of scientific work is a trained mind, power to work rapidly and well, to see, to think, to investigate, and above all, power to gain knowledge independently—a power that will be useful not only in the school room, but in all of life.

TRUE GREATNESS.

'Tis not the splendor of the place,
The gilded couch, the purse, the mace,
Nor all the pompous train of state,
With crowds that at your levee wait,
That make you happy, make you great.
But while mankind you strive to bless,
With all the talents you possess;
While the chief pleasure you receive
Arises from the joy you give;
This wins the heart and conquers spite,
And makes the heavy burden light,
For Pleasure, rightly understood,
Is only labor to be good.

—*Author unknown.*

AN EXPERIMENT IN PHYSICS.

WE GIVE below a single illustration from our list of inductive experiments arranged especially for the 9A grade. The reference letters are added to the original text to aid readers in understanding the drawings. The apparatus is set up, the drawings made, the entire experiment performed, and observations and conclusions recorded by each pupil. The following is taken from the note book of Stella Levings, a member of the present class:

27. *a.* Place the small wheel (*A*) used in Ex. 20 *a*, upon the bracket (*B*). Tie the two 100-gram weights (*CD*) to the ends of a small cord (*E*) and hang them across the wheel Place the bracket high enough so that when one weight rests upon the table, the other will hang just below the wheel. Place a 5-gram weight (*F*) upon the upper 100-gram weight and notice its rate of descent. (?)

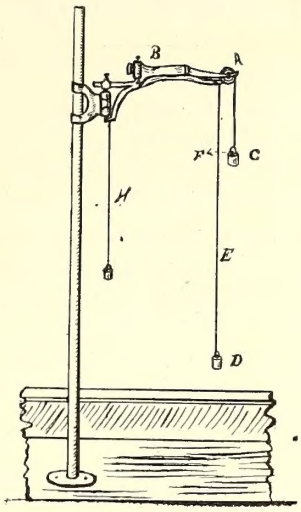
b. Suspend a pendulum (*H*) 12 inches long from another bracket Arrange the weights as in *A*, keeping them in place by holding the wheel with one hand. With the other hand draw the pendulum aside. Release both at the same instant, and, as the pendulum returns to the hand, stop the weights by again taking hold of the wheel. Find how far the weights have moved by measuring from the table. Try several times, and take the average of your results.

c. Arrange as before, and see how far the weights will move while the pendulum makes two excursions.

d. Try the same for three excursions.

e. In the last experiment, how far did the weights move during the second and third excursions respectively?

f. From the above, compute the distance the weights would move during four excursions — during the fourth excursion. Try to formulate a rule for the distance moved in any number of equal intervals of time; for any one of a series of such intervals.



Ex. 27.

a. The 105 gram weight increases its speed as it nears the table.

b. 4-in.

c. 16-in.

d. 36-in.

e 12-in.—[illegible]0 in.

f. 64-in.—28-in.

Square the number of excursions and multiply by the distance the weight moves in one excursion.

The distance moved in any one of a series of such intervals would be the odd number corresponding to the interval multiplied by the distance moved in the first interval. *E. g.* If it were the fourth interval the distance would be 28-in. or 7 (the fourth odd number) times 4-in. (the distance moved in the first interval).

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
—*Dryden.*

ALL real and wholesome enjoyments possible to a man have been just as possible to him since he was made of the earth as they are now, and they are possible to him chiefly in peace.—*Ruskin.*

SIGNS OF SPRING.

April! Let me see!
  Is this the time the poets sing
Of bird and flower and tree,
  And all of Nature's promises
Of things that are to be?

You may go to the woods
  To find that spring has come,
But I can find you tokens sure,
  A great deal nearer home.

Though spring may whisper soft
  To Nature when she comes,
Methinks another feels her breath
  When he is doing sums.

For brick though High School walls may be,
  And plastered all so fine,
The summer air it will come in,
  And drown a fellow's mind.

And if to sleep he doesn't go,
  He soon will wish he had,
For something—what, he doesn't know—
  Compels him to be bad.

Then to the office he must go,
There to explain what isn't so,
  And make things seem quite fair.
But dear! why don't that teacher know
  It's something in the air?

It seems to me if I were she,
  And loved the flowers so,
I would forgive a little fun,
  Because, you see, I'd know
The same spring joy
That gladdens girl and boy,
  Makes the flowers grow.

CHARACTER SKETCH OF MRS. RUGGLES.

THE hero or heroine of a book need not necessarily be the only character in it worth studying. Shakespeare proves this in many of his plays by endowing a minor part with such individuality, that as much time and thought may be profitably spent upon it as on a more important part.

Such a character is Mrs. Ruggles, in a charming little story of childish love and generosity, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, entitled, "The Birds' Christmas Carol."

Her life may be divided into three periods, all of which had more or less influence upon her character; before and after she became Mrs. Ruggles, and after the Bird family and hers became interested in each other.

It is impressed upon the reader almost as soon as he makes the acquaintance of Mrs. Ruggles, that she was a McGrill, which circumstance seems sufficient ground for her holding herself a trifle above her neighbors of the little back street. Why, "she has some reason to be proud," for, as she informs the children, "your uncle is on the po-lice force o' New York city; you can take up the newspaper 'most any day an' see his name printed right out, James McGrill, and I can't have my childern fetched up common, like some folks."

In view of this fact, perhaps, Mrs. Ruggles never loses a certain dignity of expression and firmness of disposition acquired in youth, and which the children think very impressive.

Many a woman, as toil-worn as little Mrs. Ruggles, would grow bitter and selfish, if it were not for the uplifting influence of the children; something to love and work for, something to keep her toil unselfish and make life worth living, and for whose sake she tries to be a better woman.

Back of her grim humor there is a certain pathos. The most amusing character in a book is often the most pathetic.

There comes a time when the family moves into the humble cottage, whose garden adjoins that behind the great house where lives the rich Mr. Bird.

Many a needy woman in her position, would have resented any attempts on the part of the richer neighbors to be kind to

her or her children, but it is not so with Mrs. Ruggles.

She finds that just because the Birds are rich is no reason why they can not be friendly towards her; also that her children are rich in the blessings of health, while all Mr. Bird's money can not buy a strong body for the gentle little girl who can never run and play like other children.

It is through this generous little sufferer that so much is done for the Ruggles family in many ways, beginning with the wonderful Christmas dinner party to which all the children are invited.

The death of this generous little friend is a sad ending to this joyous day. The lonely woman in the great house envies the other in the cottage, but does not know what an example she is to that other woman in living for others, even in the bitterness of her grief.

Through these influences, life becomes broader and sweeter to Mrs. Ruggles. She realizes how rich she is, in blessings that money can not buy.

The refining example of true womanliness ever before her, and the kindness and help, given and received in the right spirit, do much towards developing the kindness and womanliness of her own nature, held in check, for the time, by a life of care and toil.

Mrs. Ruggles is a minor character, but to me, the most real in the story, the heroine alone excepted; for I knew one whose life, like hers, was made sweeter by such kindness as was shown to humble Mrs. Ruggles.

THERESA PIERCE, '96.

Teacher in English literature—" Why is hamlet a better word to use than village?"

Bright Senior—" It is more Shakespearian."

THE WESLEY FAMILY'S OUTING.

IT was in the latter part of July. The sun was trying his best to consume everything within reach of his piercing rays. All the rain clouds had floated off to visit another planet, and the Wesley family were beginning to find the city unendurable.

Fred, the son, had recently gone off on a fishing excursion with several other boys, and had discovered a large, old-fashioned farm house on the shore of a beautiful lake. He kept writing to his sisters about the home-like surroundings, the cool lake breezes, and the fish he was catching, till they began to wish that they might go to that delightful place. Mr. and Mrs. Wesley talked it over and decided that, as neither of the children had been very well, the change might benefit them, so all arrangements were speedily made. The dogs, cats, and other pets were distributed among the relatives and friends for safe keeping. An extra large front room was engaged, tickets were purchased and the carriage ordered for three o'clock in the morning.

The trusty alarm clock failed to do its duty; consequently no one waked until the carriage drew up at the door. For once, Mrs Wesley had no trouble in rousing either the children or her younger sister, Rene, who was to be one of the party. For a few minutes there was great bustle and confusion. Then, with shoes unbuttoned and ribbons untied, they started, with but five minutes in which to reach the station. How earnestly they hoped the train would be late!

Their hope was fully realized, for the train did not even arrive until six. The delay gave them ample time for counting up the different things they had forgotten. At last they were comfortably settled in the car, with umbrellas, grips, and other light

baggage artistically grouped about them. The bell rang, Mr. Wesley bade them good-bye, for he had arranged to go a few days later, and the train slowly pulled out of the station.

As they whirled along over the country, it became warmer and warmer. The five-cent fans, purchased for the occasion, grew ten fold in value, for they had been left on the table in the cool library at home.

Louise, the little four-year-old, curled up and went to sleep, and the others forgot their trials in admiration of the ever-varying landscape. The telegraph poles flew along as if by magic, each one introducing a more beautiful picture.

They were to change cars at Milford Junction. When the conductor called out Milford, they rapidly collected their numerous bags, bundles, and umbrellas, and got out upon the platform, where they were informed that Milford Junction was the next station—this was plain Milford.

As they beat an inglorious retreat, with the awkward burden of embarrassment added to their other baggage, a sympathetic man across the aisle began to hum: "You said good-bye, the parting words were spoken," etc. For some unknown reason, they did not appreciate his delicate condolence.

They made connections with little delay and reached their destination about the middle of the afternoon. Fred was to have met them at the station, but neither Fred nor any one else did they find. The station was a narrow board walk about ten feet long. Nothing could be seen but dense forests and the blue sky. Then a man with a wheel-barrow emerged from the woods, and, directing them to the nearest steamer landing, transported their impediments.

They sat there about an hour, waiting, like Micawber, for something to turn up. At last the steamer came in, and Fred and Jim Byran, appeared to give them a tardy welcome; and in a short time they had crossed the lake and reached the farm house. It was a picturesque old homestead, built on a hillside; pretty vines clung to its bleached surface, and large trees spread their branches protectingly over it.

The farmer's wife led the way to their apartments, for it was almost time for supper. Their extra large room was found to be about eight by ten, with one window. The beds in opposite corners almost touched in the middle, and the trunks and other baggage had to be left out in the hall, to give the occupants standing room. Three tin wash basins on a bench out in the yard, and a coarse towel on a tree near by, were the conveniences provided for bathing privileges to be enjoyed by all the boarders.

Weary and disappointed, they sat down to the table, vowing vengeance on Fred, whose exaggeration had raised false hopes in their minds. But the supper put them in a better humor. Rene and Marie declared that the apple butter alone was a compensation for all their trouble. So all being in excellent spirits, the boys took them round the farm, and pointed out the spring, and the milk house, and the other chief places of interest.

Every one was tired, and Mrs. Wesley thought they had better retire early, so, taking the smoking, oily lamp in her hand, she led the way. Everything was so new and strange and exciting, that the children could scarcely be quieted down. Louise, especially, was in so hilarious a mood that she could not keep still a minute, but would jump from one bed to another, and

dance around, singing and laughing at the top of her voice, till finally Mrs. Wesley said: "Louise, you must settle down, say your prayers, and go to sleep, or I shall certainly punish you." Then Louise, with a roguish twinkle in her bright eyes, replied: "Very well, Mrs. Mamma, I'll say my prayers *to-night*, and I'll say them *good;* then I don't want you to bother me about them again till I get home." With that, her frolic subsided, and soon they were all asleep.

The next day, Rene and the children went for a walk. Mrs. Wesley was on the front porch writing a letter, and the boys were scattered about doing nothing, when, suddenly, shrill, piercing shrieks were heard; and, in a moment, the children, screaming with fright, came rushing to their mother, with Rene not far behind them. They had been chased by some dreadful wild beast with fiery eyes. The boys started out with their rifle and base ball clubs eager for the fray. They found the wild beast to be the farmer's pet pig, a gentle white porker with pink eyes, standing in the middle of the road looking perfectly bewildered.

When the boys began to tease, the children said that to see a white pig for the first time in a dim, uncertain light would arouse in anyone a most unpleasant sensation. But Rene had no excuse to offer.

That night in the seclusion of their chamber, as they quietly discussed the affairs of the day, they suddenly discovered that the room was already occupied. Louise shrieked, "A waps, a waps," and buried her head in the clothes. Rene and Mamie did likewise, and left Mrs. Wesley to fight out the battle alone with the wasp.

She tried to crush it with an old newspaper, but being no politician, the "waps" had no fear of the press. He had merely come to make a friendly call, and disappeared without ceremony. Afterwards, they learned that he occupied the room above, from which he had a secret stairway leading down to their apartments.

The "waps" was a friendly neighbor. Not only did he himself call to see them, but he brought and introduced to them all his kindred spirits, and all manner of creeping things, and held a reception there every night. An entomologist would have reveled in their nocturnal festivities, but the Wesleys were not used to that class of society. Their family tree had never produced an entomologist.

The days passed rapidly with picnics, excursions, and fun of all kinds. When Mr. Wesley came, their happiness was complete. The children escorted him round with great pride, and showed him the haunted cabin, and the skin of the rattlesnake killed in the garden a few days before, and everything else that had interested them.

The next day was Sunday, and, as there was no Church within twenty miles of the house, everyone stayed at home, and things were rather quiet. In the afternoon, the steamer brought a few visitors over to get butter-milk, for which this dairy was very famous. One of the ladies, by some unlucky chance, fell off the pier. No one was frightened, for the water was only about three feet deep, and she might easily have waded out. But she seemed to be having a desperate struggle, so courteous Frank Steele, although he had just put on his best suit, jumped in and rescued her. Then he discovered that she had not been struggling for her life, but for her teeth. Her false teeth had deserted her in the hour of need, and been borne away by the ebbing tide. Although the depths were searched, the plate could not be found.

She sailed away with a gnawing grief, and there was weeping and wailing, but no gnashing of teeth.

The next week, the farmer's wife had a birthday, and the young people in the country round about gave her a surprise party. They brought provisions for a great feast. The cakes were iced with red, white and blue sugar—the like in London had never been seen.

The ball costumes of the young ladies were the same gowns in which they had performed their daily tasks—washing, scrubbing, or whatever they may have been. The young gentlemen appeared in the appropriate dress of the field—quite suggestive of the soil. But what a dance they had! Rene was the orchestra. She could play only two pieces on her banjo, but they were so inspiring that they bore repetition. She not only charmed the dancers, but an unlimited number of giant mosquitoes that gathered around her to swell the chorus. She might have been smothered in the crowd but for the labored efforts of George Miller, who, with a large fan for a mace, continually beat them back. In spite of all this, she was almost insulted when they passed round the hat, and wished to pay her for her services.

The great supper was over, the revel was almost at an end. The dancers were resting on the cool veranda. Meanwhile, in the hot kitchen, after the farmer's wife had emptied the dish water, and hung up the towel, glancing at the empty bread-box and plundered larder, and wiping the perspiration from her brow, she sank down on a stool with a sigh that seemed to say, "How delightful a surprise party is! How did they know it was my birthday? It was very sweet of those young people to remember an old woman like me."

When she went into the front room, the last guest was leaving, and she went to bed completely worn out. Poor woman! her very good nature caused people to impose upon her. But, after all, she was happy, for she was thoroughly unselfish.

Vacation ended all too soon. The last day came too quickly. They had all had a good time, and become as brown as berries. Nevertheless, they really felt glad when they reached their own home again.

HATTIE M. TUTEWILER, '94.

THE SENATE.

THE hope of the United States for future greatness, will doubtless be fulfilled by the rising young statesmen and politicians, who have composed the High School Senate. This body was organized in '86, through the zeal of Miss Donnan and her pupils. The average membership since that time has been fifty. Each member takes the name of a United States Senator and endeavors, as best he can, to assume his attitude on leading questions.

Officers are elected every six weeks, so that several members may experience the sensation of being President of the Senate, Secretary, etc. Since its organization, numerous bills have been passed and many more rejected; some, after long and heated discussions, characterized by a vast expense of oratorical and rhetorical eloquence; others, without enthusiasm or loss of sleep.

The abilities of the different members are, of course, unequal. Some are characterized by "words, words, words, naught else but words;" others say little, but, it is supposed, think deeply; while a small, but actually existing class, show keen appreciation of and clear insight into the problems

of the day. They express themselves well and are gaining a knowledge of governmental principles which will make them valuable citizens.

Unlike the original, this Senate admits the fair sex as members. But we regret to say that they do not show the same lively interest the young men display. Yet it is pleasant to watch their spirits wax bold and their blood boil as woman's rights are discussed.

"Youth is ardent," and the members often indulge in bitter raillery or biting sarcasm; but it is all taken good naturedly and few friendships are broken. On the whole, this organization is a very valuable one. Only those who have studied civil government are eligible to membership. The body is assembled once a week, and through its influence, one's oratorical powers, self-control, reasoning faculties and knowledge of law are trained and developed.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

NATURE is indeed a "wonder book" to those who can read her language. Until comparatively recent years, however, the masses, with the book ever open before their eyes, could see little but the pages. But in recent times, numerous plans and devices have been tried whereby the many may enjoy the charm of reading some of the simpler stories for themselves from the original text. Foremost among these is that of the Agassiz Association. This society has grown to be the largest scientific club in the world.

The D. Chapter, No. 578, was organized in our High School in October, 1890, with thirty charter members. Membership being open to teachers and pupils of the High School, and such other persons as might be in sympathy with the purposes of the society, the number of members has been greatly increased since then.

During the first year of its organization, seventeen regular meetings were held, at which papers were read upon a wide range of subjects, followed by discussions. A cabinet of several hundred geological and botanical specimens was received and listed. A lecture by Dr. H. C. Hovey upon "Wyandotte and Marengo Caves" was given March 17, 1891, in High School hall. A "Field-Day" trip to Bloomingdale Glens was made June 6th, the equipments for which were a large amount of potential energy—a good knife—the sweetest smile—a yard of twine—a holiday spirit—a garden trowel—a microscopic eye—a hammer—a receptive mind—a botany can—an enormous lunch. Since each member of the party was thus provided, the trip, of course, was a grand success. The following prizes were offered:

I. To the member of the Agassiz Association presenting the most satisfactory botanical collection—a wreath of Antennaria margaritacea.

II. To the one making the most complete geological collection—a Pennsylvania diamond.

III. To the one finding a rock containing a new element—an ounce bottle of quinolineparamethenylbenzenylazoximeparacarboxylic acid with which to test it.

A trip to Wyandotte Cave was made on June 24th, and proved such a success that a party of thirty again made it in '92. Last year, the "Shades of Death" were visited. An enjoyable reception was also given last year.

The study of subjects chiefly relating to Indiana, her topography, geology, soil, mines, quarries, caves, gas fields, and other

natural features has proved very entertaining and instructive. Last year, the work was chiefly biological; this year, a course in mineralogy has been pursued

A very creditable exhibit was made at the World's Fair by our chapter. The officers elected for this year were:

President—John Fox.
Vice-President—Mary Ritter.
Rec. Secretary—Rousseau McClellan.
Cor. Secretary—Bessie Pray.
Treasurer—Harley Gibbs.

The programme committee consists of several teachers—Mr. Benton, Mr. Martin, Mr. Crowell, Mr. Burrell.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE?"

Frank Atkins—An electric light.
James O'Donnell—A second Zimmerman.
Win Craft—A detective.
Joe Catherwood—A base ball umpire.
Milton Rhodes—A successor to Booth.
Clarence Stanley—An explorer.
Lee Elam—A married man.
Clarence Hufford—A high school principal.
Macy Good—A bachelor.
Harley Gibbs—An orator.
Nat Owings—A Sunday-school teacher.
Floyd Lamb—A butcher.
Harvey Moore—A Paderewski.
Russ Powell—A policeman.
Walt Somerville—An ice man.

OUR HEROES.

May 30th.

Into the valley of the awful shade,
  Proudly they marched with clear, unfaltering eyes,
Nor flinched they when the angel came and laid
  Upon their brows the wreaths of sacrifice.

The earth, their mother, keeps her sacred trust,
  And shields them ever from the suns and snows,
While year by year above their hallowed dust,
  Remembrance, fragrant as the violet, blows.

—*Clinton Scollard, in Judge.*

MULTUM IN PARVO.

CARE, admitted as a guest, quickly turns to be master.—*Bovee.*

THE wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses; which he is loved and blessed by.—*Carlyle.*

WHAT we truly and earnestly aspire to be, that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of the mind, for the moment realizes itself.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

DUTY is a power that rises with us in the morning and goes to rest with us at night. It is coextensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow that cleaves to us, go where we will —*Gladstone.*

OUT of monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, private records and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books and the like, do we save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time.—*Bacon.*

IT IS no trouble to see that wealth is a curse—as long as the other fellow has it.—*Plain Dealer.*

BOOKS, we know are a substantial world, both pure and good, round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood, our pastime and our happiness will glow.—*Wordsworth.*

INSTRUCTION is but an incidental part of education. To educate is to unfold, and to instruct is to enfold.

Imagination is what makes a butterfly of the grub called observation.

To enjoy one's work is no less necessary than to enjoy the definite result of it—*Kathrine Grosjean.*

ART DEPARTMENT

H. L. INGRAHAM.

THE Art Department of the Indianapolis High School is, perhaps, somewhat unique.

Effort is made to place the work as far as possible on a level with true art and instill into the minds of the pupils a feeling for the true and the good.

The work is such with the individual pupil that it must necessarily result in each one's developing his own personality and becoming his own critic.

The work is from casts, still life studies, and from life, with charcoal and water colors as the material.

No particular system is followed, the effort being made to keep in touch with the latest thought, and to make the pupils familiar with the principles which underlie all good drawing.

Not only is there an effort to instill into the mind of the pupil a thorough knowledge of the use of the material and the principles of the work, but art illustrations in the form of art journals, the hanging of good pictures, and a selection of the best models are taken as guides.

Interest in art is stimulated by short talks, and by the organization for work outside of the school.

A Pen and Ink Club has met once each week for four years for the purpose of practice and the study of leading illustrators and illustrations.

A permanent organization called "The Sketching Club," consisting of twenty-five members, is an outgrowth of the High School work. Its purpose is the study of what is the true in art, as well as practice in the technique.

The progress of the whole work is necessarily slow, but is an effort toward freedom and self-activity in art.

"ALL art worthy of the name is the energy, neither of the human body alone, nor of the human soul alone, but of both united, one guiding the other; good craftsmanship and work of the fingers joined with good emotion and work of the heart." —*Ruskin.*

"So long as Art is steady in the contemplation and exhibition of natural facts, so long she herself lives and grows."

CALENDAR, 1893-94

OCTOBER 21.—The class of '94 gave a reception to members and faculty in High School hall. The room was tastefully adorned with handsome rugs, flags, palms and potted plants. At a dainty table, lemonade and cake were served by young ladies of the class, and quaint souvenirs were distributed by others. During the afternoon, an excellent musical programme was rendered. A grand march, at the close, thoroughly mingled the members of the class, it being so arranged that each person could converse with a different partner for two or three minutes.

NOVEMBER 15.—Mr. Cleland read a paper on "Chaucer and the Canterbury Tales," before the Senior class. The subject was treated in a very scholarly and artistic manner, and was greatly enjoyed by his youthful audience.

JANUARY 19—Presentation of "Julius Cæsar," by the Seniors in High School hall, with musical interludes, by Miss Aufderheide.

JANUARY 26. — The semi-annual civil government match on the Constitution of the United States, was held in the hall before a large and interested audience. The first one of these matches was held in '91, in response to a challenge made by one of the civil government classes to its rivals. The result was a victory to the challenging class, in which three girls carried off the laurels. Since then, the public match has been a regular feature of commencement week, and is an examination in which all Civil Government pupils must participate. The entire Constitution is recited, clause by clause, *verbatim*, and those who are successful in memorizing it, so as to down opponents, receive the admiration and congratulations of all in attendance, and the colors of the vanquished.

FEBRUARY 2.—The commencement exercises of the February class of '94 were held in Tomlinson hall. The stage presented a charming scene with its rows of bright, fresh-looking faces, aglow with the excitement and novelty of the event. Owing to the popularity and reputation of the class, there was an unusually large audience present, the aisles and corridors being thronged with people. Below, a programme of the evening is given:

Music . . . . . Orchestra.
Prayer . . . . . Rev. F. E. DEWHURST.
Essay . . . . . "Who are the Free?"
MILLY L. LOGAN.
Essay . . "The Influence of French Wives on English Kings."
THERESA C. FERGUSON.
Oration, "The Province of the Independent Newspaper."
FRITZ KRULL.
Piano Solo—Tannhauser . . . . . Wagner-Liszt.
MAY AUFDERHEIDE.
Essay . . . "The Lady of the Lamp, and the Angel of the Battlefield."
HELEN A. LOEPER.
Essay. . . . . "Heroism in Every-Day Life."
MARTHA T. HENDERSON.
Oration. . . . . "A Problem of To-day."
JOHN W. PHILLIPS.
Music . . . . . High School Quartette.
BERNARD LIZIUS. ADOLPH SEIDENSTICKER,
FRITZ KRULL, PAUL MARTIN.
Essay . . . . . "Two Personalities."
MARY C. RITTER.
Oration. . . . . "The Educated Man in Society."
HERBERT C. KAHN.
Essay . . . "Dickens' Portraiture of Women."
MINNIE L. KAUTSKY.
Music . . . . . Orchestra.
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.
CLASS SONG.

FEBRUARY 22—Colonel Black lectured in the hall, to the entire school.

MARCH 2—Ex.-Gov. A G. Porter, former Minister to Italy, talked to the assembled school concerning what he had seen while in that historic country. He gave a great

deal of interesting information about the every-day customs of the Italians, such as are not often mentioned in books. His talk was exceedingly entertaining and instructive, and was very highly appreciated by the pupils.

March 24—Reception for the classes of '94, with the June class as host and hostess. The spacious hall was again transformed from its barren bleakness to a thing of beauty. An amusing part of the programme was a prophecy of the June class read by one of its members.

Extracts from it may be of interest:

Dear Friend—

This beautiful day carries me back to that bright afternoon, eight years ago, when we sailed for Africa to labor with the heathen. Now you are settled on your African farm, and I am in my native land.

I know I can tell you of nothing that will interest you more than about our former school-mates and what they are doing. Ours was a star class in more ways than one. What fun we used to have in the Debating Club, the Senate, and the U. S. C.! Do you remember our banquet and the class social we gave? But to return to the pupils themselves.

Our valedictorian, our Sagitarins Fergufilins, our poet, our linguist, our nature student from whom we expected so much, can you believe it, is peddling St. Jacob's Oil? I scarcely recognized him in the peculiar garb that the followers of St. Jacob wear, the long cloak and pointed hood, with a staff in one hand and a bottle of oil in the other.

I heard Bernie Kirshbaum lecture on "Temperance" one night last week. They say he has become very famous.

Alice Randall has become a distinguished artist. You remember she used to draw well. She has made a special study of ears, and her pictures are so expressive!

She says that Lizzie, hardy, strong and good natured, as usual, is just about to move to Kansas. You know we always expected that she would hop with the grasshoppers at some time. And Helen Parry, wonderful to relate, is traveling with Forepaugh's "Greatest Show on Earth," as a living skeleton.

June Southern has discovered the North Pole, but I do not see that it is to her advantage; it merely doubles her tax, that is her poll tax.

I suppose you have heard the result of the recent election. The country is fairly ringing with the praises of our first lady president, who is none other than our former school-mate, Nellie Carnahan. I must tell you about Miss Donnan. You know now there is an additional member in the president's cabinet, the Secretary of Education. She fills this office, and her husband is the editor of the leading democratic paper in Washington.

Mary Coyner has a lucrative position in the mint at Philadelphia, and Mamie Winter runs a summer hotel at Lake Fairview.

Thomas Mayhugh has been flying high ever since he obtained the patent on his air ship. They are used here now altogether for rapid transit except on the Mississippi and Haughville lines.

The Indian question is settled at last. Richard Reeves, the great hypnotist, has brought the Indians under subjection and has guaranteed that they will cause no more trouble.

Clyde Freeman has become a perfect slave to his relations. They come to visit him in swarms, from north, east, south and

west. I thought he would be a great singer, but it is said the only song he ever sings is this:

"O, Jacob, bring the cows home and put them in the pen,
The cousins are all coming to see us once again."

with the chorus ending—

"Jerusha, put the kettle on
We'll all take tea."

They used to say that women never invented anything, but they can say that no longer, for Edna Wallace has made one of the most important inventions ever conceived of. It is an adjustable escort, that is, a machine which, when folded, looks just like an umbrella, but when you press a but'on, it opens up into the form of a man, and with the turn of a crank, offers its arm and walks by your side, so that you may feel free from any fear of a nightly marauder. I wish this had been invented a few years earlier, don't you?

Caroline Minor has found her major and seems to be content with the ever-varying life of an army officer's wife.

Dale Gilbert is a hunter in the far west, a perfect Nimrod, chasing game o'er hill and dale. Anson Washburn is a school teacher in Minneapolis. He recently invented an electrical thrashing machine, and now his is the model school of the country.

Hettie Kopp married a policeman, a gentleman of leisure. Juliette Bryan is the leading Presbyterian minister of North Indianapolis.

Edwin Hisey is quite a singer; he reaches high C with perfect ease. Harley Gibbs keeps a restaurant, famous for its Boston baked beans. Helen Moore and Florence Webster have joined the "Little Sisters of the Poor." Helen Armstrong is the champion tennis player of the State.

Miss Thayer's brow is crowned with laurels. She is the acknowledged queen of song.

Earnest Gray is an earnest worker in the Salvation Army; he is a standard bearer. Paul Martin's accomplishments are appalling.

Nellie Hewitt and Alice Murry were among the Representatives sent to Congress at the recent election.

E iza Mays has made her fortune from Indian corn. Many of the pupils I know nothing of. It is simply impossible to trace them all.

"Ah me, what changes time hath wrought,
And how predictions have miscarried;
A few have reached the goal they sought,
And some are dead, and some are married!

And some in city journals war,
And some as politicians bicker,
And some are pleading at the bar—
For jury verdicts, or for liquor," as Saxe says.

However, I find one person who is still the same—Mrs. Hufford. I went to see her the other day, and she is still teaching the young idea how to shoot, just as patient and as helpful as of old. Her present pupils seem to regard her with an affection similar to ours, but I do not see how it can be as great. She has a golden key which unlocks all hearts, and, living with young people and for them, she has discovered the secret of perpetual youth.

Remember to feed my pet monkey, and don't tax his brain too much with those primer lessons.

Write soon to your friend,

HATTIE DE GARCIA Y AQUILAR.

MARCH 30—Mr. Sidney H. Morse delivered a lecture on "Sculpture," and while he talked, moulded a bust of Emerson. It is needless to say the lecture was of deep interest to all. In the evening of the same

day, he gave a second lecture, entitled, "Recollections of Emerson."

MAY 5—The June class of '96 gave a social in High School hall on "Emerson Day." The hours were from three to six and from seven to nine. During the afternoon, Mr. Sidney Morse unveiled a fine bust of Emerson, which the class presented to the school. The souvenirs of the afternoon contained a token sent by John Burroughs from his home.

The programme for the afternoon was as follows:

Song . . . . . "The Poet," . . Emerson.
MISS VIRGINIA SALE.
Remarks . . . . . "Emerson in Concord."
MISS MARY E. NICHOLSON.
Song . . . . "The Humble Bee," . . . . Emerson.
MR. HARRY SMITH.
Recitation. . . . . "Selections from Emerson."
MR. DANIEL BROWN.
(This number is printed below.)

Emerson tells us that great geniuses live in their writings. This is certainly true of him. No better tribute can be paid him than to quote his own words concerning the great man, the scholar and the poet, for he was all of these. He says:

"I accept the saying of the Chinese Mencius, 'A sage is the instructor of a hundred ages. When the manners of Loo are heard of, the stupid become intelligent and the wavering, determined.'

"I count him a great man, who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which men rise with labor and difficulty. * * * Senates and sovereigns have no compliment, with their medals, swords and armorial coats, like addressing to a human being, thoughts out of a certain height and presupposing intelligence. * * * Great men exist that there may be greater men. * * * It is for man to tame chaos; on every side, whilst he lives, to scatter seeds of science and of song, that climate, corn, animals, and men may be milder, and the germs of love and benefit may be multiplied.

"Is not the true scholar the true master? The scholar is educated by nature, by books and by actions. Life is his dictionary; action with him is subordinate, but it is essential; without it, he is not yet man. The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men, by showing them facts amidst appearances. He is to find consolation in exercising the highest functions in human nature. He is the one who raises himself from private considerations, and breathes and lives on public and illustrious thoughts. He is the world's eye; he is the world's heart; he is to resist the vulgar prosperity, by preserving and communicating heroic sentiments, noble biographies, melodious verse, and conclusions in history A scholar is the favorite of heaven and earth; the excellency of his country; the happiest of men. His duties lead him directly into holy ground, where other men's aspirations only point. * * * The scholar is the student of the world, and of what worth the world is, and with what emphasis it accosts the soul of man, such is the worth and such the call of the scholar.

"The poet is the man without impediment, who sees and handles that which others dream of, traverses the whole scale of experience. and is representative of man in virtue of being the largest power to receive and impart.

"The universe has three children born at the same time—the knower, the doer and the sayer; these stand for the love of truth, for the love of good, and for the love of beauty. These three are equal. The poet is the sayer, the namer and represents

beauty. He is sovereign and stands on the center. For the world is not painted or adorned, but is, from the beginning, beautiful.

"All that we call sacred history attests that the birth of a poet is the principal event in chronology.

"'What news?' asks man of man everywhere. The only teller of news is the poet; the world listens with the assurance that now a secret of God is to be spoken. The right poetic mind is, or makes, a more complete sensibility, piercing the outward fact to the meaning of the fact; shows a sharper insight. The test of the poet is the power to take the passing day with its news, its cares, its fears, as he shares them, and hold it up to a divine reason till he sees it to have a purpose and beauty, and to be related to astronomy and history and the eternal order of the world.

"The poet's office is to—

"Tell men what they knew before;
Paint the prospect from their door.

"The gods talk in the breath of the words,
They talk in the shaken pine,
And fill the long reach of the old sea-shore
With dialogue divine.
And the poet who overhears
Some random word they say
Is the fated man of men,
Whom the ages must obey."

Song—"Waldeinsamkeit" . . . . . Emerson.
MRS. F. E. DEWHURST.

PRESENTATION AND UNVEILING OF THE BUST.

Mr. William Day, President of Class.
Mr. Sidney H. Morse, Sculptor.
Reception of the bust by Principal Hufford.
Remarks by W. P. Fishback then followed.

MAY 12—Reception by Juniors in High School hall. The elaborately decorated room, the dainty refreshments, fine music and pretty souvenirs made the reception a very enjoyable affair.

MAY 17, 18, 19—"The Hoosier Schoolmaster" was presented by the Civil Government classes of this year for the benefit of the Civil Government library. The cast of characters was well chosen and the amateurs in age seemed experienced actors. Several hundred dollars were realized.

MAY 25.—At both the morning and afternoon sessions, musical programmes were rendered in High School hall to the assembled body of students. A visitor from Chicago, who listened to the music by our pupils, said: "I have often paid a dollar and more to hear concerts which were not half so fine." The High School orchestra gave two excellent numbers.

MAY 25.—The Juniors gave a party at the home of the Misses Shover on East Michigan street.

MAY 26 —Reception by the February class of '97 in the hall.

The following programme was rendered.

Music . . . . . "Frolic of Sylphs."
YOUNG MEN'S KAPELLA.
DIRECTOR, R. B. RUDY.

Paper . . . . . "John Burroughs."
MR. DEWHURST.

Song . . . . . "Casper Lullaby."
MISS CUNNINGHAM.

Remarks . . . . . GOVERNOR MATTHEWS.

Violin Solo . . . . . "Fantasies," Beriot.
MISS HADLEY.

Song . . . . . Selected.
BALD HEADED GLEE CLUB.

JUNE 2.—"Field Day" exercises were held at the Fair Grounds.

JUNE 11.—Commencement exercises of the June class of '94.

JUNE 12 —Reception to classes of '94 by Principal and Mrs. G. W. Hufford, at their home on Park avenue.

JUNE 13 and 14.—Art exhibit in High School hall. On this occasion, the work done by pupils in the Art Department of the school will be displayed, and the work

of Manual Training pupils be exhibited. Work in the Chemical and Physical laboratories will also be in progress.

JUNE 15.—High School Alumni Reunion in High School hall.

"Our revels then are ended."

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE JUNE COMMENCEMENT.

A YOUTH to fortune and to fame unknown, dressed in his customary suit of solemn black, leaves the scenes of his childhood, the happy fields unknown to noise and strife, ostensibly to roam, mid the pleasures and palaces of Indianapolis, but really in pursuit of the eagle of fame. Concealment, like a worm in the bud, has kept from the eyes of those who held him dear his manuscript hidden within his inky cloak. Oft in the stilly night, those evening bells had seemed to say "Go where glory waits thee," *i. e.*, the publishing house of the High School Annual.

The way seems long before him and his heart outruns his footsteps. Now he sees the lights of the city gleam through the rain and the mist, and a feeling of gladness comes o'er him that his soul can not resist. At last he reaches the busy mart, and as he strolls through the crowded thoroughfare, he hears the trailing garments of the night sweep through her marble halls, and his prophetic soul admonishes him to wait till morning's ruddy beam tints the eastern sky, and to let Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, soften the heart of the man of flint, and then beard the lion in his den, the publisher in his sanctum sanctorum.

So amid the giddy throng he plods his weary way. But, there is a sound of revelry by night, and see, a light through yonder window breaks; it is the gas, and High School pupils are the sons and daughters from whose lips will flow sounds of music, words of wonder. Soon he is toiling upward in the night to reach the balcony of Tomlinson hall. Here what a scene of beauty meets the eye, for bright the light shines on fair women and brave men.

Eftsoons he hears a most melodious sound of all that might delight a dainty ear, such as at once might not on living ground save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere. The music dies away. Then arises the observed of all observers, the glass of fashion and the mould of form. He speaks as with a voice of spheral harmony. No sooner has he ceased, than all the multitude of people, with a shout loud as from numbers without number, frighted the reign of chaos and old Night.

Then comes one made up of loveliness alone. Brown eyes has the little maiden, brown eyes with beauty laden. The rainbow must have lent her some of its airy grace, the wild rose parted with a blush that nestles on her face. Rich and rare are the gems she wears. Her gown, why ay! What's this? a sleeve! Pearls and roses drop from her lips. The youth is amazed. His eyes are fixed in meditation—her bright smile haunts him still.

Next, a girl who was a favorite, even though she danced and played croquet, and wrought upon her folks to get her fancy shoes that didn't fit her. But men harkened to her words and wondered at her wisdom.

Then behold, a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair, and she has donned a silken robe and bound her locks with pearls. And when she speaks, sweet words like dropping honey, she doth shed.

Now comes young Cicero:

From Toledo to Gerona,
From Seville to Barcelona,
From Burgoz to Penaflor,
No such gem was seen before.

His words seem oracles that pierced their bosoms, and each man would turn and gaze, in wonder, on his neighbor's face, that with like dumb wonder answered him. Then some would weep some shout, some, deeper touched, keep down the cry with motion of their hands, in fear but to have lost a syllable. Then all the mountains clap their hands in joy, and all the cataracts thunder, "That's the boy."

The next is a phantom of delight, a rare and ravishing maiden. 'Tis art, sweet art. New radiance broke when her light foot flew over the ground. Her speech was a fine sample on the whole, of rhetoric, which the learned call "rig-marole."

Mark the majestic fabric of her who now comes forth. She is a temple; her face is like a lily, and her eyes have a swimming glory. Her tinsel-tangled hair, tossed and lossed upon the air, is glossier and flossier than any anywhere. Her words, which bear a mission high, with music hallowed, ne'er will die.

Then with head upraised and look intent, and eye and ear attentive bent, and locks flung back, and lips apart, in listening mood the youth doth start; and as a verray parfit gentil knight, advances to the front. A man he is to all the country dear, and passing rich, with forty pounds a year. He is wrapped in the solitude of his own originality, while he utters words of learned length and thundering sound. Amazed, the gazing people ranged around, and still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, that one small head should carry all he knew.

The youth is awed by the eloquence in the air, and crumples up his poor manuscript, murmuring, "I have neither wit, nor words nor worth." He feels his own insignificance, and is overwhelmed in listening to the words of wisdom dropped from the lips of those who now are silent.

But there are others. Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and brown gleam with intelligence, and look the words they dare not speak. A few can touch the magic string, and noisy Fame is proud to win them; alas for those that never sing, but leave with all their music in them. Weep for the voiceless, who have known the cross, without the crown of glory.

But *tempus fugit*, and when the clock in the steeple strikes twelve, the youth quietly steals away, and goes forth under the open sky, not to list to nature's teachings, but to take the wings of the morning and fly to the cot where he was born. On rocky isles, as he passed by, there he let his manuscript lie, and then returned to the deserted village, contented to sit by his ain fireside, and hear the old band play.

R. AND T.

To INSURE success in after life, a graduate should wear

"Something old
And something new,
Something borrowed
And something blue."

FEBRUARY CLASS OF '94.

COLORS: Royal purple, lemon yellow.

MOTTO: Truth our Light, Conscience our Guide.

MEMBERS:

Mabel Albersmeier,
G. Frank Atkins,
A. May Aufderheide,
Flora B. Austin,
J. Milton Benson,
Augusta J. Brown,
Mamie I. Brown,
M. Blanche Canine,
Susan Chipman,
Athena B. Christy,
Emma Cress,
Nannie E. Davis,
Mary Dickson,
Ella Evans,
Celia Feibleman,
Theresa C. Ferguson,
Tillie M. Frietsche,
Nellie F. Hardy,
Martha T. Henderson,
Gertrude L. Henry,
Eleanor A. Kalb,
Herbert C. Kahn,
Minnie L. Kautsky,
Maria C. Keehn,
Sara E. Kingsbury,
Fritz Krull,
Elizabeth Lawrence,
Caroline List,
Bernard J. Lizius,
Helen A. Loeper,
Milly L. Logan,
M. Edna Manning,
Harriet A. McCoy,
Edward G. Meyers.
Frank C. Olive,
Lizzie O'Mara,
Grace Oval,
Mary Pickens,
John W. Phillips,
Bessie Pray,
Mary C. Ritter,
Flora Schliebitz,
Adolph Seidensticker,
Blanche Shaw,
Edwin E. Shelton,
Urbanna Spink,
William G. Tucker,
Joseph H. Ward,
Katie Warren,
Nellie W. Webb.

JUNE CLASS OF '94.

COLORS: Old gold, white.

MOTTO: "To be rather than to seem."

MEMBERS.

Helen Armstrong,
Dwight Baggerly,
Cornelia Bell,
Martha Blaich,
Joseph Bottorff,
Nellie Bowman,
Juliette Bryan,
Davis Byrkit,
Nellie Carnahan,
Mary Coyner,
Nellie Cressler,
Virgil Dalrymple,
Mabel Davy,
Edward DeHaven,
Eliza Edwards,
Lee Elam,
Lena Faught,
Archer Ferguson,
Clyde Freeman,
Harley Gibbs,
Dale Gilbert,
Earnest Gray,
Alice Halpin,
Kate Hamilton,
Laura Hanna,
Helen Hardin,
Lizzie Hardy,
Orison Hayes,
Nellie Hewitt,
Edwin Hisey,
Frank Jelleff,
Sampson Keeble,
Bernard Kirshbaum,
Hettie Kopp,
Dena Lauter,
Myrtle Lefeber,
Marshall Lewis,
Naomi Marer,
Jessie Marshall,
Paul Martin,
Walter Marting,
Lammie Mason,
Elizabeth Maurer,
Georgia Mayer,
Thomas Mayhugh,
Eliza Mays,
Lillie McCann,
Charles McGroarty,
Caroline Minor,
Alice Minthorn,
Helen Moore,
Alice Murry,
Celia Naughton,
Helen Parry,
Emma Pearson,
Alice Randall,
Richard Reeves,
Margaret Sale,
Lena Southard,
Clarence Stanley,
Katie Stuckey,
Myrtle Taylor,
Marie Taylor,
Laurel Thayer,
Ella Thompson,
Lillie Thompson,
Beatrice Tice,
Hattie Tutewiler,
Edna Wallace,
Anson Washburn,
Florence Webster,
Gertrude Whitsit,
Mamie Winter.

CLASS SONG.

Dear class of '94,
Praises for thee outpour,
  In gladsome song.
Long has thy watchword been,
Sounding 'bove trumpet din :
"Wealth, wisdom, power are kin,
  And love's full strong."

Sweet hours in study spent,
Teachers, who knowledge lent,
  Both we do bless.
From mem'ry ne'er will fade
Those truths with love inlaid,
  Imparted for our aid,
  In I. H. S.

Now brothers, sisters, all,
Let us, what e'er befall,
  To purpose cleave.
Life's work, the best we'll do,
Heart, hand and soul, all true,
With good all minds imbue,
  Men closer weave.

HERBERT C. KAHN, February, '94.

CLASS SONG.

Now our ship at anchor rideth,
  Waiting for the wind and tide,
That with speed and joy will bear her
  O'er the ocean broad and wide.
    Onward! onward!
'Till in heaven she shall ride.

Long hath been the loving labor
  That hath carved her stately mast,
Spread her sails and fixed her timbers,
  Made them strong and sure and fast.
    Onward! onward!
'Till we're safe from every blast.

Faith shall hold the golden rudder,
  Truth shall be our captain brave,
At our prow shall stand fair Freedom,
  Looking forward o'er the wave,
    Onward! onward!
To the sunlit land we crave.

"Ever ready," be our watchword,
  Strong be we to fight and pray,
Keeping loyal guard and steadfast,
  Meeting foes without dismay.
    Onward! onward!
To that glorious, perfect day.

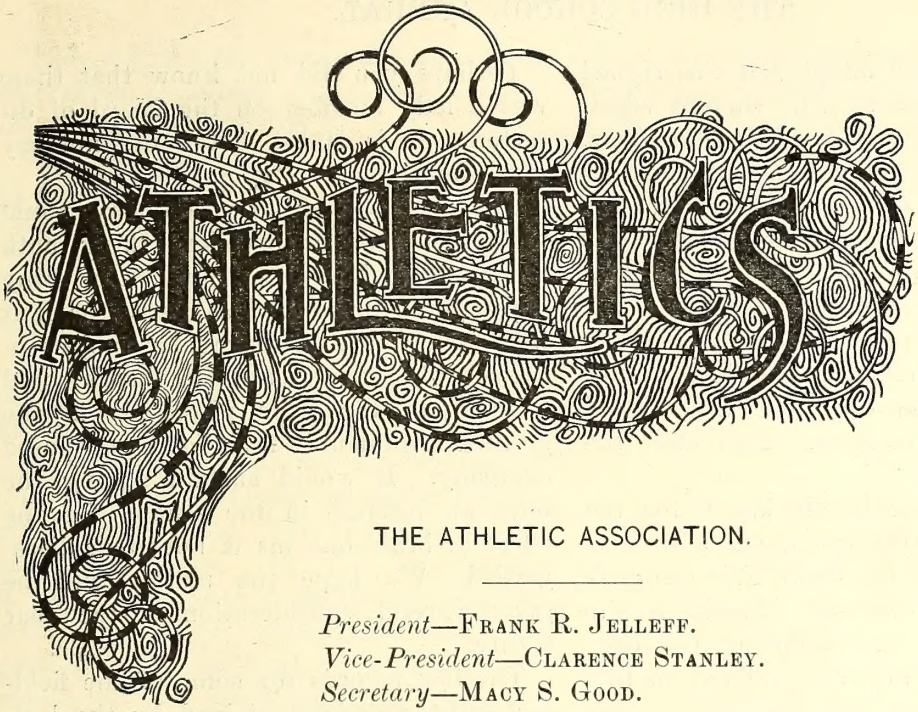
Fear we not the storm and tempest,
  Trusting Him who rules above,
He will gently homeward guide us,
  Though afar we wand'ring rove.
    Onward! onward!
'Till we rest beneath His love.

Onward, then, let us be sailing,
  While the sea birds 'round us fly,
And the wind our white sails filleth,
  And the sunlight's in the sky.
    Onward! onward!
'Till we rest at last on high.

GEO. ARCHER FERGUSON, June, '94.

The winds of Heaven never fanned,
The circling sunlight never spanned
The borders of a better land
Than our own Indiana.—*S. T. Bolton.*

HIGH SCHOOL FOOT-BALL TEAM.



THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President—Frank R. Jelleff.
Vice-President—Clarence Stanley.
Secretary—Macy S. Good.
Treasurer—Will H. Hall.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Prof. G. W. Hufford,
Prof. A. I. Dotey,
Mr. Hugh Bryan,

Mr. Nat. C. Owings,
Mr. Stetson Parker,
Mr. Clarence Stanley,
Mr. Macy S. Good,
Mr. Will H. Hall,
Mr. Joseph Swain,
Mr. Day Pattison.

Colors: Old gold and light blue.

The formation of the Athletic Association, ending in our successful field meet, has been the sensation of the school year. The interest in general athletics in our school has been steadily growing during the past few years, and the formation of the Athletic Association has been the result. However, much credit is due to Mr. Bryan, manager of the foot-ball team, through whose efforts the existence of the organization is largely due. The plan was first proposed by him at a meeting of the foot-ball team at the close of last season, and a meeting for organization was, at last, called in January.

Great enthusiasm was shown by the boys at this meeting, and after a constitution

was proposed and adopted, it was signed by over sixty persons, who thereby signified their intention of becoming members. At the next meeting, a board of directors was elected, five members to serve for six months and the remaining five for one year. A directors' meeting was called a few days later, and officers elected.

After considering various projects in regard to the organization of different clubs under the association, the Board deemed it advisable to make the field meet the event of the year.

Work was immediately begun for the accomplishment of this end, and after considerable trouble, the State Fair Grounds were secured for June 2d. Thanks to the generosity of the merchants of our city, prizes equal to any ever offered in this state at a like event were secured.

And now that the first annual field meet of the Indianapolis High School has been so decided a success, every one, we think, unites in giving a vote of thanks to the board of directors and others who have worked so faithfully in behalf of the I. H. S. A. A. J.

NOTES.

IN GENERAL.

Some one must have won a bottle of perfume.

Lewis Hasselman is the association whistler.

Where on earth did Catherwood (our own dear Joe) ever raise the amount of the initiation fee?

Pay up your dues for the coming summer, Mr. President. This is not intended for a joke.

We ought to get an association pin very soon.

Perhaps you did not know that there was a lady member on the board of directors. It is Hazel, but I did not say witch-hazel.

The proposed military company would undoubtedly be an excellent thing, both for the school and the pupil. An army officer could be secured as instructor, if it were incorporated as a regular subject in the school course. The effect that it would have upon the boys physically is the greatest argument in favor of the proposed company. It would sustain among the boys an interest in the school, for the effect of brass buttons is not to be disregarded. We hope the matter will be given careful consideration in the near future.

The low records for some of the field-day events may be explained by the lack of practice. The inclement weather of the two weeks before the day, necessitated the stoppage of training by most of the boys. It is certainly apparent that a gymnasium is needed, and needed badly. The directors of the association, knowing of the expense the school board was under, incurred by the building of the industrial school, decided not to press the matter this season. We hope, however, that next year the school board will decide to foster the growing interests in general athletics among us, by building for us a well equipped gymnasium. J.

CYCLING

O tempora, O mores! Mr. Burrell was seen trying to mount a wheel in the yard a few days since.

Ira is not very good on the home (Holme) stretch.

Landers sets the pace on the road.

The cycling club has, as yet, failed to materialize.

They say that Mr. Dotey was an ardent rider when at college This does not imply that he had a "pony."

An electric wheel will soon be patented by Frank Atkins. The plans, he says, are "in my mind's eye, Horatio."

Speaking of cycling, Mr. Roberts is somewhat of a cycler himself. He has been known to ride three "wheels" at one time.

James O'Donnell thinks more of that medal of his, than he does of his best girl, and that is saying a good deal.

With so large a number of wheelmen in our school, we should certainly have a good cycling c'ub. The advantages of a club are many. In the first place, it promotes closer friendship among the members. Then, certainly, a road run, participated in by thirty or forty members, would be far more enjoyable than the lonely runs of two or three. Do not delay. Organize at once.

TENNIS.

Wednesday is ladies' day at the courts.

Geo. Lemcke has had his hair cut. That explains it all.

Did anyone mention six dollars?

Jelleff and Hall will write a book, entitled: "What we do *not* know about tennis." It will comprise many volumes.

Rich. Reeves vs. Ray Barth—The long and short of it.

The tennis grounds motto: "No work, no play."

"Owings is in training."

Billy Hall's ducks were the "Jonah" of the tournament.

Our tennis grounds are the pride of the association and the envy of all the tennis clubs in the city. We were certainly very fortunate in securing such excellent grounds, and the boys should try to keep them in as good condition as possible. They have come to be used not only for tennis, but as a p'ace of practice for all athletics. On a pleasant evening, the passer-by sees an animated picture in the gayly attired tennis players, and the boys practicing hard at putting the shot, throwing the hammer, jumping, running and hurdle-racing, together with an occasional friendly wrestling match. Surely our school is coming to the front in athletics.

J.

FOOT BALL.

If William Hall
Once gets the ball,
That's all.

At all events, we shall certainly have a "good" captain.

Stetson Parker will probably be "in the push" next fall.

A. Hugh Bryan will once more manage the team.

O. M. I. found us so "easy," they want two games next season. Last year we got the worst of that big deal (Deal).

Of all sports, foot ball is probably productive of the greatest enthusiasm. Whether this is on account of the briskness of the weather in which it is played, or on account of the game itself, we do not know. However, we have good cause to be proud of our team. Of last season's two defeats, the one at O. M. I. is accounted for by the fact that a professional, engaged by the school authorities for the purpose of training the team, played with them. He, being a man, easily outclassed our boys, and the defeat is not to be wondered at. The other, the first game at Edinburg early in the season, was due to lack of training and good team work. If the next year's team equals that of the last one, we shall have good reason to feel proud of it. We wish the boys the greatest success.

BASE BALL.

All that we need is nine good players.

Catherwood is an ardent admirer of base ball.

Rinehart will do, but we need a few more.

The cause of our failure in base ball this year is attributed to the lack of talent. In a measure, this is correct; but certainly there is a great deal of latent talent, thus far hidden because of the lack of interest taken in base ball. If the boys had all played early in the season, the most able players could easily have been discovered. But since the boys did *not* practice, no one could possibly judge of their ability. Certainly a school as large as ours, should have a team. Next season, let us all show an active interest, and, perhaps, we may organize a team that will be a credit to the school.

FIELD DAY.

Saturday, June 2, 1894. has come and gone, but the memory of that day's events will always remain fixed in the minds of all High School pupils. The grand success which attended our field day exceeded even the most extravagant hopes of the projectors of the enterprise. The erstwhile infant athletic association has now assumed manly proportions, and a handsome balance will be left in the treasury for next year. Everything seemed to work for the success of the day, and even the weather was excellent The events went off smoothly and in order, and the eight hundred spectators were delighted.

The gold medal for the all-around champion will be awarded to Day Pattison, he having scored twenty-two points, and having the tennis singles yet to play. Stetson Parker and Walter Somerville are tie for second, with fifteen points each to their credit, with Townley a close fourth. The other prizes were won as follows:

100 YARD DASH. Time, $11\frac{1}{5}$ sec.

1st Prize. Pair Trousers.....Brink & Hohl
2d Prize. Sweater.....Model Clothing Co.

Winners
- 1st.....Day Pattison
- 2d.....Walter Somerville
- 3d.....Clarence Stanley

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

Distance, 16 ft. $3\frac{3}{4}$ in.

1st Prize Silk Vest, Kahn Tailoring Co.
2d Prize. Box Fancy Soap, By Potter, Druggist

Winners
- 1st.....R. Douglas
- 2d.....O. Pickens
- 3d.....M. Good

THREE LEGGED RACE.

(120 yds) Time, $15\frac{3}{5}$ sec.

1st Prizes. Bottles Perfume, By Huder & Bryan

Winners
- 1st...Winters and Mothershead
- 2d.....Good and Hall
- 3d .....Pattison and Somerville

HIGH KICK. Height, 8 ft.

1st Prize. Tan Shoes.....By C. Friedgen
2d Prize. Picture..... By H. Lieber

Winners
- 1st.....Frank Baker
- 2d.....M. Good
- 3d.....C. Freeman

ONE MILE BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIP. Time, 2 min. 39 sec.

1st Prize. Gold Medal, By H. P. Wasson and I. H S. A. A.
2d Prize. Pair Rat-Trap Pedals, By F. Clemmens & Co.
3d Prize. Gold Pen, By Hasselman Journal Co.

Winners
- 1st.....M. Townley
- 2d.....T. David
- 3d..... A. Craig

PUTTING 12-POUND SHOT.

Distance, 36 ft. $1\frac{1}{2}$ in.

1st Prize. Rug, By Eastman, Schleicher & Lee
2d Prize. Pair Shoes...By Geo J Marott

Winners
- 1st.....S. Parker
- 2d.....F. Buchtel
- 3d.....A. Schleicher

ONE MILE WALK. Time, 8 min. $59\frac{2}{5}$ sec.

1st Prize. Pair Trousers.By G.W Manfeld
2d Prize 100 Engraved Cards, By W. B Burford

Winners
- 1st.....M. Good
- 2d.....M. Eckman
- 3d.....R. Hobbs

HOP, STEP AND JUMP.

Distance, 36 ft. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in.

1st Prize Sweater.....By Progress
2d Prize. Bamboo Fishing Pole, By Klingensmith

Winners { 1st.....F. Buchtel
2d.....R. Douglas
3d. .....O. Pickens

HALF-MILE BICYCLE.

(Handicap.) Time, 1 min $8\frac{4}{5}$ sec.

1st Prize. Sweater.....By H. T. Hearsey
2d Prize. Prince of India,
By Bowen-Merrill Co.

Winners { 1st.....T. Darik (40 yds)
2d.....M. Townley (scratch)
3d.....C. Freeman (20 yds)

STANDING BROAD JUMP.

Distance, 9 ft. $8\frac{1}{2}$ in.

1st Prize. Pair Trousers,
By Plymouth Rock Pants Co.
2d Prize. Picture, by Cathcart & Cleland.

Winners { 1st.....R. Douglas
2d .....M. Lewis
3d .....C. Tucker

120 YARDS HURDLE. Time, $20\frac{3}{5}$ sec.

1st Prize. Hat.....by W. D. Seaton
2d Prize. Box Perfume,
By H. C. Pomeroy.

Winners { 1st.....Day Pattison
2d .....W. Somerville
3d .....C. Tucker

THROWING 12-POUND HAMMER.

Distance, 79 ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in.

1st Prize. Collar and Cuff Box,
By Bargain Book Store.
2d Prize. Pipe.....by C. F. Meyer & Son

Winners { 1st.....S. Parker
2d.....F. Buchtel

220 YARDS DASH. Time, $26\frac{2}{5}$ sec.

1st Prize. Cane, by.....Major Taylor.
2d Prize. Bottle Perfume,
By Browning & Son.

Winners { 1st .....Day Pattison
2d..... W. Somerville
3d..... W. Hall

STANDING HIGH JUMP. 4 ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in.

1st Prize. Silk Hat, by Danbury Hat Co.
2d Prize. Silk Vest.....by Original Eagle

Winners { 1st.....P. Marity
2d..... .....E. Rinehart
3d.....D. Pattison

QUARTER MILE BICYCLE.

Time, $34\frac{1}{5}$ sec.

1st Prize. Diamond Stud,
By Ribble & Fisher.
2d Prize. Bicycle Pump,
By Hay & Willits.

Winners { 1st ....J. Mahurin
2d.....M. Townley
3d .....T. David

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

Height, 4 ft. 9 in.

1st Prize. Hat.....by Dalton the Hatter
2d Prize. Box Stationery,
By Frank Smith.

Winners { 1st .....O. Mothershead
2d.....M. Eckman
3d .....O. Pickens

ONE MILE RUN. Time, 6 min. $11\frac{1}{5}$ sec.

1st Prize. Pair Running Shoes,
By Geo. J. Marott.
2d Prize. Plac of Gen. Grant,
By Kipp Bros.

Winners { 1st..... .....E. Rinehart
2d .....K. Winters

THROWING BASE BALL.

Distance, 319 ft. 8 in.

1st Prize. Silk Vest.....by Swiggett Bros.
2d Prize. Bottle Toilet Water,
By Geo. Sloan.

Winners { 1st .....S. Parker
2d..... ....E. Rinehart
3d .....J. Mahurin

TWO-MILE BICYCLE (HANDICAP.)

Time, 6 min. $9\frac{3}{5}$ sec.

1st Prize. Laundry Bill for One Year,
By Eclipse Laundry.
2d Prize. Pair Bicycle Shoes,
By Emerson Shoe Store.

Winners { 1st .....H. Duckwall (150 yds.)
2d..... M. Townley (scratch.)
3d .....W. Atkins (150 yds.)

TENNIS DOUBLES.

1st Prize. Duck Trousers....by the When.
2d Prize. Umbrellas,
By P. Krauss and Wheldon.

Winners { 1st.....Somerville and Pattison
2d .....Barth and Lemcke

TENNIS SINGLES.

1st Prize. Tennis Racket..by Chas. Mayer
2d Prize. Clock..by Julius C. Walk & Son
Not yet played.

In the mile run, Owings, the favorite, was ruled out at the half on a foul. J.

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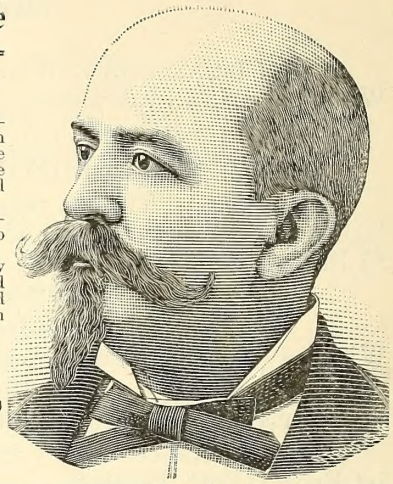

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HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL

1895

Indianapolis

H. McKay.

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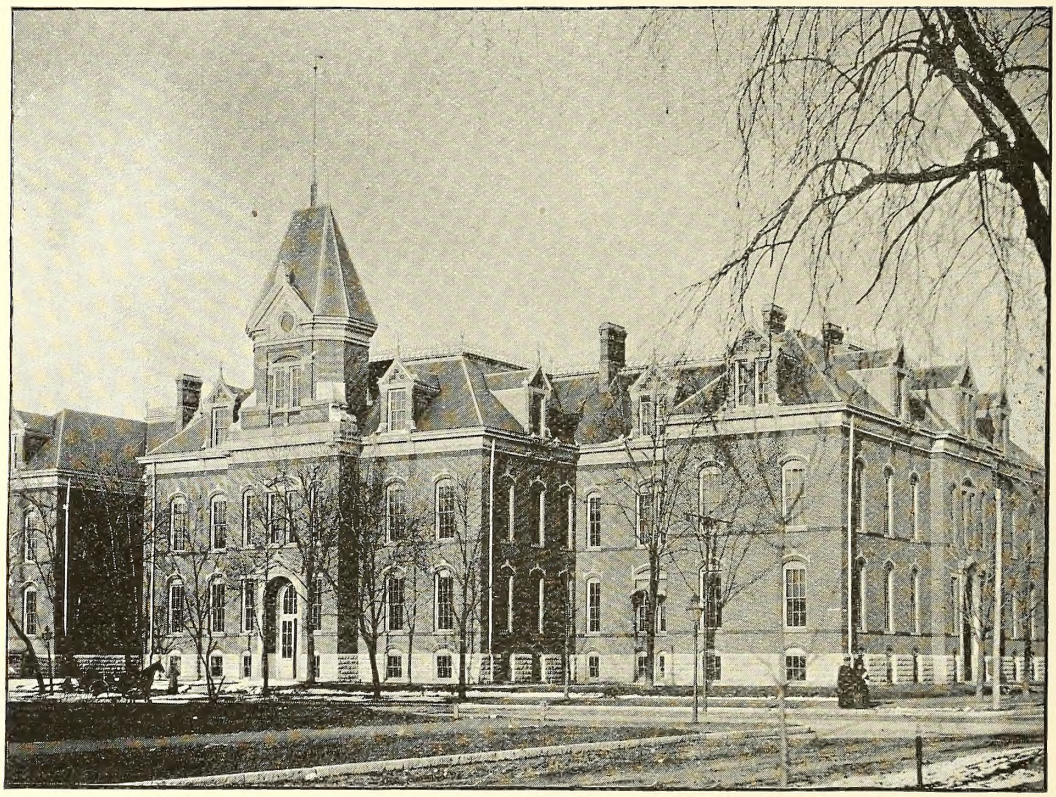
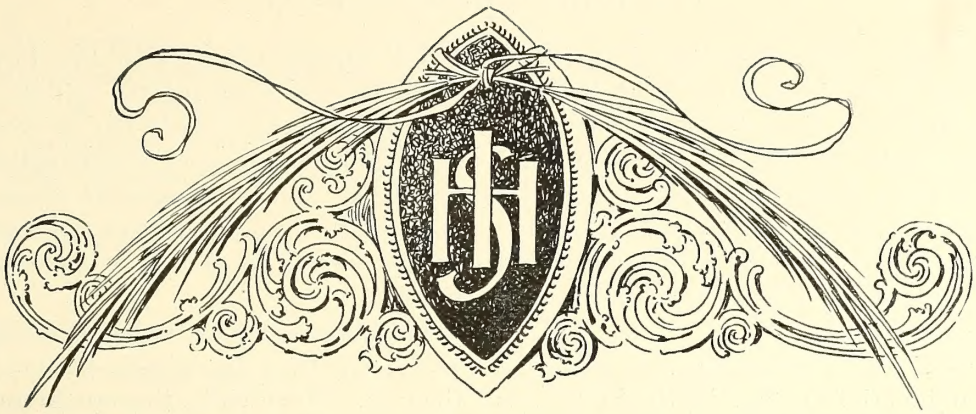


INDIANAPOLIS HIGH SCHOOL.



THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more."

VOL. I. No. 2. INDIANAPOLIS, IND. JUNE, 1895.

BITS OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

I. CONCERNING OUR HIGH SCHOOL.

ABOUT half a century ago, one of the wealthiest and most beloved of Indianapolis' citizens was an old Quaker manufacturer. He owned an extensive piece of land, on which he had often shot wild turkey and other game. The place was covered with beautiful forest trees, and rabbits and squirrels frisked in and out among the bare, gray tree-trunks and fallen leaves. They were happy in the enjoyment of the present, and little knew that soon their peaceful leafy haunts would resound to the stroke of the hammer and the grinding of the saw, and that they would be driven from their home to seek another amid "wilder scenes of sylvan solitude."

The old merchant had often looked at his property, and thought what a fine location it was for a family home; so one day the squirrels' retreat was disturbed by the noise of carpenters, the serene solitude was broken, and the abode of Nature's pets was sacrificed to the will of man. The north part of the lot was given up to a fine orchard; the eastern portion to pasture land; and, on the southwest corner, was erected one of the finest Quaker homesteads ever built in Indiana.

The house was a square red brick, built in the latest style of that day; it was surrounded by sloping lawns and luxuriant flower-beds, and overshadowed by huge elms and maples. The outside appearance was not marked by any show of wealth, but everything was plain, simple, and, above all, substantial.

Inside, the twenty or more rooms were large, airy, and lofty. A hall ten feet wide extended from the front entrance to the rear of the house. Everything was furnished in exquisite taste, and the massive walnut and mahogany chairs and tables gave an air of refinement and luxurious repose. But, perhaps, the most interesting feature of all was the old-fashioned kitchen arranged with every convenience known

in that day. One whole side of the room was given up to the chimney, with its huge Dutch oven and open fire-place. Over in a corner under the floor was an immense cistern, into which the cook constantly threatened to fling the Quaker's mischievous daughter, when the little maid would persist in getting in her way while she was preparing a dinner.

Now, this kind old gentleman, being the most influential Quaker in the State, was accustomed to entertain all traveling friends at his mansion, and many were the times when the inmates of the house were aroused from their slumbers to welcome some stranger guest. Not only was this house the stopping place of many travelers, but many festivities were held there. It was the scene of gatherings of all kinds; first a grand dinner, then a tea or lawn party, and next some holiday celebration. On such an occasion as the last named, lanterns would be hung on all the trees, and the grounds brilliantly lighted. Then what a pretty drama was unconsciously enacted by the participants! Children romped in and out among the trees and shrubbery playing an exciting game of hide-and-seek; young men and maidens strolled leisurely round the grounds, while their elders spent their time quietly conversing on the broad old-fashioned veranda.

But, alas! this could not always last; time wrought his customary change, the daughters were married and the happy family circle was broken. The old homestead passed into the hands of the Baptists and was used by them as a seminary for young ladies. It was the scene of many youthful trials and struggles with French and Latin. In the different class-rooms could be heard the sound of the school-girls reciting in fear and trembling, "amo, amas, amat," or "Omnis Gallia est divisa in partes tres." On the windows of the dormitory could be seen engraved the initials of forlorn maidens who would not, or could not study, and consequently were expelled from the class. And in these same rooms, what little feasts of smuggled dainties were held behind bolted doors with stopped-up keyholes!

This state of affairs lasted about five years, and then the estate was bought by the city. Meanwhile, the north and east parts of the land had been sold to different individuals so that the estate, at that time, comprised only the house and the land immediately surrounding it. The city converted the building, with an addition to the north, into a High School, and such it remained until 1884, when it was torn down and on its site was erected the present High School.

In this building as in the old, pupils are heard declining Latin nouns and conjugating verbs. In one room, they are laboring over the Pythagorean proposition; in another, the Constitution of the United States is being recited from memory. In a third, nothing is audible save the ticking of the clock and scratching of pens; the nightmare of some wayward pupil's dream is a reality; these boys and girls, with eyes fastened on the papers before them and with fingers working as if their owners' very lives were at stake, are taking a test. In still another room, are the students of art, while just across the hall, are those of science. Here, each one is endeavoring to finish some drawing, and there, each is hastening to complete an experiment in chemistry; but while they work so earnestly the merciless bell rings and the morning session is ended. As we have peeped into almost every room we emerge from the building and leave it to its noonday rest, when nought can be heard save an

occasional murmur of a deep, sonorous voice which may be that of Mr. Biddy, the janitor, or of the ghost of the good old Quaker gentleman, wandering disconsolately midst the scenes of his earthly home.

GRACE F. GOOKIN, '97.

II. CONCERNING THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

"A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng my memory,
Of calling shadows and beckoning shapes,
For spirits freed from mortal laws assume what shapes they please
And hover in the air."

While passing through the western part of Indianapolis, I wonder if the scene has always been like this. A mist passes before my eyes. I see no more the broad streets and avenues, with their places of business and peaceful homes nestling among the trees, but am within a broad inclosure which is dotted with many tents. The stars and stripes flaunt in the air, and to the ear is borne the sound of tramping feet, marching with measured tread. Dressed in Union blue are men in regiments, in companies, in squads, in files, in long lines, marching and countermarching, and learning how to fight a battle. Provision wagons hurry hither and thither, while after them comes the heavy rumble and roar of the artillery carriages. I pass up the company streets, hear hurried talking and cries of "On to Richmond," which make me realize that these are the days of the civil war. The confusion becomes less marked, and long, orderly columns pass out of the camp. Drawn by some inexplicable power, I follow them On every side are war scenes. Business is forgotten. Merchants, lawyers, wives, mothers and children throng the streets and cheer the marching ranks. The State House is reached, and that old Doric structure stands in broad relief. How many like scenes has it witnessed! How its walls have rung with patriotic speeches! But a hush has fallen upon the scene; the merry laugh and jest have ceased; children bid farewell to their fathers without realizing the parting; mothers kiss their boys good-bye and part from them with quivering lip; the beloved Governor says good-bye, and they are gone—to fight their country's battles. Again I see marching ranks. Many are missing from their accustomed place. Instead of ruddy faces, are bronzed cheeks, faded uniforms, and battle-rent flags; yet they come with victory. Then the vision wanes and before me in broad reality stands a noble monument, reared to "Indiana's silent victors," soldiers who have gone to their last roll-call.

Looking to the southward is a statue of Governor Morton, watching the sleep of his brave soldiers who lie beneath Southern soil. But to keep their memory green no monument is needed; for the privations they suffered, the danger they endured will live forever young in the breast of "Young America."

DAN BROWN, '96.

THE very flowers that bend and meet,
In sweetening others, grow more sweet.
O. W. HOLMES.

What as Beauty here is won,
We shall as Truth in some hereafter know.
SCHILLER.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
TENNYSON.

Better to have the poet's heart than brain,
Feeling than song, but better far than both,
To be a song, a music of God's making.
GEORGE MCDONALD.

WISDOM is ofttimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar. WORDSWORTH.

MORNING.

The Sun was asleep.
In the earth above
Reigned the Gods of Night.
The stars still shone,
The moon rode on,
But still slept the Sun.

The Dawn crept to him,
"It is time for day,
Rouse thee, O strong one."
He opened his eyes
And the light of the glance
Shot up above.

As he lay on his couch,
'Neath the horizon's ring,
The light of his eyes
Streaked the eastern skies,
And the watchers said,
"The day draws nigh."

He rose; from his locks
A rādiance streamed,
And the light thereof
Flooded the land.
The stars sped away;
The moon hid herself.

In his chariot mighty
He drove to the skies.
The people on earth
Cried, "The sun! all hail!"
Bowing, they worshiped,
And it was day.

MABEL MARTIN HOPKINS, '97.

SOME COMMON OMENS.

NOT long ago, I made a short visit to a gentleman, and as he lived in a part of town only slightly known to me, his son, a boy of thirteen, guided me to the house.

Soon after we started, the boy halted, turned round and stood staring a hay-wagon quite out of countenance. When I asked him the reason, he said that if you wished on a load of hay and then did not look at it again, your wish would come true.

Presently a span of white horses passed us, and without any warning my guide licked two fingers of his right hand, slapped them on the palm of his left, and then patted the wet spot with his right fist. When I inquired the reason for this performance, he said that when he had counted a hundred white horses and used the magic motions, he should get any wish he might make. The trouble, he said, was to stop when you had counted just a hundred, for a wish made before or after would spoil it all. "You might," he said, "instead of wishing, walk around the square when you counted the hundredth horse and you would be sure to find something of value." In the course of the conversation, I received the following "sure" rule for finding anything lost. Take a red clover head, run a straw through it and throw the contrivance into the air while facing the sun. The straw will always fall in the direction of the lost top or ball. The small boy informed me that this was the way his mother always found the lost clothes pins.

The first question I heard the mother ask when I entered the house was: "Who dropped the fork?"—as if it were absolutely necessary for the coming of a guest to be foretold in this way.

I was invited to dinner and was glad to accept the invitation, although I saw that all my actions would be turned into omens. One of the children spilled the salt during the meal, and the mother called out distractedly: "Throw some over your left shoulder!" The eldest sister insisted that it should be thrown over the right shoulder, but the young Alexander cut the Gordian knot by throwing some over each shoulder and picking up with his knife the little that remained.

The family actually quarreled for the last piece of bread on the plate, as it was supposed to bring the eater a handsome wife

or husband, as the case might be, and ten thousand dollars a year. The sum was changed (for the better) at each meal. My young guide of the morning got the last piece twice and said I could have the handsome wives, as I was his mascot. I asked him why, and he said that a guest sitting at his right hand at the table brought him good luck for three days afterwards.

The meal over, I arose with the rest, but had the misfortune to leave my chair standing out from the table. To my surprise I was told that when I broke a bone (I was assured that this would happen) I would have the sympathy of the family. I have not broken the bone.

Perceiving that my friends were in the possession of an almost endless knowledge of signs and superstitions, and feeling the disgrace of my own ignorance upon the subject, I begged them to lend me of their information and to attend to that part of my education which had been so sadly neglected. With astonishing alacrity, they hastened to my assistance, and a whole torrent of omens and dire predictions swept down upon me.

I was assured that if my ears should burn I was undoubtedly the subject of some one's conversation; if my right eye should itch I would cry, if my left I would laugh; or, if my nose should be the offending organ I would most certainly receive a visitor. Should I be so unfortunate as to stub my poor, unhappy toe some dire misfortune would be mine. Indeed it was nearly always a misfortune that was predicted and the various omens that I was told were the forerunners of death seemed to have no limit.

Such I was convinced would be the result if thirteen unfortunate mortals should dine at the same table; if a dog should bark or a cat should mew in the dark watches of the night; if one should dream of wading through muddy water; if he should dare to be so rash as to carry a shovel through the house, or so unlucky as to break a mirror. I felt a thrill of terror and a feeling of conscious guilt on hearing the latter, as I immediately thought of the small looking-glass concealed in my pocket which was the object of my not unfrequent but stealthy glances.

I was amazed to find that the actions of a cat (an animal which, alas! I had never regarded with any liking and but little respect) could become so important a feature in our destinies. Should a black cat run across my path bad luck was sure to follow, should a stray animal of that species chance to seek shelter under my roof and I prove a welcome host a happy fate was mine; but to change my residence and carry with me such an animal would be to call down on my head untoward calamities.

Bad luck would most surely overtake the youth who should chance to walk under a ladder or over a cellar door; who should dare to shut an open gate; or who, having once started from home, should return to find something which he had at first forgotten. To begin an undertaking on Friday was to insure its failure in the outset; while to tell a dream before breakfast was as certain to secure its fulfillment. By some strange association of incongruities beyond my power of understanding, to dream of a death was the sure sign of a wedding. If you stumble on ascending the stair, you will receive a letter, and if your hand itches you will receive money or greet a stranger.

Much of the information I received from my friends was of peculiar interest to girls. The daughter of my hostess assured me

that she never combed her hair after dark, for she was convinced of the truth of the couplet:

"Comb your hair after dark
You comb sorrow to your heart."

She also told me that it was very advantageous to trim one's "bangs" on the first Friday of the new moon. If the hem of her dress should chance to turn up, she would soon have a new sweetheart, and the longer it stayed in that position, the longer he would be true to her. I was told that a girl was always delighted to find one of her hairpins falling out, for that was a sure sign "he" was thinking of her. Should she be so fortunate as to find a four-leaf clover and put it in her shoe, the next gentleman to whom she spoke was to be her future lord and master.

I was soon convinced that a ring around the moon foretold rain, while to look at the new moon over the left shoulder was a sign of bad luck; that, should I sing before breakfast, I would cry before night; that the scratch of a pin foretold a journey; that the loaning of scissors or any pointed instrument would be sure to cut the friendship of both parties; and that to find a horseshoe, or a pin with the point toward one, was a sign of good fortune.

I left my friends feeling much the wiser for my visit. Should any one desire to secure information on this subject of so vital importance, I shall take great pleasure in directing him to those who seem fully competent to enlighten him. '95.

EVERY-DAY SOCIALS.

THE bell rings! Arise, ye favored ones of our blessed Alma Mater. Take up your books, and awaken your senses, and compose your wandering thoughts for the duty, trial, or delight, as the case may be.

Who can fathom the mystery of the beaming expression that spreads its contagion like a prairie fire? Surely some occult agency underlies the general transformation, for the repose of the past fifteen minutes of study has suddenly vanished, leaving in its stead a stir and bustle of excitement. Physiognomies a moment before blank, as far as concerned one's ability to read them, now speak volumes. A stranger happening to bestow a passing glance upon the scene would commune with himself in this wise: "A model school! A paragon of its kind! I am glad to live in this enlightened epoch, when pupils evince such eagerness and pleasant anticipation at a summons that formerly struck fear and trembling into the heart of the average school boy." But we of the initiated might afford some further information as to the cause thereof, in addition to the surmise of the visitor. Between the assembly room and the place of recitation, occurs one of the pleasantest features of our school life—the daily interchange of greetings and brief talks We are assailed with such queries as: "Did you hear that promising orator in the last debate?" "I just can't solve the second proposition, and we will certainly have it in the next exam!" Then, on rare occasions, our classic halls are polluted with such frivolities as: "A trade-last; you first!" But the exceptions are so few as not to lower the standard in any perceptible degree.

So long as the social atmosphere of our halls continues as pure and high-toned as it always has been and is now maintained, let us all join in wishing "Success to the every-day socials!"

TRYPHENA MITCHELL, '95.

POETS are all who love,—who feel great truths, and tell them. BAILEY.

LOYALTY TO OUR SCHOOL.

MANY times we hear the remark of elder persons that their school days were not for them their happiest ones, nor the school room, as it is said to be, the happiest place of all.

It is clear that something was wrong either in the school or in themselves that made it so, and in some cases, considering the inferiority of those schools to ours of to day, there is no doubt that the schools were to blame. But it seems more probable and natural that the fault lay mainly in themselves.

In every community, there are persons indifferent to all else but their particular hobby, or their personal interests.

All those qualities that constitute and distinguish the citizen, justice, honesty, and patriotism are utterly neglected because of this indifference. The result is that his soul becomes so dead that he is virtually "a man without a country."

In sharp contrast to him stands the true citizen, the man of energy who is interested in the welfare of his country, one who would do and dare anything that his nation might live. What is true of a nation is true of her representative institutions, her schools.

We see in every class organized in our own High School these same classes of people, those blind to all its interests and those loyal and public spirited, ready to assume any duty devolving upon them. These feelings of loyalty, inherent in us, will manifest themselves in some form, as is shown by the gifts of former classes to the High School for the benefit and education of future ones. But this quality of indifference, if allowed to have full sway, will destroy the feelings of love and remembrance one naturally cherishes for his Alma Mater after leaving it.

We derive pleasure and benefit in proportion to the energy and interest spent in obtaining it; for we give to the event the joy the event imparts to us.

So, as there is everything to be gained and nothing to be lost in being loyal to our own school, we should enter with alacrity and eagerness into all things that will promote and advance its prosperity and reputation, and thus make it the equal, if not the superior, of any in the land.

ERNEST TALBERT, '97.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

Published each June, in the interests of the Indianapolis High School, by the members of the Senior Classes.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Feb., '95, { KATE P. SMITH. RALPH H. HELM. June, '95, { SUSIE M. CLARKE. PARKER HITT.

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping and never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

IT is with conflicting emotions of hope and fear that we are now about to launch on its career the HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL for 1895: hope that it may meet with the approval of the school whose work we have endeavored to faithfully represent; fear lest it may not satisfy the expectations of some of our ambitious readers. We could scarcely hope to publish an Annual superior to that of last year, but we have earnestly sought to maintain in this year's magazine, the high standard which it established as a precedent.

We feel assured, by the ready support which we have received from the school and the prompt responses to our request for contributions, that the value of an Annual is fully appreciated. By its publication, the interest of the public in the school is stimulated, and they receive an insight into the character of the work and the ability of the pupils. In every enterprise of this nature, requiring the united effort of the school, its members come into a closer touch, feel a warmer sympathy, and a fresh pride in the institution whose standing is, in a measure, determined by them.

We wish to extend our thanks to those who have co-operated with us in the preparation of the ANNUAL which we now present to you, hoping that you may

"Be to her virtues very kind,
And to her faults a little blind."

K. S.

IN THEIR literary inheritance, the readers of the English language are the richest people that the sun shines upon. History has been transformed within a hundred years in Germany; within sixty years in France, and that by the study of their literatures. Charles Lamb has said, "Literature is a very bad crutch, but a very good walking stick." What would an institution be without the literature which has always constituted one of the largest and perhaps the most important branch of education?

Every institution of learning at the present day is distinguished by one or more periodicals representing its various departments. The literary spirit which has always manifested itself in the High School has increased during the past few years, until now the numerous publications form one of the most pleasant features of the school course. The students who are progressive and ambitious for the broadest and most liberal education are practically represented in these different magazines. The debating club edits a small paper exhibiting the work done in that society alone. Under Miss Dye's instruction, the "Dawn" has appeared, whose pages are particularly devoted to the interests of the second year work in English. The class of '96 is represented by the "Minutes," a small pamphlet, which has been published this year. The Industrial School has recently circulated "Mind and Hand," in which all departments are skillfully introduced. These periodicals, together with the ANNUAL, whose merits it is needless to mention, prove the truth of Emerson's saying: "Men give a reputation to literature, and convince the world of its usefulness."

The growth of the literary spirit is not noticeable in the students alone, for the lit-

erary world has been enriched by the productions of several of our teachers. Mrs. Hufford has published a book of "Selections from Ruskin," with introductory interpretations and annotations, in which she has admirably set forth the characteristics of Ruskin's literary style, his theory of life and art, and given a sketch of his own life showing what influences aided in the formation of his character. Mr. King has contributed a very creditable work on School Interests and Duties, and Mr. Crowell and Mr. Benton have prepared small text-books as laboratory guides.

Judging the future by the present, we predict for the High School such attainments in the literary field as have seldom been reached in any school.

S. C.

As the young college graduate departs from the halls of his Alma Mater with his diploma in his pocket and a feeling in his heart half triumph, half regret, among other happy recollections he carries away the memory of some room whose every appointment is as dear to him as it is familiar. For many years, he will remember the noble busts of famous men which graced the walls of his class-room, and whose eyes were wont to fix themselves upon him in a glaring stare of disapproval as he listened with a quaking heart to a question which was to him a riddle, albeit a riddle which a knowledge of his lesson might have solved. He will not easily forget the fine pictures that added so much to the cultured, scholarly atmosphere of the college library, where, seized with a fit of remorse and desperation, he "crammed" for an examination. The cabinets containing many valuable curiosities whose accumulation has been the work of many years, and various other old associations, all will long remain in his memory and he will scarcely realize the extent of the influence their silent power has exerted.

It has only been graduates of the most recent classes of our High School who could carry away anything resembling even a shadow of such a recollection. This we think is a fact much to be regretted. Certainly a fine bust, noble statue, or beautiful picture cannot of themselves give the most aspiring student a knowledge of books, neither are they an absolute necessity to the acquisition of a good, substantial education. But it is not to be denied that they have an influence, and an influence not to be lightly disregarded. They have a refining power as sure as it is subtle. A stranger accustomed to such associations will instantly feel their loss on entering a school in whose halls and corridors he finds no statue, bust or cabinet, and from whose glaring white-washed walls, he does not meet the kindly glance of some familiar face.

It is with great pleasure that we find the present members of the school awakening to a sense of the importance of such surroundings. Much has been done by the students in the past year to relieve the somewhat barren aspect of our halls and class-rooms. Let us hope that their exertions will awaken a similar interest in those higher in authority, and that the day is not far distant when we may be proud of the many works of art to be found in our High School.

K. S.

The fields and forests are the true text-books of botany and geology, and here the student must go if he really wishes to understand these subjects. Mr. Martin, our natural science teacher, recognizes this fact, and each term tries to make several trips to the country. Last autumn several

pleasant jaunts were made in the vicinity of Indianapolis, and a day was well spent by fifty-six of the members of the classes, together with several of the teachers, at Crawfordsville. In the morning, the world-famous crinoid-beds were visited and many interesting specimens of these "lilies of the sea," now turned to stone, were found. Many other things were seen which were instructive and interesting, geologically. The botanists also collected many specimens, among which were two "giant puff-balls" about a foot in diameter. The afternoon was profitably spent in visiting Wabash College, which has a very fine scientific museum. This term several walks in our locality will be taken and the "Shades of Death" will be visited about the last of May.

It should be arranged that a certain part of the time of the natural science classes be given each term to this outdoor work, for it is more beneficial than class-room study. In many of the schools of Europe, at least a week is given for an out-door study journey each term. R. H.

People who are in no position to judge have been known to say that the opportunities for study afforded the student by the Indianapolis High School are not such as will enable him to pass the entrance examinations of many of the Eastern colleges. There is danger that their ignorance as to the truth of the case may become misleading to others, who will conclude that, in order to prepare for college, it is essential to attend some institution especially designed for that purpose. There are few, if any, Western colleges which do not admit as Freshmen, sometimes as Sophomores, a student who has completed the course of study requisite for graduation in our high school. For some of the Eastern colleges our ordinary course of study is not sufficient for entrance, but if the student early in his high school course determines what college he desires to attend, he can readily arrange his work according to the demands of that school, and there are few institutions whose course is such that he will be obliged to seek private instruction in any subject. The past record of several graduates who have gone directly from our high school to take their places in the Freshman class of an Eastern college will be sufficient to prove its competency as a preparatory school for such institutions. K. S.

Our school flag lies, dust-covered, in the closet, when it should be at the top of the staff every day. The grammar schools raise their flags at eight o'clock and they wave until four o'clock in the afternoon as symbols of liberty and peace Our flag is raised, if the weather is good, twice or three times a year, on Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day and perhaps on the Fourth of July. It should be raised every day, to fly from sunrise to sunset over our heads. The American flag we can look at every day and never tire of it.

Give us a chance to see it flying over our building, not when we are not there, but every day. P. H.

The "Masque of Comus," which was presented just before the winter holidays by the now graduated class of February, 1895, is one of Milton's minor masterpieces, and considered by many as one of the brightest and most delicate bits of literature in the English language. Its beautiful lines, its noble thoughts, and the scene of action being laid in the forest dusk, together with the simple yet interesting plot of the guileful Comus, make it one of the most delightful pieces to present.

The original idea of the class was simply to present this short play, or masque, as it was then called, in such a way that its merits as a piece of literature might be brought forth, with no further effort towards a dramatic attempt than that the lines be intelligently and distinctly rendered. The idea, however, grew unawares, and when presented, it had all the essentials of a dramatic performance. Not only were the lines, many of which are more difficult to give correctly than Shakespeare's, well rendered, but much action was introduced by the characters, who wore the quaint costumes of Milton's time. With the help of the stereopticon, several forest scenes were thrown upon the screen at the back of the stage, and the semi-darkness needed to produce them gave the effect of twilight, at which time the scene is represented by Milton as taking place.

The idea of presenting dramatic literature as a true dramatic performance is quite new in our High School, and as the "Masque of Comus" was successful, knowing the value of amateur dramatics, we hope other classes will follow, though until our hall is remodeled, very little in this line can be done satisfactorily.

R. H.

The proceeds of the performance of the "Masque of Comus" were applied by the February class to the purchase of three pictures; two high class etchings—Canterbury Cathedral and the Canterbury Pilgrimage, and a rare copper-plate engraving of Chaucer "imprinted" in London in 1754. These pictures were formally presented to the school at a class social held in the school hall on Washington's Birthday.

More time is being devoted to music in the school this year than ever before. Prior to Mr. Loomis's death, a number of years ago, some time was given to the chorus singing, but no teacher has received such hearty coöperation on the part of the students as has Mrs. Wilkinson.

The male chorus, which is composed of about twenty members, is progressing rapidly under her leadership, and certainly no one could be a more competent instructor. The shining lights from the Normal School are showing marked ability in this direction. The faculty may congratulate themselves on securing the services of so gifted a person as Mrs. Wilkinson.

S. C.

"MOSCOW, HOLY MOSCOW."

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 4, 1894.

MY DEAR M——:

"Darkest Russia," did you say? Gladly will I tell you some of our Russian experience—and O, how I wish we could pack up our kodaks, red Bædekers and note books, and go back again with you to that queer, fierce old country. May you have as exciting a time with your camera as we did with ours. Russian officials, for some reason, can't seem to appreciate that convenient invention peculiar to the American tourist, called a *kodak*.

Perhaps you will have the good fortune to see the young Czar. The late Emperor was not in St. Petersburg during our visit, so we did not see him. If you notice, in all pictures, he towers over every one In the Imperial Palace, at Moscow, as you ascend the grand staircase, you see at the top a huge picture of Alexander and his family passing between rows of soldiery, the Emperor being the central and most imposing figure. At first, the frame is not visible, and you are startled by what seems to be the imperial family itself coming toward you, about to step down the staircase.

Alexander III had a kinder nature than most people gave him credit for. The pastor of the Protestant church in St. Petersburg, who was a great help officially, procured for us permission to inspect the Czar's yacht, "Polar Star," then building in St. Petersburg's docks. The head workman was a Scotchman. While Alexander could not trust one of his own people to oversee the work, he was not forgetful of them on that account, for comfortable quarters were provided for the meanest sailor and cabin boy—more comfortable than can be seen on some American vessels. It was pleasing to note, also, that the principal wood used in the Czar's apartments was American maple.

Another good friend in St. Petersburg was Charles Emory Smith, then American Minister to Russia. The Winter Palace, usually open to tourists, was closed for repairs just at that time. Mr. Smith tried to procure us admission, but not even his influence proved an "open sesame" to the enchanted palace. This was disappointing, but the imperial residences at Moscow and Peterhof made up for it.

Russian state apartments are marvels of costliness. They will remind you of the fairy tales we used to revel in. Such shining floors of marble or polished hardwood; such vast mirrors and glittering chandeliers; such carved furniture, upholstered in laces and satins; tables of marble, malachite, or lapislazuli, inlaid with crystals, rare mosaics, or sometimes, precious stones.

During the Russian famine, one could not but remember the wealth lying useless in a certain room of the treasury adjoining this palace. This room contains the costly playthings of generations of Russia's rulers; vestments of priests and emperors, robes of silk and fur, stiff with gold thread and gems; the last Czarina's coronation robe of ermine and silver gauze, with a long train which must have made her royal shoulders ache; the crowns of not only many rulers of Russia proper, but of those of her provinces, and the royal diadem of unhappy Poland; the throne of Tsar Alexis, which contains, by way of ornamentation, 876 diamonds and 1,223 rubies; also the ivory throne of Tsar Ivan the Terrible, studded with over 8,000 turquoises. If you don't believe these figures, you can amuse yourself counting the stones after you get there.

In sad contrast to these splendid things, is the modest coupé of Alexander II, out of which stepped that liberal and kindly

emperor to inquire for a wounded servant—only to be killed by the explosion of a Nihilist bomb. On the spot where he fell, is now a memorial church.

Speaking of churches, they are the most noticeable feature of Moscow. That quaint old city is full of them—they confront one at every turn. Hence the proudly bestowed epithet, "Holy Moscow." As a rule, these churches are painted white, but they may be of almost any color Each has several towers or belfries, capped with domes of gold or silver, or some bright hue, and studded with gilt stars. A gold cross and crescent fastened down with gilt chains, crowns the pinnacle of each dome.

The Cathedral of Vasill Blagennoi (St Basil the Beatified) is nothing more nor less than eleven circular or octagonal chapels, connected by intricate passages. Over each chapel, rises a huge conical tower, most fantastic in design. The prevailing shape of the domes on these towers is that of a pineapple or pear, but each is totally different from the rest in pattern. One is green, ribbed with yellow; another has spirals of blue and red; a third, squares and triangles of half a dozen colors intermingled; and so it goes, until the eye is bewildered by the mazes of color and design This novel structure was built for Tsar Ivan the Terrible, who, on its completion, put out the eyes of the architect, that he might never build another such church.

In the Tretiakoff Gallery, a private collection in Moscow, there is one truly terrible picture of this Tsar, who so deserved that epithet. His son had angered the father, who in a fit of ungovernable rage, struck him in the temple with his long sharp-pointed staff. The old man has overturned his chair, thrown aside the bloody staff, and is seated on the rug, clasping his dying son in his arms. There is an insane light in his eyes, and one can almost see him rock to and fro in his agony of remorse. The blood slowly oozes through his fingers as he tries in vain to stanch the wound in the temple, while the tear-dimmed eyes of the poor boy are fast closing in death. A most realistic and horrible picture—it makes one shudder, yet has a strange fascination that keeps one from turning away. One of the two great Russian artists, who exhibited at the World's Fair, painted this picture. I can't recall whether it is Constantin Egorvitch Makoosky or Ivan Constantinovitch Ariozovsky—"What's in a name?" In Russian names, "ovitch" and "ovna" mean "son of."

Inside the churches, the priests with their golden crowns and jewelled robes, swing the censers and march in picturesque procession in and out the columns until the high altar is reached Within the golden railing they pause; the boy-chorus chants melodiously while the Metropolitan (high priest) blesses the people, who prostrate themselves upon the stone pavement. Russian churches have no seats.

We saw the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg officiate in the church of our Lady of Kazan. He was a small graceful man, with bushy gray beard and sad but kindly eyes, and presented a magnificent appearance in a heavy crown and gold-embroidered robes of white satin.

Before the people leave the church, they place lighted tapers before the icons of their patron saints. An icon is a painting, the surface of which is covered with gold, all save the face, hands, and feet of the saint whose portrait it is. The icons may be of small, cheap kinds, hardly bigger than one's hand, which the peasant buys for his thatched hut; or they range all the way from these to the life-sized ones stud-

ded with gems or wrought in mosaics, which ornament every column in the cathedrals. Those in mosaic, however, are not covered with gold. An icon with burning tapers is found in all private houses and railway stations, and usually in hotels and shops.

There is one especially holy icon, the Iverskaya Virgin, which has a little chapel all to itself in a principal Moscow street. It is so old and sacred that it is kept covered with a dark cloth except in one spot an inch square, which is kissed daily by hundreds of devout worshippers. Even the Czar kisses this icon when he visits Moscow.

The schools for the common people hardly deserve the name. Children of the upper classes are educated at home, or sent to such institutions as military and naval academies, or schools of mining and engineering, where they learn only what is directly useful to the Government. There are, however, seven great universities in as many cities of the Empire. One of the finest is in Helsingfors, capital of Finland; another at Warsaw, in Poland. It is to be hoped that the young Czar will restore certian liberties recently taken from these countries. The trouble is, the Finns and Poles are smarter than the Russians, as a rule, both races being more intellectual than their more powerful conquerors.

The educated Russian of the upper classes is a fine linguist. He speaks not only the languages of half Europe, but a few Asiatic dialects as well. He considers it a great accomplishment to speak English, and is pleased when you tell him his accent is good, which is usually the case.

Truly, in Russia one feels far from home. The other countries of Europe are more like each other, but in Russia one seems in Asia rather than in Europe, especially in Moscow, as St. Petersburg is more cosmopolitan.

The barbaric influence of its Slav and Tartar races is shown in the architecture of the country, in the choice and combinations of color and in the tastes of the people. The calendar itself is eleven days behind ours. This is because Russia dislikes innovation, and would not accept with the rest of Europe the changes made in the calendar by one of the Popes. Notice the proclamations of the young Czar in the papers and see if they are not dated October so-and-so, "old style."

Russia is a land of extremes. The people are either finely educated or densely ignorant. There are palaces, and there are hovels; picturesque cities, and miserable villages. It can be warm in Russia or bitterly cold. Russians are sad-faced, as a rule, even if not sad-natured. Their very dance music has a wail in it.

Under much of the glitter and parade is darkness, gloom. This is characteristic of things Russian. The houses of Moscow are painted gorgeous tints—bright shades of red, blue, yellow, pink or white, with queer tin and copper roofs, and present a gay appearance. But if you examine them closely, you will see that the walls are a cheap kind of stucco, easily chipped and dented.

Again, Moscow, with her million inhabitants, has a fire department which consists of carts loaded with small water barrels. But the Chief! He makes up for all other deficiencies. This important personage, wearing a much brass-buttoned and gold-braided uniform, dashes up to the scene of the conflagration, and, striking an attitude, orders every one about and directs where the poor little water barrels shall be thrown, taking care, however, that he himself is in a safe place. To Americans, accustomed to

seeing their own well-drilled and well-equipped fire departments in action, this performance seems little short of the ridiculous.

Do not fail to view the city from the Sparrow Hills. From here Napoleon and his soldiers, weary with the long march from Smolensk, first looked down upon the ancient capital of Russia. We saw it at sunset. The glow of a dying day surrounded like a halo fantastic towers and shining spires, and each gold cross and starry dome flashed fire in the sunlight. The city was one blaze of confused colors and gleams. No wonder the soldiers of Napoleon were silent with awe at the sight, while their commander stood transfixed, with folded arms, and murmured, " O Moscow, holy Moscow." We sat and watched this scene till twilight blurred it and the last glimmer was smothered in the gloom. Then came the long ride back to the city. A feast night in holy Moscow is not soon forgotten. All the chimes were ringing, and the people thronged into the churches, through whose swinging doors floated the faint odor of incense. Inside are bowing, kneeling worshipers, priests in solemn procession, swaying censers, glittering icons, shining altars; outside, cool night air, starry skies, droskies clattering briskly over the cobblestones, surging but quiet throngs, weird ringing of bells, soft murmuring of the little river Moskva. Over it all shines the peaceful moonlight, silvering golden turrets, and turning to mysterious ghosts with flapping draperies, the white statues in the niched walls of the Church of the Savior—a night never to be forgotten. May you know such an experience!

We will send you the addresses of guides and other persons who will be useful to you there.

And, by the way, Ivan veliki mariinski theatr zamoutali engelitcheff Vasili Blagennoi, europaschi gastinski, Nijni Novgorod, don't you think so yourself.

Good-bye, T. V. P., '96.

HYPATIA AND THE MONKS.

THE walls of the cathedral, like those in all churches of that kind, are covered with paintings representing Bible scenes. The faint light of the candles on the altar causes the pictures to appear strange and weird, and the tops of the great stone pillars, as well as the remote corners, are lost in the gloom. Behind the altar hangs a picture of the Crucifixion, with the crown of thorns on the bleeding head, the hands and feet pierced by the cruel nails, the hair all tangled and hanging in a dark mass over the ears and shoulders, and in the eyes that inexpressibly sad, sorrowful look which seems to forgive instead of reprove. The place is filled with the spare, gaunt forms of monks, men in whose pale, emaciated features self-denial may be seen, and in whose eyes burns the light of fanaticism. Before the great picture stands a young and beautiful woman, her body showing the marks of violent struggles, her clothes torn to pieces, and her long, silken hair hanging in a disordered manner down her back. As she stands there in all her youthful beauty, with one arm stretched towards the picture, as if in silent appeal to the King of kings, the fanatics around her seem to shrink back as though awed and afraid, and do not dare to desecrate the altar with innocent blood.

BERTRAND B. DOWNEY, '96.

Live with men as if God saw you,
Converse with God as if men heard you.

SENECA.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

AS one walks down South Meridian Street, after passing Madison avenue an attractive group of buildings meets the eye of the stranger. This is the new Industrial Training School, whose spacious corridors and well-equipped rooms, after several months of skillful building, were thrown open February 18th to the pupils of High School No. 2 and other scholars from different parts of our city, who, following the teachings of Runkle, believe that "practical education is an education of the brain to intelligence and the hand to skill," and that "this combination will give the highest directive power."

This handsome building, whose main entrance is on Meridian Street, is built of pressed brick and stands three stories high, the whole being overtopped by two square towers. It is divided into three departments—the scientific (southern), the literary (central), and the technical (northern). On each of the three floors are corridors, with cemented floors, running the entire length of the building, and through which the pupils love to promenade. On the first floor, are three session and three recitation rooms, the seats in the latter having movable writing boards attached. Surely such seats would be "a joy forever" in the recitation rooms of High School. The cooking and sewing laboratories, the library, the offices of the principal and directors, the teachers' assembly room and the machine

shop, foundry and forge rooms are also on the first floor. On the second floor, are two session and four recitation rooms, the free-hand drawing rooms, containing over two tons of beautiful art casts, the elementary physical laboratory, and the wood working shop. On the third floor, are two session and two recitation rooms, the advanced physical and chemical laboratories, a lecture room and mechanical drawing rooms.

And last, but first in the hearts of the pupils, is their general assembly hall. They show the many visitors this with a feeling of which the north side student has never been aware when he is showing visitors our hall—if he ever does show it.

This hall is a separate building to the east of the main one, with which it is connected by a short corridor. The interior is arranged in the form of a semi-circle, its five hundred seats sloping gently to the stage, which occupies an arched extension on the east side of the hall. On the walls, to the right and left of the stage, are busts of Shakespeare, Froebel, Franklin, and Humboldt. The general appearance of the hall, though not elegant, is one of brightness and finish.

Not only have those who are students here reason to congratulate themselves, but all the residents of Indianapolis, for it is one of the finest schools of its kind in the West. R. H.

CHAUCERIAN.

Mr. Burrell.—His heed was balled and schon as eny glass.

Mr. Kahn.—Nowhere so busy a man as he ther nas
And yet he semed busiér than he was.

Mr. Mueller.—A lover and a lusty bachelor,
Mr. Higdon.—Ful longe weren his legges and ful lene;
Al like a staff ther was no calf ysene.

Fred. Dickson.—Of studie took he most care and most heede.

Glenn Morgan.—With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse.

Harvey Elam.—He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt.

Mr. Trent.—He was a verray parfigt gentil knight.

Macy Good.—Of twenty yeer he was of age I gesse;
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wondurly delyver, and gret of strengthe.

Hugh Bryan.—Curteys he was, lowly, and servysable.

Miss Platter.—That of hire smyling was ful symple and coy.

Miss Dye.—Sche was so charitable and so pitous;
And al was conscience and tendre herte.

Mabel Schmidt.—Hire mouth ful smal, and therto softe and reed.

Mrs. Sprague.—Of small coral aboute hire arme sche baar,
A peire of bedes gaudid al with grene;
And thereon heng a brooch of gold ful schene.

Mr. Benton.—Wel couthe he synge and pleyen on a rote.

Mr. Doiey.—And he was not right fat, I undertake.

Mr. Roberts.—Whit was his berde, as is the dayesye.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he, who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude. Emerson.

METRICAL TRANSLATION.

(Virgil, Book I, Lines 81–123.)

He spoke, and rapid turning shaft he hurled,
And 'gainst the mountain's clefted side it twirled,
Until at every offered way, rush forth
In battle marshalled winds, and race the earth.
Confederate force the southern winds ally,
And lowest depths of sea they cast on high,
Till teeming with the trumpet's billowy lore,
They roll the mighty waves to distant shore.
Then comes the human outcry heard afar,
The creaking of the cordage and the spar;
While sudden darkness tears from Trojan sight
The realm of heaven and availing light.
Dark night doth 'pon the surging billows roll;
And deepest thunder moves from pole to pole,
Till in the flash of frequent lightning's gleam,
For each man's death all things conspiring seem.
At once Aeneas sees what fate impends,
And on his limbs a chilling fear descends;
From his despairing lips escapes a groan;
His wretched hands on high are thrown;
"O thrice, O four times happy ye," he cries,
"Who there before thy Trojan father's eyes,
There 'neath the shadow cast by Ilian wall,
Intending fates permitted that ye fall!
Tydides, bravest of thy Grecian land!
Why did my fates prevent thy ready hand
From stretching me upon that Ilian field,
Where Achilles' spear the fates of Hector sealed;
There, too, the valiant Sarpedon now lies,
And there the rapid waves of Mendes rise
To toss about upon her waters clear
Some hero's body, broken shield or spear."
E'en while he spoke, from the north a roaring blast
Beat 'gainst the sail, then waves on high it cast.
It breaks the oars, it turns the mighty prow,
Full 'gainst her sides the flood is beating now.
Such rugged mountain waves the ships pursue,
That some ere long the billows' summit knew;
And others gaze upon a sandy lea
Disclosed between the waves by yawning sea.
Now from the waves some rocks, immense in size,
(Called altars by Italian men) arise.
Three ships fierce Notus takes within her hands,
And dashes hard upon these lurking lands.
Then others Eurus urges from the deep,
And makes them to the sands and shallows leap.
O fearful sight! into the shoals they bound,
Till fatal banks of surging sand surround.
Our hero saw a wave from overhead
Then strike the stern that Orontes' Lycians led;
The helmsman headlong from his seat was hurled,
And round the ship the mighty death-waves purled,
Till here and there amid the whirpool vast,
Above the raging waves a ship is cast.
The useless arms of men, and treasures, too,
The surface of the greedy sea bestrew.
The valiant ship of Ilioneus now,
The pride of Abas and Achates' mighty prow,
And e'en the vessel of Aletes old,
By conquering waves their wretched fates are told.
A crash! a yawning side, a cracking beam,
The raging tempest rules, alone, supreme.

MARY LITTELL DAVIS, '95.

MY STUDY OF TENNYSON.

I CAME to the serious study of Tennyson with a certain familiarity with the setting and plots of his poems. Slight as this knowledge was, it enabled me to direct my study solely toward the construction and thought.

In form, the most wonderful thing to me was the exquisite music and harmony of his poetry. Where a tender, flowing word fits his idea, it is used with the same instinct of selection which chooses a strong, homely word, when it is in harmony with the idea. This unerring selection of the fitting expression, produces a rarely attained unity and harmony. The faculty of controlling such apt expression is a gift in itself, utterly aside from the power of thought.

But it is by the combining of the two that Tennyson makes himself king of poets. With a wonderful versatility, he makes one series of poems give forth the very spirit of chivalry and feudal times in such a subtle way that for the time, at least, we can see the chains linking the past with the present. "The Princess" is redundant with the modern spirit, but is given a medieval setting, that emphasizes the meaning of it. Here is a vein of thought, so modern, so progressive, that it makes

partly visible the chains drawing us toward the future.

Not only among men does the poet's genius wield sway, but he has an intimate companionship with nature. He finds Nature more *personal* than any other poet with whom I am acquainted. This is brought out in "In Memoriam" where, in the direst agonies of his great sorrow, Nature always finds a place. He seemed to recall his friend more vividly, more *humanly*, when out of doors. The climax of all this feeling is reached in the conclusion of the poem, when, after many years, he finds his friend mingled insolubly with Nature, which only means with God.

EDITH KEAY, '96.

A LEGEND OF MT. DESERT.

The archangel Hope
Looks to the azure cope;
Waits through dark ages for the morn,
Defeated day by day, but unto victory born.
—*Emerson.*

MANY years ago, Mt. Desert Island was not, as to-day, the beautiful summer resort, frequented by crowds of gay and pleasure-loving people. Then the name did well apply, for the little towns which dotted it here and there were the homes of hard-working people, who earned their scanty livelihood by the aid of net and boat, people whose monotonous lives depended entirely upon the graciousness of the sea. I do not mean to say that these people were not happy, nor was life always monotonous; if it had been, why should I be writing this story?

In the southern part of Mt. Desert, or Mt. "Des*art*," as the inhabitants pronounced it, was the little village of Bristol, a fishing town, consisting of a cluster of weather-beaten cottages, a lighthouse and some dangerous rocks. If one from our world had visited this little town, he would have pronounced it tiresome and uninteresting But at one time, there was excitement enough to thrill the blood of the sturdiest. There was not a man, woman, or child in all the town of Bristol who could not tell the story of the Dolphin and the fate of Captain Wentworth. Phillips, a noted pirate, had been plundering all the country round, and Bristol, among the rest, had suffered. On the morning of November 7th, Captain Wentworth (so he was called, though he had not been a captain for twenty years), with six strong, sturdy men set out in the Dolphin, determined to capture the pirate ship.

Hearing that the pirate and his men were cruising not far away, Captain Wentworth made sail in that direction. They soon came in sight of the vessel, and Wentworth ran down to her, ordering her to heave to. The freebooter ran up a red flag in defiance. Waving his sword, his men poured a volley into the Dolphin, and the action raged fiercely for some time. Four of Wentworth's men were killed, and Wentworth himself foolishly boarded the pirate ship, fighting desperately. The pirates immediately bound their prize hand and foot and made off; and, although diligent search was made, seven years had elapsed and no trace of the pirate ship or news from the brave Captain had reached the anxious ears of Bristol. The two men, both wounded, were the only ones who went back alive in the Dolphin to tell the sad tale to the heartbroken ones at home.

The loss of Captain Wentworth, or Captain Joe, as he was sometimes called, was mourned, perhaps, more than that of the others, probably because the four who were killed outright could be accounted for, but

many and wild were the conjectures and speculations as to the fate of the Captain. As the years passed, however, every one gave him up for lost, only a pleasant memory of him lingering in their minds.

Did I say that every one gave him up? No, there was one who fully believed that some day Joe would come back to her again. This was his wife, Hannah Wentworth, who had loved him so tenderly, who for thirty years had not been separated from him for a single day. Joe was fifty-one when he was carried away, and she was fifty. Nearly seven years had gone by, and still she hoped, hoped almost against fate. People looked at her with pity and shook their heads, saying that if she kept on in the way she had been doing, she would certainly lose her mind. Little did she dream when Joe waved a good-bye to her on that morning that it was, perhaps, the last time that she would ever see his face. When the sad news was broken to her, as gently as a gruff seaman could break such a piece of news, she sat as one stunned, only one heart-breaking cry escaping her; but with that cry, her heart seemed to die within her, and the energy which had throbbed in every nerve an hour before now seemed dead.

The men dreaded to come back after their fruitless searches to meet that small, black figure, waiting, with tight-clasped hands, upon the shore, and to shake their heads, to that ever eager question, 'Oh, what news? Have you brought me back my Joe?" Finally search was given up, but still every evening, could be seen upon the shore that same small figure dressed in black, the gray hair, once jet black, tossed about by the stiff breeze, and the piercing black eyes gazing far out over the water as if they would penetrate its farthest limit. And always this same figure would turn sadly back, walking with labored steps to the little cottage that Joe had built for her and him. When friends who pitied her would try to persuade her to desist from these sad pilgrimages, she would say: "Why! Joe will come back some day, and I must be there to meet him." And so the years went on, and still Hannah was faithful. She had not changed much in these seven years. Save a sad, drawn look about the mouth, the face was the same that Joe remembered. The little cottage in which she lived was some distance from the other dwellers of the island. Joe had built it apart from the rest because she, Hannah, had wished it. It was close to the sea, and close to the rocks, a treacherous group called "Ledge of Terror." Here also was the lighthouse, and well need it stand there, for of all the rocks of Mt. Desert none were more dangerous than "Ledge of Terror." Here the sea rolls in great waves that overwhelm everything within their reach. It is a desolate place. Here often rides a flock of wild fowl, and occasionally the mournful cry of a loon or the shriller scream of a seagull mingles with the roar of the surf.

Now, to go back to the cottage—Hannah's cottage; it was a small, weather-beaten house, but picturesque. Nature had coated the parts which the elements had robbed of paint with a film of gray. Crowded about it in the summer time was a tangled growth of shrub and vine run wild. A syringa bush stood demurely holding her blossoms protectingly up against the gray of the weatherboards and adding to the general look of wildness (for it had grown wild in the past few years) was a cluster of untrained suckers, clinging to the skirts of the syringa. Humming birds, with their droll compass of sound, entirely out of proportion to their

tiny size, darted in and out among the sweet blossoms, of which the yard was full, where they hung and flitted and poised, gleaming like living coals of fire. This little touch of living color upon the gray, with the blossoms and the verdure, might delight the eye of any artist.

Here, in the little home, Hannah Wentworth had spent many happy days, always used to hard work, always cheerfully performing all the housewifely duties that a New England woman so well knows how to do. But since Joe had been gone the housework had been neglected, and the once model garden had become overgrown with shrubbery. She had not been compelled to earn her own living, however, for Joe was always a thrifty man, and had laid away a neat little sum for a "rainy day," as he said. Like all the rest of the inhabitants, he had earned his living by fishing.

His brother, John Wentworth, was keeper of the lighthouse, and, as every one said, was the "good-for-nothingest" man in all the town. Unfit for his responsible position, lazy, slothful, and, worst of all, given to drink, was John Wentworth, and many a time had Captain Joe lighted the great light in the tower when John lay sleeping off the effects of his last quart of rum. How or why he had kept the position so long no one could tell. Joe's sad fate seemed to rouse him, however, and of late years the lamp had been lighted regularly, and people were beginning to say, "John Wentworth is following his brother's example."

It was the 6th of November. Hannah, as usual, was preparing her solitary evening meal. She was despondent this evening, and there was a far-away, wistful look in the bright black eyes. As usual, she had gone to the shore, and as she had stood gazing seaward, had imagined she saw the outline of a ship against the sky. Now for a ship to anchor at Bristol town would have been an unusual event, so no wonder Hannah's heart beat quicker as she thought she saw a ship, perhaps from foreign parts. In vain had she watched the small black spot until at last it vanished, whatever it was, behind the waves.

"Seven years ago to-morrow," she said to herself, as she went to the door to look out; then, "O, Joe!" she said, "where are you? Can't you tell me, somehow?"

With her eyes wet with tears she turned into the house; they were the first tears she had shed for seven years. "I don't know what is the matter with me; I feel as weak as a cat. There!" shaking herself and dashing the tears from her eyes, "what would Joe say if he thought I'd give up like that?" Just then a blast from the north shrieked round the house, shaking the beams and rattling the window sashes. "It is getting colder," said Hannah, "and the wind is rising; I guess it's going to be a bad night." She put away the dishes and the remnants of her scanty meal, and at 8 o'clock, having read aloud a chapter of the Bible and offered up an earnest prayer, asking for Joe's safety and that some day he might be brought back to her again, she retired.

The wind had risen considerably, but Hannah, used to the noisy surf and fierce winds, soon fell asleep. But not for long, however; she was haunted with a fearful dream, a horrible reality, it seemed; there was a storm at sea, a terrible storm, and a ship struggling with the waves, and she was unable to lend her aid. She saw the waves tossing, and something coming towards her borne upon the largest billow. Nearer and nearer it came, until it was laid at her feet. O, heaven! it was Joe, pale and dead.

With a cry of horror she awoke. In all these seven years she had not thought of Joe as dead. O, the bitter, bitter, awakening!

But hark! what was that terrific roaring and booming, that shrieking and wailing? Hannah stopped to listen; her breath came fast. "A storm at sea," she muttered, "and the waves are calling me. Somebody wants me, needs me. Let them want; let them need; those waves yonder have carried under Joe. What now do I care? what work have I to do? I say let them die, if any one is wild enough to be out on a night like this."

Her voice had grown harsh, and her face wore a hard, set look; her eyes glittered like coals of fire, and her hands were clinched tightly together. But now a change; a sudden revulsion of feeling came over her What was she doing? what was she thinking of? was she crazed? What would Joe, *dead* Joe, think if he could see her thus? She must go out, down to the beach, for something was drawing her, warning her that there was danger some where. Dressing rapidly, and wrapping a long cloak tightly about her, she left the house. At the first step, the wind almost raised her from her feet, and involuntarily she shuddered. Why did it seem so pitchy black? A quick thought flashed across her mind, and was as quickly answered as she turned a swift glance in the direction of the light house. "Good heavens," she groaned, "John has failed to light the lamp, and on a night like this!" Without another word she hurried on, gasping, stumbling, crawling, until she came to the tall tower that should have been casting its beacon light over the waters to anxious watching eyes. She opened the door and went in; there, as she expected, prone upon the floor was John, in a dead stupor, the air reeking with the odor of rum. She tried to rouse him, she shook him, called him, all to no avail. What was to be done? It was three-quarters of a mile back to the first house, and the wind was fearful, and there was no possible hope of rousing John. Only one thing was left to be done: she must light that lamp herself if she died in the attempt. And what if she did die? It was nothing to her, now Joe was dead. Dead she was convinced he was, for the dream had been to her like a revelation.

Groping about the room with only a little greasy, smoky lantern, she at last found tapers, and now—O, how she dreaded it!—she must ascend the stairs. Up, up the rickety steps she went, round and round, until panting and breathless she reached the top. Holding the dimly lighted lantern up to the beacon, what was her horror to find that the chimney was broken, and no other to be found in that small lamp room. Suddenly she remembered that she had seen a chimney in the room below, and probably this was the new one John had purchased to put on the light that night. Down she went, and finding the coveted piece of glass, she again mounted the stairs. The lamp needed oil, needed trimming, all this Hannah gave it, and at last, all was ready; she lighted a taper and touched it to the great wick.

Was this not worth all the labor? A brilliant stream of light shot forth over the water, and Hannah's work was done. Again she descended the stairs, but a strange dizzy feeling was creeping over her, she must have strength to reach home. She seemed almost to be in a dream. What had she done, and why? Because some one had told her to, surely that was the reason. These thoughts passed through her mind as once more she pushed out into the storm.

Gusty wind-clouds were whirling about overhead and the wind was howling. The great waves roared and plunged upon the beach. She could see a gigantic wall of foam and the sea was white with rage as far as the eye could see. She looked across the strip of water lighted by the beacon She strained her eyes, she looked again; surely close to "Ledge of Terror," so close that it made her blood run cold, was the black hulk of a ship. "O, God!" she cried, "I see now why I was sent out on a night like this." "I thank thee that thou hast permitted me to save some poor souls, may they now come safe in anchor." "But stay, Hannah Wentworth, your work is not yet done," she said, "go rouse Jim Long and Thomas Blake, else all may not yet be well."

So saying, she tottered on, her steps growing feeble and more feeble, till at last she reached Long's door, and beating upon it with a heavy stick she found at hand, at last roused the sleepers, and with the little breath yet left her, whispered: "A ship on the rocks," then fell back fainting dead away.

The morning of November seventh dawned bright and clear. The angry waters had grown calm, except that the waves were a little more restless than usual. The beach told the tale of the night before, for upon its pebbly sands lay thick the debris cast forth by the terrible storm waves. Except for this, one could not have believed that the fierce storm-king had carried his revels so high only five hours before. Not a cloud could be seen in the heavens, and although it was November, the birds, seemingly regardless of the fact that it would soon be time for flight, were caroling as if they had some sweet message which they could not pour fast enough into the ears of chance listeners.

The village was all astir; it always was very early in the morning. But instead of the usual bustle among the fishermen in getting ready their fishing paraphernalia for their day's task, they seemed to gather in knots, to talk in low tones, and sometimes a hearty hand-shake was exchanged with a chance newcomer. The town was wild with excitement; every one knew something and tried to tell it to somebody else who knew the same thing. Every one had learned of Hannah Wentworth's heroism of the night before, and very anxious did their faces grow when Hannah's name was mentioned, for Hannah was ill. But this was not all they knew.

As I said, Hannah was ill. In fact she had not regained consciousness since she had given her last message. A crowd had gathered in front of the house. The village doctor was there, talking earnestly and in whispers to Mrs. Long. He was evidently trying to impress upon the mind of Mrs. Long that unbroken quiet alone must be kept in the sick room.

But what was the noise outside? A smothered cheer arose. Somebody was pushing his way hurriedly through the throng. He was running up the walk, mounting the stairs, the door was thrown open with a bang, and a man, tall, broad, brown, cried out, "Where is she? Where's my wife? I won't be kept back a moment longer. Where is she, I say? Bless her, bless her, the bravest woman in Bristol town!"

A cry from the next room was heard. The sound of that ringing voice had started afresh the life blood in the frail body of Hannah. In an instant she was in the room. "I heard Joe's voice calling to me," she said; then catching sight of Joe (for Joe in truth it was) she drew her hand tremblingly over her eyes saying, "Am I

in Heaven, or has Joe come back from the dead? She tottered forward and Joe caught her in his strong arms, kissing tenderly the dear face he had yearned for so long. "You'll have to guess again, sweet," he said, "for you are not an angel yet, nor was I, nor am I now, and, God willing, don't intend to be for some years yet. Look up, dear, and tell me you are glad I am come home again." And she did look up, first longingly, hungrily unto the bearded face above her, and then fervently towards Heaven, saying, "O Lord, I thank thee that thou hast given me back this, my greatest treasure on all the earth."

Then going to the door, leaning on Joe's arm, she beheld all the village folk assembled round the gate. Upon seeing the two, such a cheer rent the air as you never heard before.

"God bless Captain Wentworth! Hurrah! Three cheers for Captain Wentworth!" Four hundred voices joined in glad accord; four hundred caps waved wildly in the air. A lull—and then louder than before—"Three cheers for Hannah Wentworth! Three cheers! The pluckiest woman on Mt. Des*art*."

CAROLINE TOWNSEND, '95.

THE FACULTY.

What means this wondrous title that is wafted o'er the land,
From the lips of the collegians, an enthusiastic band?
"A body of college officers!" then of our dear High School
I fain would crave a word about the ones who there do rule.

First of all, Professor Hufford is our genial principal,
Who is feared above all others to be found within the school;
Mrs. Hufford, who is famous for her teaching of "Englysche,"
Is beloved by all the Seniors who fulfill her every wish.

Mr. Dotey, the instructor in "Amo-amas-amat,"
Has a world-wide reputation for his knowledge of all that;
While Mr. Higdon of DePauw, so tall, and straight, and fine,
Is an acknowledged mathematician, but knows more in the medical line.

Then dear Miss Dye, whom every one loves, if only for charity's sake,
Is brimming o'er with spring thoughts galore, of bird, and tree, and lake.
Our French professor—M. Newland; O, I would that he'd ne'er found this street,
For many a girl, with heart in a whirl, is kneeling in tears at his feet.

Mr. Trent, the man on geometry bent, never bends an ear to girl's chatter,
While two little maids, also sober and staid, are called Misses Rankin and Platter.
Mr. Martin, our rhetorical scientist, has a sarcastic tongue as a rule,
And dear Mr. Roberts, that grand old man, is the patron saint of the school.

You would guess in a moment from Mr. King's name, he was monarch of all he surveyed,
But that's a mistake, in his soul he doth quake, he's as shy as a timid young maid;
When it comes to a question in politics or law, we look at once at Miss Donnan;
Messrs. Crowell, Good, Bryan, Burrell, Chandler and Benton have a knowledge of science uncommon.

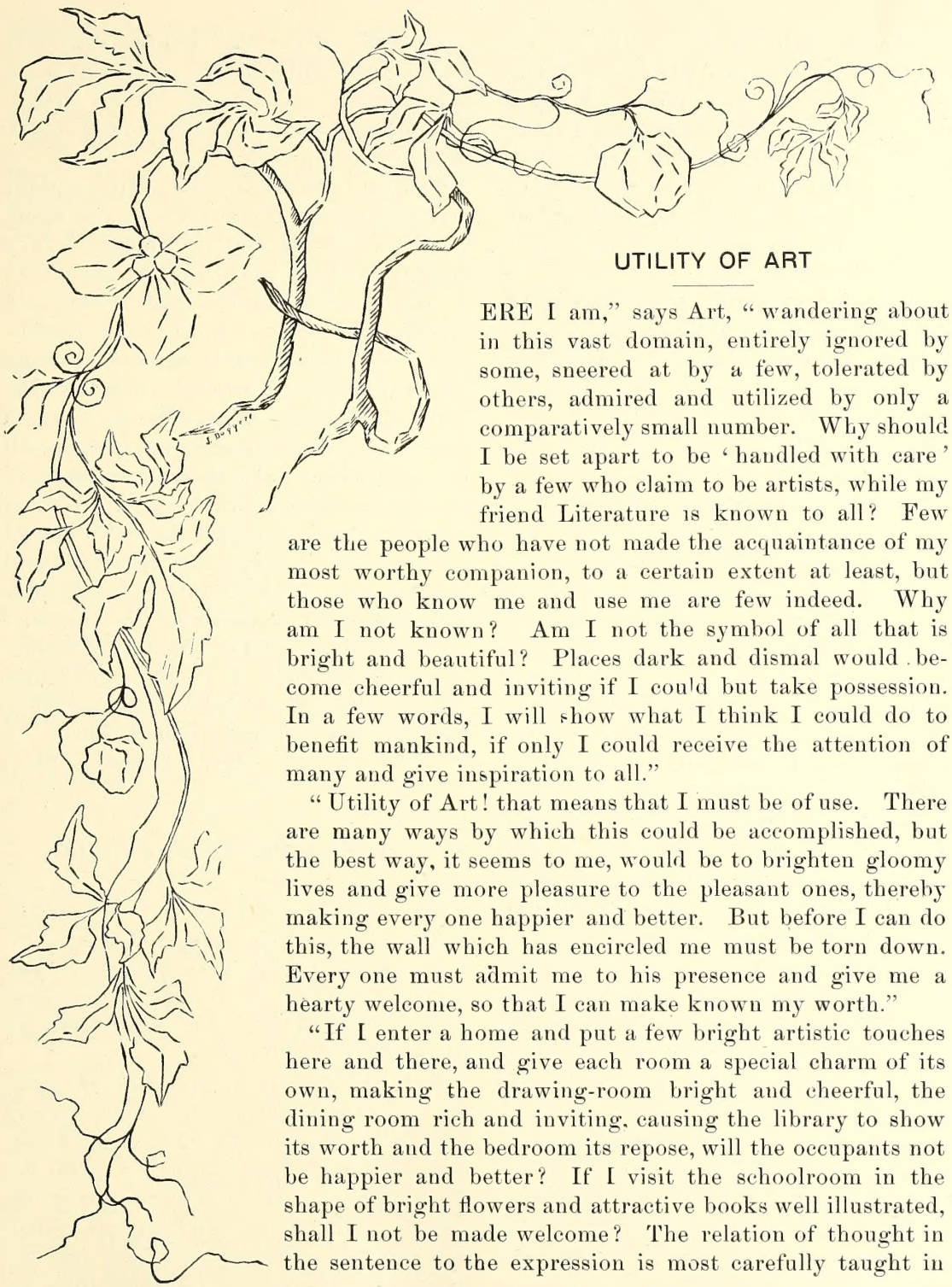
Mrs. Carey, algebraic instructor, will allow no drones in the hive,
Und zu allen Deutschen Fehlern, Herr Mueller is keenly alive.
Miss Selleck portrays with her crayon the beauty in nature and art,
And the choicest and best in literature, Mrs. Sprague treasures up in her heart.

Mr. Hill, who teaches Latin, though he's kind, as all can see,
Is not loyal to our city, as he really ought to be.
This constitutes a faculty of which we all feel proud,
And we step out of our school life to sing its praises loud.

—SUSIE M. CLARK, '95.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

SHAKESPEARE.



UTILITY OF ART

ERE I am," says Art, "wandering about in this vast domain, entirely ignored by some, sneered at by a few, tolerated by others, admired and utilized by only a comparatively small number. Why should I be set apart to be 'handled with care' by a few who claim to be artists, while my friend Literature is known to all? Few are the people who have not made the acquaintance of my most worthy companion, to a certain extent at least, but those who know me and use me are few indeed. Why am I not known? Am I not the symbol of all that is bright and beautiful? Places dark and dismal would become cheerful and inviting if I could but take possession. In a few words, I will show what I think I could do to benefit mankind, if only I could receive the attention of many and give inspiration to all."

"Utility of Art! that means that I must be of use. There are many ways by which this could be accomplished, but the best way, it seems to me, would be to brighten gloomy lives and give more pleasure to the pleasant ones, thereby making every one happier and better. But before I can do this, the wall which has encircled me must be torn down. Every one must admit me to his presence and give me a hearty welcome, so that I can make known my worth."

"If I enter a home and put a few bright artistic touches here and there, and give each room a special charm of its own, making the drawing-room bright and cheerful, the dining room rich and inviting, causing the library to show its worth and the bedroom its repose, will the occupants not be happier and better? If I visit the schoolroom in the shape of bright flowers and attractive books well illustrated, shall I not be made welcome? The relation of thought in the sentence to the expression is most carefully taught in

the schools. Why should not the relation of what is beautiful to what is useful be taught also? The A, B, C of harmony of color, one of my most important factors, has gained an entrance into the public schools, which I hope will be my stepping-stone to something grander and nobler. Statues and pictures would surely aid in gaining the desired end."

"But in the church is where I long to be. There everything could be pure and simple, subdued, and yet expressive. With harmony in color and design, much pleasure would be given to the eye and a deeper meaning would be imparted with the service."

"Could I not do just as much good in public buildings and on the street? Another line of my work would be introduced here, but with much the same effect. If bits of light, sunny landscapes were to be seen in the public buildings, business men who have not the time to spend the hot summer days in the country would be refreshed with one passing glance. The pictures given in the daily papers attract the attention of many, and if they are good, there will be some good imparted by them. Ragged little newsboys, who invariably pause to see the gaudy, inartistic signs of to-day, would likewise tarry if they were artistic and pretty, but then they would carry away, unconsciously, something better. The colors used for houses, fences and carriages, which tend to beautify streets and cities, should blend with their surroundings and harmonize with each other."

"A great deal depends on my harmony of coloring, which should be brought more extensively into use this coming spring, especially by the women. I should like to appear on every new Easter bonnet and spring suit, thereby becoming a leading rival of Fashion. The reform suit, if it were artistic and graceful, would not be so objectionable as at present, but my enemy, Fashion, has complete power to-day, much to my great injury."

"When I am used by the people in their public and their private life, on the street and on the stage, and in everything they undertake, how can I fail to do good? I shall become broader and better, and rapidly increase in power and loveliness. My designs will have more meaning, my beauty will be enhanced, my knowledge will be enlarged. Men will not have to rise to me in one great jump, neither will I stoop to them. We will help one another and all those around us."

"All this and more would result if I could be more fully recognized. All could not be artists and treat me in a grand, lofty style which would make me live through ages, but if every one should contribute one original idea, or make an old idea original through its application, the effect would be felt on coming generations."

MYRA DAGGETT, '95.

FLOWER FANCIES OF A CHILD.

What the flowers mean to New England children is very charmingly told in a recent number of the Atlantic Monthly; it also suggests some of our children's ideas in regard to those flowers with which they are on most familiar terms.

With the Eastern "money-in-both-pockets," so called because the white central portion is left after the sides of the flower fall away, and "pin-a-sight," a floral design on glass in which the little artist frequently exercises his own taste rather than that of Dame Nature, we are not acquainted, but we love to think that the

self-same dandelions, whose stems boys converted into horns, and girls into curls, belong both to New England children and our own little ones.

The tall thistle, which, it is said, scatters seeds like a very heretic, has lovers East and West who sing to it:

"I had a little nut-tree, nothing would it bear,
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear;
The king of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all was because of my little nut-tree."

There is as much individuality among flowers as among human beings. The plain, round-faced sunflower is "en evidence" of honesty and overflowing good-nature; while royal pansies, though attired in purple and gold, are, to poets at least, pensive. Perhaps, however, we may account for the habitual expression of this favorite since

"Heart's-ease no more the wandering shepherd found;
No more the nymphs its snowy form possess;
Its white, now changed to purple by love's wound,
Heart's-ease no more, 'tis love-in-idleness."

Tiny Jacob's ladders, Maid-in-the-mist, Flora's paint-brush, and fox-glove—fairy's glove—suggest pictures and incidents to the mind of a child by their names; others, by legends or rhymes. The daffodil, not so very long ago, was the subject of a quaint little English story which has been told and retold till now; perhaps, it may seem new.

Once upon a time, there lived a little queen who became so lonely living in solitude in her large palace that she offered a diamond to the one who would bring her her favorite flowers. Immediately all sorts of rare and beautiful flowers poured in from all sides, but none of these would the child-queen accept. One bright morning, a little child was admitted to the palace who had gathered a basket of daffodils for her queen. These proved to be her majesty's favorites, and the reward was at once given to the child, but pitying the anger and disappointment of the chief gardener, she gave the diamond to him. The queen, finding that the little maid did not return with fresh flowers, sent at once for her, but soon learned that the child would not leave her father, who was languishing in a debtor's prison. Thus the guilt of the chief gardener was discovered, and he was compelled to resign his place in the queen's household to the father of the little flower-girl, who now gathered daffodils for the queen to her heart's delight.

What child has not sat for hours in solitude on midsummer's eve beside the lady-fern—more delicate even than the maiden's-hair—hoping to meet fairy benefactors?

"Marigold, rich marigold,
Give me your money to hold,"

we sang to that firefly of swamps and hollows, and doubtless teased not a few with the old familiar rhyme of

"Kitty Clover
Lived in Dover,
When she died,
She died all over."

"Do you like butter?" asks the buttercup, but the daisy stands by winking its bright yellow eye and nodding its wise white head as much as to say, "What a superfluous question to ask a child!"

Imaginative children, on the contrary, love better to weave their own tales about certain flowers, but especially about the evening primrose or "pretty-by-night," so mysterious in the dim light out in the long grass.

Long ere the "vision" of the child has "faded into the light of common day" he has loved Nature as only those can who have made her gifts their first and dearest play-fellows and found "all Elysium in a plot of ground."

CHARLOTTE F. KETCHAM, '95.

FAVORITE BOOKS OF THE FACULTY.

Mr. Higdon.—Airy, Fairy Lillian.

Mr. Dotey.—Hoyle on Whist.

Mr. Mueller.—The Reveries of a Bachelor.

Mr. Hufford.—In Varying Moods.

Mrs. Hufford.—Work.

Mr. Martin.—Reed and Kellogg's Graded Lessons in English.

Miss Rankin.—Samuel Smiles.

Mr. Trent.—Side Talks with Girls,—Ladies Home Journal.

Miss Dye.—Aspirations of the World.

Miss Platter.—If, Yes, and Perhaps.

Mr. Newland.—Dream Life.

Mrs. Carey.—Little Women.

Mr. Benton.—The Song Birds of the West.

Mr Roberts.—Grimm's Fairy Tales.

Miss Selleck.—Near to Nature's Heart.

Mrs. Sprague.—The Duchess.

Mr. King.—Prue and I.

Miss Anderson.—The Open Sesame.

Miss Donnan.—Women's Suffrage and Rights.

TO THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

GOING to the mountains—going to God's clean, healthy wilds, near or far—is going home, and therefore it seems to me that the annual outing wise people take now-a-days from dust and care is one of the most hopeful and significant signs of the times.

A few years ago, even the White Hills of New England seemed far from civilization, and only the exceptionally bold and adventurous could ever hope to see such mysterious regions as the Rocky Mountains or the dark woods "where rolls the Oregon." Now they are near to all who can command a little time and money. When the first railroad was built across the continent, an interesting branch of the stream of tourist travel began to set westward, to see golden California and its glorious Sierras and Yosemite. Then, on the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad over the Cascade Mountains in the summer of 1887, the gate was opened wide to the icy northern wilderness.

The trip to Alaska from Tacoma through Puget Sound and the Thousand Islands of the Alexandre Archipelago is perfectly enchanting. Apart from the scientific interests, no other excursion that I know of may be made into the wilds of America in which so much grand and novel scenery is unfolded to view. Gazing from the deck of the steamer, one is borne smoothly over the calm, blue waters through the midst of a multitude of lovely islands, clothed with evergreens. The ordinary discomforts of a sea voyage, so formidable to some travelers, are not felt, for the way lies through a network of sheltered inland channels that are about as free from the heaving waves that cause seasickness as rivers are. Alaska is a web of land and water thirty or forty miles wide and about one thousand miles long, outspread like embroidery along the edge of the continent. Made up of an infinite number of features, and also fine and ethereal in tone, the best words seem coarse and unavailing. Tracing the shining levels through sound and strait, past forests and waterfalls, between a constant succession of azure headlands, it seems as if, surely, at last, you must reach the best paradise of the poets. Some of the channels through which you glide are extremely narrow compared with the height of the walls that shut them in. However sheer the walls, they are everywhere forested to the water's edge.

The view changes with magical rapidity. Rounding some bossy cape, the steamer turns into a passage hitherto unseen, and glides through into a wide expanse filled with smaller islands sprinkled wide apart or clustered in groups such as only nature could invent. Some are so small and low that the trees covering them seem like mere handfuls that have been culled from the larger islands and set in the water to keep them fresh, the outer fringing trees around the sides often spreading like flowers beaming out against the rim of a vase—thus beautiful are these islands.

The first stop made by the Alaska steamers after touching Seattle, Port Townsend, Victoria and Nanaimo, is Fort Wrangel, the distance between the last two places being about six hundred miles. Wrangel is a boggy place, but is favorably situated as a center for excursions to some of the most interesting portions of the country. Indians may be seen on the platforms of the half dozen stores, chiefly grown women and chubby children with wild eyes. Most of them have curiosities to sell when the steamer arrives, or basketfuls of berries, red, yellow and blue, which look wondrous clean as compared with the people. They are a proud race and maintain an air of self-respect that no amount of squalor can wholly subdue. Many canoes may be seen along the shore, all fashioned alike, with long beak-like sterns and prows. What the mustang is to the Sioux and Cherokees the canoe is to the Indian of the Alaskan coast. Nowhere in my travels have I seen so many berries. The woods and meadows are full of them—huckleberries of many species, salmon berries, raspberries, blackberries, currants and gooseberries, with strawberries and serviceberries in the drier grounds, and cranberries in the bogs, sufficient for every man, bird, beast and human being in the territory, with thousands of tons to spare. The Indians beat them into pulp, press the pulp into cakes about an inch thick, and dry them for winter use with their oily salmon.

The coast climate is remarkably bland and temperate. It is rainy, however, but the rain is good of its kind; mild in temperature, gentle in its fall, filling the fountains of the streams, and keeping the whole land fresh and fertile; while anything more delightful than the shining weather after the rain—the great round sun days of June, July and August—can hardly be found elsewhere. An Alaska midsummer day is a day without night. In the extreme northern portion of the territory, the sun does not set for weeks, and even as far south as Sitka and Wrangel the rosy colors of evening blend with those of the morning, leaving no darkness between. Nevertheless the full day opens slowly. A low arc of colored light steals around to the northeastward with gradual increase of height and span, the red clouds with yellow dissolving edges subside into hazy dimness, the islands, with ruffs of mist about them, cast ill-defined shadows, and the whole firmament changes to pale pearl gray.

As the day advances toward high noon, the sun-flood pouring through the damp atmosphere lights the water and sky to glowing silver. Brightly now play the ripples about the edges of the islands, and there are plume-shaped streaks between them where the water is stirred by some passing breeze. The broad, white bosoms of the glaciers glow like molten silver, and their crystal fronts and multitude of icebergs are kindled to a blaze of irised light.

Through the afternoon, the day grows in beauty. The air seems to thicken without

losing its fineness, and everything settles into deeper repose. Then comes the sunset with its purple and gold, blending earth and sky in one inseparable scene of enchantment.

An interesting excursion may be made from Wrangel to the deserted village of the Sitkeens. The moss-grown ruins are picturesque, and surprisingly massive and substantial considered as the work of Indians. Some of the wall planks are two or three feet wide, six inches thick and forty feet long; while the carved timbers that support the ridge poles, and the stranger totem poles, display marvelous specimens of savage art.

From Wrangel, the steamer goes up the coast to the Taku Glacier and Juneau. After passing through the picturesque Wrangel Narrows, you may notice a few icebergs, the first to be seen on the trip.

Gliding northward, your attention will be turned to the mountains of the Coast Range, now for the first time near and in full view. The icy cañons open before you, as you pass in regular order, showing their wealth. Now a bold head-land will hold the eye, or some mountain of surpassing beauty of sculpture, or one of the larger glaciers seen directly in front, its gigantic arms and fingers clasping an entire group of peaks, and its broad, white trunks sweeping down through the woods, its crystal current breaking here and there in shattered cascades, with azure light in the crevasses, making you deplore your inability to stop and enjoy it all in cordial nearness. It was from one of these glaciers to the south of Cape Fanshaw, that the Alaska Ice Company loaded their ships for California and the Sandwich Islands.

In a few hours, you come in sight of more icebergs. They are derived from four large glaciers that discharge into the heads of the long arms of Holkam Bay or Sun Dum. At the mouth of Taku Inlet, you encounter another fleet of drifting icebergs from the grand Taku Glacier twenty miles distant. The Taku Inlet contains many glaciers, one of which belongs to the first class. It makes a grand display of itself as it comes down from its lofty fountains into the head of the fiord and sends off its bergs. To see this one glacier is well worth a trip to Alaska.

After leaving Juneau, where it is claimed you may see "the largest quartz mill in the world," the steamer passes between Douglas and Admiralty Islands into Lynn Canal, the most sublimely beautiful and spacious of all the mountain-walled channels you have yet seen. The Auk and Eagle glaciers are displayed on the right as you enter the canal, coming with grand effect from their far-reaching fountains and down through the forests. But it is on the west side of the canal near the head that the most striking feature of the landscape is seen—the Davidson glacier. It first appears as an immense ridge of ice thrust forward into the channel, but when you have gained a position directly in front, it is shown as a broad flood issuing from a noble granite gateway, and spreading out to right and left in a beautiful fan-shaped mass. This is one of the most notable of the large glaciers that are in the first stage of decadence, reaching nearly to tide water, but failing to enter it and send off icebergs. Excepting the Taku, all the quartz glaciers you see belong to this class.

Shortly after passing the Davidson, the northmost point is reached, and at the canning establishments near the mouth of the Chilcat River, you may learn something about salmon. Whatever may be said of other resources of the territory—timber, furs, minerals, etc.—it is hardly possible to

exaggerate the importance of the fisheries. Besides cod, halibut, herring, and other fishes that swarm over immense areas, there are probably more than one thousand salmon streams in Alaska, in some of which, at certain seasons, there is more fish than water.

The steamer now goes down the canal through Icy Strait and into the wonderful Glacier Bay. All the voyage thus far has been icy, and we have seen hundreds of glaciers great and small. But this bay region about it and beyond it toward Mount St. Elias is pre-eminently the ice land of Alaska and the entire Pacific Coast. The largest of the glaciers that discharge into Glacier Bay is the Muir, and, being the most accessible, is the one to which tourists are taken and allowed to go ashore and climb about its icy cliffs and watch the huge blue bergs, as with tremendous thundering roar and surge they emerge and plunge from the majestic vertical ice-wall in which the glacier terminates.

The number of bergs given off varies somewhat with the tides and the weather. Prof. Muir says that one large berg will drop every five or six minutes. All the very large bergs rise from the bottom with grand commotion, heaving aloft in the air nearly to the top of the wall, with tons of water pouring down their sides, and heaving and plunging again and again before they settle and sail away as blue crystal islands; free at last, after being held a rigid part of the slow-crawling glacier for centuries. It seems strange that ice formed from snow on the mountains two and three hundred years ago should, after all its toil and travel in grinding down and fashioning the face of the landscape, still remain so lovely in color and so pure.

Fain would I describe the glories of a few weeks in the ice world—the beautiful and terrible network of crevasses, the clustering pinnacles, the thousand streams ringing and gurgling in azure channels out in the living body of the glacier, the glorious radiance of the sunbeams falling on crystal hill and dale, the rosy glow of the sunset and dawn, the march of the clouds on the mountains, and the mysterious splendor of the Auroras when the nights grow long. I can add but this one sentence—Go to Alaska, go and see.

FRED. C. DICKSON, '95.

EXPERIENCES IN AN ENGLISH SCHOOL.

A TRIP to Europe means to most people a summer vacation or at most a year spent in sightseeing. Although they think they have seen everything, it is only after a residence of a year or so in one place that one begins to realize how much is to be seen. The ordinary tourist gives a week or two to London; the traveler gives two months; the person who wishes to see London, two years.

It was during a residence of a year and a half in London that I attended the University College School, connected with the old and famous University College. The school was conducted like Eton and Harrow and had an attendance of five hundred boys. As it was a boys' school, the teachers were all men. While it was called a public school it would be known, with the rest of its kind, as a private school in America. The tuition was £8.8s. a term, or about $40. All our books we bought at the storeroom, a little room on the first floor of the building, and we put our own label on every book. This label contained our last name and then our initials. We were addressed this way in class and were registered so. Thus John Smith was called

Smith, J. Although I was in school a year, I never knew the first names of any of my schoolmates.

When a boy, aged seven or eight, entered the school, he commenced with English, Latin, French, and perhaps arithmetic. The second year he would take Greek, and after three or four years, would take up algebra and geometry. The grounding in the classics is begun very early, and by the time a boy is fifteen years old, he is able to read and write Latin and Greek almost as fluently as English.

We went to school morning and afternoon, with an hour's intermission for dinner. On Wednesday we had a half holiday, and a whole holiday on Saturday. In the morning, as a general thing, we had English, Latin, French and history. The English work included compositions, spelling, reproductions, literal and otherwise, of poems and essays, and grammar. Latin and French were taught as in our schools, and the history was, of course, the history of England.

At noon every day, we had an hour to get lunch. Some of us went home, others bought lunch of a man who brought in a supply of buns, cakes and every sort of unsubstantial food so dear to the average boy's heart. No boy was allowed to have beer at noon without his parent's consent, but most of them had it with their lunch. After we had disposed of our pennies, football or some other game occupied us until the afternoon session began.

The afternoon was devoted to mathematics, physics, and in the last term, to chemistry. The text-books in mathematics can not be compared with American text-books, and arithmetic in English money was very hard at first. I remember insurance, partial payments and compound interest as especially hard for me, accustomed as I was to working with dollars and cents. The work in chemistry and physics was interesting, but there seemed to be no system to it; the effect, if not the intention, was to puzzle and confuse.

It was remarkable how scanty the information concerning America was. The boys seemed to think America resembled the interior of Africa. I was asked several times if I had ever shot buffalo, and when I said I had never seen one wild, they could hardly believe me. Nine hundred miles from New York seemed to them to locate my home on the Pacific coast. One boy actually asked me what language they spoke in the United States, not as a joke, but in earnest.

On the whole, my experience at the University School was an exceedingly pleasant one I received a good start in Latin, French and algebra, and the English work was equivalent to about two years' work in our schools.

A year in an English school was not only a change from our public schools, but a very pleasant one. The methods, the teachers, the studies, all were different; the school was hardly a school to me, but rather a place to study English ways and English boys. PARKER HITT, '95.

CONUNDRUMS FROM HOLMES.

When is charity like a top?
When it begins to hum.

Why is an onion like a piano?
Because it smell odious.

Why must an Englishman go to the Continent to weaken his grog or punch?
Because island (ile and) water won't mix.

Why are people like coins?
There are two sides to everybody.

NIAGARA CHAINED.

Oh, river proud, who long hath held thy sway
And passed with independent air thy wonted way,
Hath looked upon fair Nature's native hue
Ere aught but savage eye had gazed upon the blue
And spreading sheets that form thy sparkling source;
Ere aught but savage foot had traced thy winding course,
And wandered near each rapid running reach;
Ere aught but savage ear had heard thy sounding speech,
Which bore the word of God and taught belief
To savage mind, and filled it with a calm relief.
Long hast thou furnished beauty by thy mien,
But now a grander, nobler use for thee is seen,
For though thou dost thy beauty still retain,
To grace now addest thou a world-enriching gain;
For many years thou didst descend the height
And fill with awe the hearts that saw thy splendid sight,
But now thou sendest part of thy great force
In rushing torrent through a recent stone-cut course.
The tunnels dug for thee thou enterest in,
And there thy far extending work thou dost begin;
The first thou meet'st to check thy fleeting way
Are turbin wheels set there by man thy course to stay,
Till by thy weight the wheels begin to turn,
And thou art rushing on, a fresh reward to earn,
And up above the turbin wheels revolving just below,
A rod connecting them, there stands a dynamo,
And from this point thy force is far outspread,
And by a slender guide about the world is led.
O, mighty force in Nature's mighty scheme,
Thou now art met by greater power in Reason's gleam!
For ages, thou couldst flow where thou didst please,
But now thy course thou hast to guide by man's decrees,
And, at his will, thou must descend his caves,
And turn his late-invented wheels by thy great waves.
Thou shouldst not think that 'tis descending grace
To leave thy ancient course and occupy a place
Will aid to raise the world to higher state,
Will add a stone to build this earth a nobler fate.
From hand of God thou didst receive thy first,
Thy ancient use; from hand of God through man thou durst
Assume the duties laid for thee anew,
And to the world thou offerest now a broader view.
At first, thy power didst reach but to thy brink,
But of thy virtue now a greater number drink.
Thou sendest o'er the country, far and wide,
Thy labor-saving, broadly-benefiting tide;
In cities large, thou dost distribute light
And deck'st the darkest corners in thy coating bright;
By day thou sendest through the crowded streets
A car which, with a smile, each passing person greets;
Thou enterest in the shops and turn'st their wheels,
Thy perfect power unto the tradesman humbly kneels;
Thou workest in the rich man's princely home
And makest wider far the arch of pleasure's dome;
Unto the poor thou sendest thy fair spark
And makest bright the hours before were often dark.
Mankind could barely do without thy might,
Now that thou'rt come, he scarce could live without thy light.
Thou hast, by thus assuming duties new,
Not lost, but gained, thy former beauty added to.
The character by Nature given thee
So fair at first, now fairer shines, controlled, yet free.

H. E. Churchman, '95.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

LYING in a hammock, I looked through the space between two great trees which stand close together like stern and rugged sentinels to guard the lovely little nook that I can see beyond them. In the angle formed by the side of a house and an old weather-beaten fence overgrown with a heavy net-work of sturdy ivy, is a spot well fit for a fairy revel. The ground is thickly carpeted with the cool, broad, green leaves and white, pearly cups of lilies of the valley, the sweetest children of the spring To the right, is a thick clump of dainty, feathery ferns, some a dark, rich, deep green, some frail tiny things with a pale, emerald shade, like the color of the ocean in a clear, shallow place. Nestled down deep among the ferns and lilies is an old bench, worm-eaten, mossy, and covered with lichens, its soft grays and greens forming an exquisite background for the fresh young growing things around it. One long shaft of light from the setting sun steals through the leafy screen of the trees and lovingly touches the old bench with a golden glory, gently forces its willful way through the closely twined stems of the ivy on the fence, tips the waving ferns with light, and with its shining finger, puts a finishing touch to a beautiful picture.

Elizabeth McIntosh, '96.

HAWTHORNE'S IDEA OF THE MISSION OF THE POET.

THE poet's mission is to interpret Nature. If we were truly cultured, we should not need an interpreter, because then we should not only see the beauties and wonders and hidden relations of things in the natural world, but we should also have the power to express our feelings as they impress us. But since the world has not reached that high standard of education in which people can think and express their thoughts for themselves, we must needs have the clear-headed and clear-sighted poets to voice them for us. That the poet is an interpreter of Nature is shown by the quick response in individual hearts to his words.

The poet of Hawthorne's imagination was also a poet of humanity. He not only beheld the beauties of the outside world, but of man. The poet touches with a delicate and sympathetic finger the common people and the common things of life, and it is the touch of transmutation, for now "the man or woman is no longer sordid" with the common dust of life, but is glorified, and the traits of the divine in the character are brought out.

It is the duty of the poet to show the passing of things into higher forms—from the external to the spiritual, from the real to the ideal, from the body to the soul.

The poet, more than any other person, shows the powerful use to which words may be put. Every word was originally a poem, and it took a poet to make it.

The mission of the poet is to make beautiful things more beautiful, and wonderful things more wonderful, to awaken the sleeping faculties, and, above all, to make us real seekers after the good, the true, and the beautiful.

EUNICE CURTIS, '97.

THE SOLITARY SURVIVOR.

IT was twilight in the little village of Yardsley. The sun seemed loath to shade this beautiful earth in darkness, and lingered on, a great red disk, just keeping above the horizon. In the distance, the hills stood out in bold relief, showing blue and purple in contrast to the crimson sky; and the lake, lit up by the waning rays, was one sheet of shining, blinding splendor. The forest loomed dark and drear through the faint light, and as the wind swayed the branches and leaves, it seemed as if it were the sighing of fairies and goblins mourning for the dying day.

The lamps are beginning to show in every house, and, hark! the factory whistle blows, dismissing from toil all of its prisoners for that night.

A horse and wagon come clattering down the hill at the right, and it is such a strange group that we shall describe it. The woman who is driving is a true type of Western hardiness. She is tall and gaunt, but the face is as ruddy as a "Spitzen" apple and is lighted up by kindly gray eyes; the nose and chin are perhaps too pointed for symmetry, but the whole, if not handsome, shows a determination to battle on. The horse, a bay, had once been handsome, but now was knock-kneed and generally decrepit, and the wagon might have been "The Wonderful One-horse Shay," so rickety it looked.

This group now stopped before the station and our heroine, who is, by the way, Annabelle Eliza Breton, dismounts, and, stepping on the rails, looks anxiously up the track. "Ef thet thar boarder don't 'rive, I dunno what I'll do," she says, half aloud. "I hev counted on her so much, seems ef 'twould be awful ef she didn't turn up. Ah! thar comes that train."

She goes back to the platform, and moves not again, till the train has arrived and a beautiful girl of about twenty steps off and looks around as if half puzzled. She has a delicate face, a slight form, and is dressed entirely in blue. Miss Breton steps up to her and asks, anxiously, "Be you my boarder?" "If you are Miss Breton, I *be*," answered the girl, lifting brown eyes brimming with laughter to the older woman's. "Then thar's our hoss," said Miss Breton, and before the girl can guess her intention, she shoulders the modest little trunk, and stalks towards the wagon.

Soon they are on their way up the hill, and Miss Breton's tongue flies at a rapid rate. "Yer see, Miss," here she stopped—"May Hope," prompts the girl—and she resumed—"Yer see, May Hope, that Sally's boy is ailin' and she is very much worrited about him. So I decided, durin' the winter, that I'd scrape along and try ter save enough ter bring him here for ter git healthifide. But as craps war bad las' year, and a panik come ter boot, I los' mor'n I saved, and so I sent thet thar advertisement to the city paper. I hope you'll like this ha'ar place. I hev gin yer the parlor and bed room down stair fer your use. Whoa! thar Jimmy! don't ye know when yer home?" And climbing out of the wagon, she opened a gate and led the horse up to something that loomed white in the dusk. "Abe," she called. Almost instantly the door swung open and a lad of about ten summers stood framed in the doorway. "Take Jimmy ter the shed," she said, and lifting the trunk up once more, she led the way into the house, May following. After she had set the trunk in a small room furnished with a wash-stand, a chest of drawers, a bed, and two chairs, she said, "This ha'ars your sleepin' quarters, and after you've slicked up, Abe 'll fetch yer fer supper," and May was left alone. She removed her hat and wraps and viewed "her sleepin' quarters."

A bright bit of rag carpet covered the floor; the large bed, and all the furniture in the room, in fact, was polished till it shone, and not a speck of dust was to be seen anywhere. The two windows of the room were protected from insects by mosquito netting, and from the ceiling over the bed hung a canopy of the same material.

"The advertisement said a porch on which a hammock could be hung and a good view gotten," mused the young girl. "I shall see that to-morrow, doubtless. If this place is picturesque, I shall use my camera and write stories; and if it is quiet, I shall certainly get the rest I wish." "Come in," said she aloud, as she heard a timid knock. Abe's tow-head appeared and she followed him to supper. Almost immediately after, she retired to her rest.

The place proved to be delightful, and her stock of camera views grew daily. She hung her hammock on the "porch" and her heart gladdened as she saw the view. The porch was like a room, separated from prying eyes by densely growing ivy, which screened the porch completely, except where it was trained to form round openings, "peep-holes" Abe called them.

One evening, soon after her arrival, as May was sitting lazily viewing the sunset, Miss Breton, or Aunt 'Liza as she was universally called, joined her. "May," she said, "nothin' aint been said 'bout board. Now do yer think two dollars a week is too much?"

"Two dollars a week!" exclaimed the girl scornfully. "It is easy to see, Aunt 'Liza, that I am your first boarder. I pay five dollars everywhere else and don't get half the accommodations I get here. Two

dollars, indeed!" And she pretended to laugh scornfully, although she turned away to hide the tears which sprang to her eyes.

"Five dollars! why that thar's a fortun', May. Why, with that much I kin afford ter hev Sally's boy now an' sen' Abe to school nex' winter an' pay off the debt. I tell yer how 'tis," she said in a sudden burst of confidence. "Yer see, my brother John he married a widder that had two young-uns, an' he moved away from this ha'ar house farther down inter the village. Wall, these young-uns didn't like me, seems ef, an' they pestered me all they could. They killed a cat I war fon' of, a great mouser she war, an' thet made me mad. I tol' John, an' he decided I warn't good enough fer the likes er him no more, an' so he quit speakin'. Wall, 'bout four years ago, his wife bein' dead, he got inter hard straits and got me ter mortgage my house ter help him. 'Bout a year after he died; his young-uns went ter kin folks in the South, and I, the solitary survivor, war lef' ter git my house out of pawn, 'cause thet's what it 'mounted to, May." And the poor soul broke down, and crying as if her heart would break, buried her face in her hands.

"You poor creature, do not, O do not feel so badly," cried May. "How much is still left of the debt?"

"'Bout one hun'erd an' fifty dollars," sobbed the woman.

"O, that's all right," said the young girl, cheerfully, "you know my name is Hope, and any one by that name must always supply that place in people's hearts. Can you crochet?"

"A little," answered the woman, and a new light lit up her gray eyes, not the hard shrewd light of work and toil, but the blind light of love, of an ideal.

So May sent to the city for material and orders. And after that every week a box containing little crocheted baby hoods, mufflers, afghans and other winter comforts left the little Yardsley station marked for a city firm. Every week Aunt 'Liza received an official looking letter, which contained, it seemed to her, an immense sum. Sally's boy came and proved to be one of May's little pupils in the city.

But May Hope saw that with all this the mortgage could not be paid off before she left, and so she roused her wits to get more money. She sold her camera views, made paintings, and, best of all, wrote stories which were always accepted. Finally, by the middle of August, she had raised fifty dollars and Aunt 'Liza had one hundred more.

Aunt 'Liza knew nothing of the amount May had and her heart, though eased of part of its burden, still longed for the relief of "havin' her house out of pawn." And then—Jimmy died. One morning Aunt Liza came running from the barn to the house. Her eyes were full of tears, and she sobbed "Pore Jimmy ar' dead."

"Too bad," said May, sympathetically, "many a pleasant ride I've had behind Jimmy. You need a horse, too."

"Ef Lawyer Brown hadn't taken thet pony as security," sobbed the woman.

"What pony? Sit down and tell me about it," said May

"Why, it war this way, May, it war jus' this way. John lef' a pony 'at had been the young-uns' ter me in his will. Wall, when Lawyer Brown read the will he tuk thet thar pony, saying 'at it belonged ter the creditors. Folks say 'at he jes tuk a fancy ter thet pony an' so he kep' him. I was too broke up to keer then, but I wish I had him now."

A queer, bold light flashed from the girl's eyes, and a determined look took possession of her sweet face.

"What is it, May?" asked Aunt 'Liza anxiously, rather startled by the look on the girl's usually calm face.

"Nothing at all, only that I think I'll go to town for a short time." Soon she was hurrying down the street with some money tucked securely in her pocket book. Going in at Lawyer Brown's gate, she met him face to face. Bowing, she said: "I am May Hope, and I would like to see the pony that belonged to John Breton."

"Step this way," said the man, a puzzled look on his face. He led the way around the house, and opening a door, he pointed to a stall in which stood a small-sized horse of a gray color. He was handsome, and looked young and vigorous.

"Now we will come to business, Mr. Brown," said May bravely, although her heart quaked at her own boldness, "that horse is not yours. It belongs to Miss Breton. Now, I wish to make you an offer. I will give you twenty-five dollars for that horse. If you do not accept that, I shall turn the case over to the squire."

The lawyer's eyes blazed, but he decided to make the best of it, so he said: "Miss Hope, you just saved me the trouble of fetching him home. I found out, just yesterday, that the creditors did not need him, and I had just finished saying to my wife that Miss Breton's pony must be returned to-day. No, I don't want that," as May offered him a roll of bills—"or—well, I'll take ten dollars for his board and feed."

Ten minutes later, May was on her way down the street, followed by a little boy, who led Roxy, the pony, by the rope halter. She stopped at a buggy shop and bought a cart and harness at a small outlay.

Aunt 'Liza was surprised to see, an hour later, a gray horse drawing a cart, come into the yard. But when May leaped from the vehicle, exclaiming, "It is yours, Aunt 'Liza," her joy knew no bounds. As May related her adventure, the woman laughed and cried by turns, and finally seizing May's hand, she thanked her—thanks which were surely sincere.

A few days later, having seen Roxy installed in her new quarters, Abe fitted out for school, and "the house out of pawn," she departed. Arthur Breton, Sallie's boy, returned to the city with May, and Abe and Aunt 'Liza came to the station to see them go.

"Dear soul, I hate to go, but duty calls," said May, as she wrung the woman's hand "I will come back next summer, however. And now, good bye."

And May's last glimpse of Yardsley showed the "Solitary Survivor" still standing on the platform, waving her handkerchief in friendly adieu.

HELEN SCHURMANN, '98.

THE BEAUTIFUL AS AN ELEMENT OF RUSKIN'S STYLE.

WHATEVER he may call himself, it is as a painter of nature with words that Ruskin is named with enthusiasm wherever men speak the English tongue. One reason for this admiration is that his subject permits of the introduction of the beautiful. His intense love for nature and his deep study of it give a meaning to every object. Vegetation is considered as an imperfect soul, with many of man's characteristics but none of his emotions; the sky he mentions as the friend and teacher of the human race; the clouds are called a veil stretched between earth and heaven to lessen the glory to the weakness of our human understanding.

Not only do we find meaning given to nature by this poet-artist, but he enters into the minutest details in his descriptions, making them beautifully concrete. Now, this is done by the use of an adjective, "the trackless mountain," or, again by comparisons, either implied in the adjective as "dragon-crested," or expressed, as for instance, "cold juice or glowing spice," "softness and strength." Instead of merely stating that vegetation furnishes all that is needed by man, Ruskin names all the uses to which the products of nature may be put, whether they be strong or weak, whether on land or on sea, in peace or in war.

The language of "The Beautiful" is marked by the most melodious words and the most harmonious combinations of them, and in studying these selections, one finds that this is perfectly accomplished. We can not read them without constantly meeting some such expression as, "came out of the south and smote upon their summits," "faintest pulse of summer streamlet."

The use of figures is profuse; scarcely an adjective is used which is not metaphorical, and personification is frequent. It seems as if Ruskin could not think of nature without giving it human characteristics. The similes are not so commonly used, but the few introduced are marked by rare delicacy and vividness.

In some places, as in the picture of the hurricane, these descriptions become sublime. The fearful storm rushing over the earth fills the mind with awe and humility.

Ruskin has himself complained that people were so fascinated by his descriptions that they overlooked the more argumentative portions of his works; and truly the beauties of the descriptions would almost excuse this. They fill the mind of the reader with pure pleasure by the beauty of the language and ideas, and open a new world of loveliness and delight.

LUCIA S. HOLLIDAY, '96.

SPIRITS THAT WALK THE STREETS.

IT WAS a blustrous winter's night, and the wind, as it whistled through the tree tops, told tales of long ago. The snow was falling thickly. Down it came as if eager to reach the earth. Then, as if surprised and offended at this unusual inactivity, it would spring up again, and dash down the streets, greeting the pedestrians with more cordiality than was agreeable; rushing on and on till stopped in its headlong course by the numberless yawning cracks and crannies, waiting to be appeased. Surely the Storm Spirits were disporting with these mountains of new-found pearls, or was this the tribute of the Ice King to his friend and companion—Winter?

The wind dashes around the corners, catches up the snow and forms whirlpools and eddies of glistening white; then raises it toward the heavens till it forms a tottering column of clearest crystal that towers upward, piercing the clouds and reaching the nothingness beyond. It seemed the marble halls of the Spirit Land, through which stalked the ghosts of realities.

Out from one of these pillars of mystery, stepped a figure clad in white. It was the spirit of an Indian returned from the Unknown to visit the scenes of his earthly life. He shook the snow from off his garments and looked about bewildered. Where he had expected to find a wilderness, he found a great city. The temples of God had given place to the temples of man.

On the very spot where he now was had stood his father's wigwam. Here had he

played when a boy, chasing the butterflies and the squirrels or engaging in mock fight with his fellows. Where now were the trees, the flowers, the grass? In their places lay the dirt and the paving stones of a street. Where was that dancing brook in which he had slaked his thirst on a summer's day? He was a poet, this child of the forest, and he had loved to hear it whisper to him tales of the greatness of his race. Sweeter than the singing of the rarest bird had been its murmuring as it lulled him to sleep after a long day's hunt. He now saw nothing but vile gutters. The earth, with conscious shame, was attempting to draw about itself a white garment of hypocritical purity, which would disappear at the first tempting glance from the sun. All was changed, and as he looked, recollections of long ago fell upon him with crushing force. A low sob burst from him and he sank down slowly upon the curbstone.

All Nature was in harmony with the sorrow of this lone Indian. Overhead the sky looked down with dark and foreboding brows. The sympathetic snow nestled closely up to him. No one but a child saw it. He called to his mother to look at the snow drift. She looked, but saw nothing. The few trees, likewise disappearing remnants of long ago, tossed their bare arms to and fro in agony. The wind moaned, and, as if conscious of the cause of all this misfortune, flew fiercely at the passers-by. All was sorrow. Who can tell the agony, the suffering of that poor soul? As he sat there, he questioned Right, he questioned Justice. Could Heaven permit it? Ah! he did not know that that same Heaven was seen no more by the race he saw about him, but was hidden in perpetual obscurity by the dismal smokes and foul mists given birth by that same city. None knew that the sufferings, the wrongs of a down-trodden race were re-written that night, and re-written for a purpose.

He arose slowly and started down the street. He was jostled by the throng that saw him not. All either jingled the contents of their pockets or gazed with longing into the store windows. The darkness of the night seemed to enfold and draw him on. The shadows assumed weird shapes and forms, that started up before him. Beckoning to him as they glided on, they danced in fiendish joy, like the wild phantasms of an evil dream. In vain he pursued them. They vanished but to appear and mock again. And ever and anon from unknown space was borne to him the dirge of the wind, "Alone, alone!"

On and on he went, but he saw no more the familiar scenes of his childhood. The white race had long since effaced the slight traces left by the red man. Is this civilization? Must Nature die, must simplicity disappear, that new customs and the fabrications of evil minds may live?

As he went farther, his step grew slower, his mien reverent. His head sank forward on his breast. He was approaching the burial place of his ancestors. He was coming to visit his father's tomb. This was the spot he had been taught to reverence and to love. In time of war, in time of peace, he had respected it. And now, a mighty building towered over the graves of his fathers. It was evidently a place of amusement. The sound of riotous revelings and the hoarse murmuring of rude laughter floated outward to his ears. Thus were the bones of the dead, the last resting-place of his race, desecrated. It was too much. A piercing shriek burst from him; heaven and earth seemed rent asunder, and borne upward on the echoes, he vanished in the night. CHARLES L. BARRY, '97.

NOTES ON MATHEMATICS.

FOR some time it has been evident that the required course in mathematics is very weak so far as the requirements in algebra are concerned. This is the most important branch of mathematics and a constantly growing one. A fair knowledge of elementary algebra to-day involves much more than it did even five or six years ago. One year is entirely too short a time for the average high school pupil to acquire any adequate knowledge of this subject, either as a mental discipline in this form of mathematical reasoning, or as a preparation for college. The announcement, therefore, that the Superintendent and Principal have asked the School Board to add an additional term's work to the requirements in algebra will be received with much favor. Our students ought to be able to take the examinations required for entrance to any of our best colleges. With this additional term's work, they will be able to do so.

Students who have been puzzling their brains for a long time in attempting to discover a reason for the requirement of a term's work in the so-called "commercial arithmetic" will be relieved to know that steps have been taken looking towards abolishing this requirement. No definite action has been taken by the Board, but the recommendation has been made to them that this subject be combined with that of book keeping, and so made an elective study. "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

A long felt want has been supplied by the inauguration of an elective class in review and advanced algebra and geometry. It was intended principally for those students who expect to go to college and need more mathematics than is given in the required course. In algebra they have not followed any text-book, but have taken a treatment of the different subjects as prepared by Mr. Trent and given to them in manuscript form.

A SCENE ON EAGLE CREEK.

SEATED on the bank of a small stream of water, under the shady branches of a spreading maple tree, I look toward the east, and as my eye follows the blue sky, here and there flecked with snowy clouds, I see it lower as it meets a dense forest of trees, which the atmosphere has veiled with gray. Directly in front of me is a large willow tree, the boughs of which are bent to meet the water below. In the shadow of this tree is a tiny boat, which the soft movement of the clear, still water does not disturb. A short distance beyond where the boat is launched, the stream turns northward, and as it makes its graceful curve it is lost to view, probably to become the center-piece of some other scene. Looking farther ahead, I see a meadow adorned with one lone hay stack which stands out prominent against the dark background of trees. The afternoon sun beats hot upon the meadow, and the fowls seem to seek the shade of one tall poplar tree. The grass on the field is brown and dry, nothing seems to be flourishing, and the one tree, standing so tall and straight in the center of the bare space, seems to be all the life that is left until I come back to the quiet little brook, the banks of which are decked with the green foliage, where everything seems joyous and happy in the May day breezes.

VIRGINIA J. SALE, '96.

RUMINATIONS.

WITH light hearts full of hope and no regrets save those of parting from friends, the class of '95 see their last term rapidly coming to an end.

Our class has ever been a promising one, and shows unmistakable signs of coming greatness, although the future alone will reveal how many of us will have missed the calling for which we were specially fitted. Happy, indeed, should be the muse who is invoked to unveil the future of such a body! For surely no class in days gone by or to come could boast of so many "blind shepherds," lawyers, physicians, poets, school teachers and scientists—not mentioning the future Presidents and Senators who dwell in our midst. All through our school days, as verdant Freshmen, egotistical Sophies, arrogant Juniors, and lordly Seniors—the proofs of our superiority have ever been confirmed and made evident. We have implicitly believed that we excel all former classes, and by intimate association with those before us, and close observation of those who followed, we have never had reason to change our minds. We look back pityingly upon the young battlers in Algebra, Latin, Civil Government and Geometry. We are engaged in fiercer battles with antiquated Greek and Latin, foolish French, wheezy German, and breezy English. For four years, we have wandered through the labyrinths of learning; for four years, we have gone through the cramming process; and for four years, we have enjoyed most heartily our many skirmishes, sieges and battles, advances and retreats, and are just now beginning to appreciate those happy school days when our most severe task (and seldom successful one) was found in endeavoring to outgeneral the teachers, who in spite of our wicked spontaneity have us enshrined in their generous hearts. We know we shall be sadly missed (?) from our old places; all hearts will yearn for our lively presence; the debating club will miss our strong debaters; the High School Chorus will miss our sonorous voices; and the teachers will miss our peace-loving members, but we must go, others must take our places and all must study the old proverb, "What can't be cured must be endured." Our High School Chorus, which has been organized, afforded us a fine opportunity to give vent to our exuberance of feeling in song. The music was inspiring, to say the least. If Timotheus had been with us he would have died instantly, but *we* were not culpable. We shall never forget our good times between recitations when we were prone to gather at the "tank" in the hall for a refreshing draught of H-2-O, and a pleasant word with a friend, watched meanwhile by our genial Prof. Hufford.

We shall remember well all the fun we have had; all our kind teachers, and as much as possible, of all they have taught us.

We wish to leave nothing but good wishes behind us and to take with us the good will of all friends.

We will go forth in June, with our diplomas in our hands and fond memories in our hearts, put on our armor and battle henceforth for the right, for glory and for success.

DAISY HENDRICKS, '95.

A perfect day in perfect May,
The earth, all green; the sky, all blue;
And sun-glints kissing the morning dew
That, 'neath the great trees of willow and birch,
Like jewels crowns the sodded turf
With brilliant diadems, unsurpassed
By any sculptor's noble cast,
Or any artist's colors gay.

ESTELLA HOLLINGSWORTH, '95.

SUMMER TWILIGHT.

Silently, the evening shadows
O'er the landscape fall:
Whispering, the gentle breezes
Absent thoughts recall;
Sweetly, one belated songster
Trills his good-night lay,
And the katydid and cricket
Join from far away.
Oh, the mem'ries that the twilight
Brings to every one.
All our joys and all our sorrows,
Every action done.
Spirit faces smile upon us,
Spirit voices sing,
And we fancy we catch glimpses,
Of a shining spotless wing.
Then it fades into the darkness
And the earth is still,
Save but for the lonely echo
Of the whip-poor-will.

—Lillian Goldrick Johnson.
February, '93.

Alumni Department.

IF we judge the value of our High School by the standing which her many sons and daughters have taken in the world, we can but bless her name and feel grateful for her teaching. The several instances in which a few of her children have made their names illustrious by their brilliant achievements bespeak her credit; the numerous instances in which many of them have left behind them a good record in a college or normal school also reflects praise on her training; but best of all is the sterling character, the high ideals, and solid worth of the hundreds who, with their diplomas, have taken from her dear old halls the stuff that has made them men and women.

In September, 1894, Rembrandt Steele ('91) went to Paris, France, to enter the studio of the world-renowned sculptor MacMonnies, his purpose being to perfect himself in the art of decorative designing. From the following extracts taken from some of his letters, glimpses of the life of art students in Paris will be obtained.

DURING the day we work in the schools and visit the galleries, and the evenings are usually spent at the club rooms of the American Art Association. There congregate men who are interested in all sorts of things—poets, musicians, painters, artists of all kinds, and some very famous ones, too. I wish you could see the court yard of the club; it is stunning—the old walls, plants and tables in the sunlight and the purple blotches of shadow across them.

When it gets too dark to work, we go for a stroll over to the Seine. Some of the finest things imaginable are to be seen along the river after the sun has set. Looking down it toward the west, the towers of Notre Dame loom up purple against the rosy and smoky sky. Toward the southwest is the great Pantheon dome in all its serious grandeur. As the darkness of the night comes on, we lean on the wall and watch the boats stealing silently along the water, the moon's reflections coming nearer and nearer. We walk home through a little old street, and are continually running across some old church or old, old tower.

I must tell you of a great thing I have enjoyed—a walk, or rather a pilgrimage, to that shrine, Barbizon, and the immortal forest of Fontainebleau. One Saturday, three of us were eating our dinners together, when some one suggested in a joking manner that we take a "stroll" down to Fontainebleau. It started us to thinking, and we soon decided to "stroll" as far as we could and then take the train back to Paris. We went home and got our storm coats and sketching materials and started, making our way through the suburbs, past the walls and forts into the country. How good it was to get out into the fields and walk along those fine roads bordered with linden trees and Lombardy poplars! The atmosphere was full of haze, and the perfume of flowers and fresh, pungent odor of the earth put us in a delicious, absorbent mood. It began to rain, but who cares for a French rain? At four o'clock we stopped at a little village to get some lunch. We

went into a little old inn, where some peasants were drinking, and asked for café-au-lait. The fat landlady as well as her guests were perfectly amazed, and after they had jabbered at us awhile we concluded we would take what we could get; so, after partaking of a lunch, which consisted of a jug of sour wine, some bread and a lump of over-ripe cheese, we felt refreshed and started on. At a place farther on, about eight, we had a good supper, and feeling not at all tired we decided to go on to Corbeil on the Seine that night. That part of the walk was very impressive, passing through little villages where men and women were sitting on benches by their doors resting in the twilight. As it grew darker, the road took us through wooded places and sleeping hamlets, where the quiet was broken only by the noise of our shoes on the cobble-stone pavements, or the baying of a farmer's dog off in some court-yard. About eleven, we climbed down the hill at Corbeil, awoke the landlady at the hotel and were soon in bed and fast asleep. The next morning we felt so refreshed and happy that we concluded to go on to Fontainebleau. On looking from our window, we saw what we had not seen the night before, that a little canal ran by the hotel, passing under stone bridges and picturesque old mills, then down through the meadows like a band of silver to join the distant Seine. We drank our café-au-lait and started out through the meadows toward Chailly. What a grand morning it was! The sunlight, the cool fresh air, the fields of poppies and clover, and, above all, that concert we have so often listened to in the meadows about old Munich—the skylarks mounting toward the sky and pouring forth their happy songs in a shower of sweet melody. Now and then a peasant with his wife would pass us on their way to church. Off in a field a blue-bloused garçon was herding his sheep, and a curé with his broad black hat and black habit, a picturesque figure, was making his way through the fields. When we reached Chailly, it had become misty again. Here we branched off the main road to Fontainebleau to go to Barbizon and were soon there. We felt we were on sacred ground and the charm of the pictures by those great men of the school of Barbizon came over me. I felt I understood them as I never had before. They are poems.

We tarried here awhile to rest and eat our dinners, and then started through the grand old forest. Well, you can simply find everything there—wild, craggy places, old gnarled oaks and pines, and beautiful drives; Rousseau's old women carrying bundles of fagots on their backs and—well, everything. About dusk we reached the town of Fontainebleau, a fashionable little place, completely surrounded by the woods. Next morning we walked all through the park and saw where Louis XIV held his revels. You remember Dumas' descriptions. The palace is wonderful. That afternoon we went over to the Seine, then up through the flat portion of the forest to that part called Bois-le-Roi and took the train back to the city, not so tired as one would expect after a sixty-mile walk. R S.

IN September, 1894, Fritz Krull (Feb.,'94) sailed for Germany to take a three years' course in music at Berlin. He writes:

"It has been my wish for a long time to dig deep into the mysteries of our noblest art, and after my graduation from I. H. S, my father granted my wish. The conservatory which I now attend is

'Das Neue Conservatorium der Musik.' It is a preparatory school to the 'Royal High School of Music,' at which the noted Von Bulow was director before his death, and whose place is now filled by the great violinist, Joachim. In one year I shall enter there, and be again a High School student.

"I study theory, harmony, composition, directing violin and piano. Theory is very interesting—like solving algebraic problems, or geometrical propositions. I spend, on an average, ten hours per day on my practice and study, and have come to the conclusion that an I. H. S. student has no right to grumble at the amount of study that is expected of him.

"Berlin is a beautiful city, well-paved, cleanly, with no end of fine streets, parks, fountains, monuments, bridges, and other ornamental works. Every bridge that spans the canal which runs through the city is a work of art, and is named after some great man, deed or event. The streets, however, are not laid out regularly as are our streets, but run in every direction imaginable, but I think this adds to the city's beauty for it adds variety.

"Almost every other person whom you see is a soldier, always in full uniform, with spurs on his boots and wearing a sword. The policemen all wear white kid gloves, and look as if they had just escaped from a bandbox.

"I heard a concert given yesterday by the finest orchestra in the world, in the Royal Opera House. This orchestra has one hundred and five members, but they do not all play at one concert. The opera is grand, and it is worth coming to Berlin for the music alone."

The human heart
Finds nowhere shelter but in human kind.

GEORGE ELIOT.

LA VILLANELLE.

O laughing, lilting villanelle,
O song of music and of grace,
Like rippling chime of sweet-toned bell,

Drive to her solitary cell
Pale Sorrow of the mournful face,
O laughing, lilting villanelle;

All sighs and moans and tears dispel,
And let thy music fill their place,
Like rippling chime of sweet-toned bell;

Throw for a moment thy sweet spell
O'er Love in his mad, wayward chase,
O laughing, lilting villanelle,

That he may all his secrets tell
For you to voice with careless grace,
Like ripping chime of sweet-toned bell.

Sweet springtide song, let thy sounds swell
With mirth and love in equal pace,
O laughing, lilting villanelle,
Like rippling chime of sweet-toned bell.

WILBUR ABBOTT, '86.

HERBERT G. HUFFORD.

(Class of '89.)

HERBERT G. HUFFORD has left us in his journal an evidence of how truly he saw and how deeply he felt and thought. The oncoming Spring must ever appear more tender to those who have seen it through his eyes. He has put our own flowers and landscapes on his pages with the touch of a true artist. His story of the wrens has lent a new interest to every bird in our own door yard.

What Thoreau did for Concord, he has done for the country around Indianapolis. His journal brings to the minds of some of his readers White of Selbourne, to others Theocritus, and to all of them a sweet influence that makes the world better because of him.

FROM HIS JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER 28, THANKSGIVING. — To-day brings with it the first fall of snow and the first real sharpness in the air. For the last few days past, while we have been busily at work preparing good things in honor of the day, the elements have not been idle, though without noise or bustle. Nature placed a thick curtain of dark clouds across the firmament to screen her workshop from the gaze of man. Now, when her preparations are completed, the curtain being no longer needed, she grinds it up into snow, the most exquisitely beautiful example of her handicraft, and sifts it softly and silently down, and over, and around the abode of man.

As we stand around the fire, my brother, who is standing before the window, calls me to look at a large bird in a maple just outside the window, and which he calls a robin. It is, however, a yellow hammer perched on a thin twig just as a sparrow or any regular perching bird would alight. He looks ill at ease, and probably feels so, as there are nine or ten sparrows gathered around him. As the snow and ice together had partly encased the trees with a hard coat, he was probably driven from his native haunt to seek his breakfast in the city.

How forlorn he looks, tossed this way and that by the wind, and continually menaced by the sparrows, who dart at him if he makes a move! Now he has changed his position and flown to a large cottonwood in the next yard, this time alighting in the usual way, square up against the bark of the trunk. He does not seem to find a single eatable and is soon off for foreign parts. I wondered what he had to be thankful for. But I need not think long; while he has his freedom, the food question will not trouble him much. If his supply be entirely shut off here, he has but to spread his wings before that north wind and be, in a few hours at the most, with his friends in warmer climes.

MARCH 30.—The wind blows chill this afternoon. Spring still holds aloof. She is not to be won in a day or a month. I think she will soon yield to old Sol's entreaties.

The tree-tops hold many tiny warblers to-day, representing the skirmish line of the great army that will soon follow. How silent are the woods, as if no great change were going on beneath the gray bark! Nature always prefers to work under cover, behind the screen, and reveal to our eyes the completed and perfect picture.

The day hangs fire, as yet uncertain whether to smile or cry.

The sky is a great blue harbor, receiving and sending forth a thousand ships every day. What a mighty traffic is carried on up there! Constant crossing and recrossing. Sometimes a cargo is spilled, and we here below reap the fruits. To-day being Sunday, the great white ships hove to and cast anchor. There they lie all along the horizon, a mighty squadron, motionless and silent, idly watching the progress of the drama below. Spectators now, but with a part to perform when next the curtain rises.

APRIL 6.—How uncertain are these April skies! The atmosphere is like a huge bucket filled to an even brim—the slightest jar and down falls the surface water.

These are days of intense feeling, when smiles and tears play tag across the deep, blue-vaulted eye. Nature hardly knows whether to be glad or sad over winter's riddance. How cool and refreshing are the evenings after such sunshine-shower days!

We, summing up the two forces of heat and cold at eventide, find the scales about equal, and rest in sweet enjoyment on the scale balance. The clouds look like gray brain matter; what twistings and contortions the mighty thoughts evoke in their evolution to distinct formation!

Our existence here is not one life, but made up of a thousand lives, each limited to a day. Evening is a suitable time for reflection. Men sit in their windows intent upon the fast waning day. Their eyes follow the sinking sun, till, ebbing lower and lower in the west, the great heart throbs its last, and another day is gathered to its fathers. But the mind's eye will follow on, conversing with the fancies and phantoms of the after glow. Night finds us still groping on the border of an impassable river.

April 10.—Spring is like the sunrise of the year. Summer flows along with the healthy current of middle life. Autumn, the golden old age, lingers, with hazy, thoughtful eye, over the fruits ripened from seed sown in early days, then slips silently away before the advancing winter.

* * * * * *

Why sit still and ask for miracles as the evidence of God? Wherein shall the God-Creator, the power behind the universe, be evident but in his works. Our words belie our belief. Wherefore doth man exist in himself! Let him exterminate life and rekindle the spark, or cut off a limb and supply its place, or put out an eye and reinstate sight. He that doubts his own power believes in a God.

Children are seeds sown in the soil, the upper crust. The first nourishment is the first root started downward into the earth. Yet, what were roots unless it be to supply the plant that is springing in the upper air? And of what avail is the earth-root unless its food supply be converted into nourishment for the soul? See, therefore, that your main tap-root, your life work, never loses connection with the upper air.

FALLING LEAVES.

Borne about by the winds, in the afternoon glory and sunshine,
Floating about in the haze, fly the dying leaves of the autumn,
Gorgeous and gay in their dresses, their garments of splendor and beauty.
Yellow, and red, and brown, the colors of nature's own choosing;
Yet, though sadly they fall, not idle and useless their falling,
Wrapping the earth in a mantle, a blanket of scarlet and crimson,
Heavy, and warm, and thick, protecting the seedlings and berries,
Keeping away the frost, and the icy crystals of winter;
Saving them safely and well, till the coming of spring and the sunshine
Rescues them from the dark, the darkness of winter's sad shadow;
Upward they spring and shine as joy, overturning our sorrows,
Lightens the dark and the gloom, and leaves us hopeful and happy.

George Archer Ferguson, '94.

When any one remains modest, not after praise, but after censure, then he is really so.

Every lie is a happy sign that there is still truth in the world.

Women who read prefaces and notes are of some significance.

Jean Paul Richter.

Man's life was made, not for men's creeds,
But men's actions.

Owen Meredith.

THE NUN.

The dim light falls upon her upturned face,
Which gleams white, spirit-like
As the carved crucifix of stone
She kneels before. The sweetness of the face
Of Christ reflects she in her own.

A yearning is there in her holy eyes;
God's love fills her pure heart,
His dear Son deeply she reveres,
Yet in her woman's soul an earthly love
Had grown, nurtured by hopeless tears.

So, as a child at night-fall, wearily
Turns from his broken toys
Which have made glad the sunny day,
She left the world, but twilight now for her,
And now she kneels to pray.

"O Father merciful, Thou knowest all
Thy children suffer here.
I thank thee I have learned to feel
The depth, the blessedness of human love.
Thy love divine to me reveal!"

GRACE SMITH, '90.

George Reisner ('85) entered Harvard College without conditions and maintained a very high rank throughout his course, gaining several scholarships through competitive examinations. He especially distinguished himself by his proficiency in Semitic languages. After his graduation, he was appointed an instructor, and, continuing his studies, took the degree of Ph. D. Two years ago, he won the highest fellowship in the gift of Harvard, the "Rogers Fellowship," which gave him the privilege of study abroad. He is pursuing his language studies in Berlin. He has in process of preparation an Assyrian grammar and a Phœnician dictionary. His wife, Mary Bronson ('88), is with him.

Lydia Blaich ('88) has the honor of being the first woman ever admitted to the great German Practice School in Pedagogy at Jena. This school, under the directorship of Dr. Rein, is the exponent of the educational principles of Herbart, and is the only school of its kind in the world. Miss Blaich is not permitted to attend the University lectures, but she is admitted to the practice school for the training of teachers, and, since she boards in the family of Dr. Rein, she receives the benefit of his lectures by reading his manuscripts. Miss Blaich was selected to receive the benefit of one of the Gregg scholarships because of her success as a teacher. The bequest of Mr. Gregg has enabled the Indianapolis School Board to take an entirely new step in educational methods, viz.: to send two teachers each year to study practical pedagogy wherever the best opportunities are afforded.

A goodly number of our graduates have adopted the profession of journalism; they are represented upon the staff of the principal Indianapolis dailies.

Henry Palmer ('89) is now attending Chicago University for the purpose of preparing himself for a journalist.

During the present year, some special honors have been taken at higher institutions. Lee Elam ('94) took one of the Armstrong prizes, given annually to members of the Freshman class at Amherst College, for excellence in English composition.

Max Bahr ('93) took the prize offered for the highest grade reached in the second year of the course at the Central College of Physicians and Surgeons, Indianapolis.

The prize for superior scholarship in Greek at Butler College was taken by Jessie Christian ('93).

ALUMNI RECORD.

TO EVERY loyal graduate it is a matter of much interest to discover the condition and whereabouts of the many who, with him, were wont to tread the thorny path of knowledge in our beloved High School. With this in view, an attempt has been made to secure a complete record of the Alumni for publication in this year's ANNUAL, but we have met with only partial success. From many of the classes we have heard nothing, and from others the report has given but meagre information. We thank those who have endeavored to answer our questions concerning their class, and hope that in next year's ANNUAL a more complete record may be given We publish the following report, not claiming that it is positively accurate, but believing it in the main to be true:

In the thirty-eight classes, dating from the year 1869 until the present time, 1,530 students have been graduated from the Indianapolis High School.

Class of '69. Membership, 5.

Class of '70. Membership, 10. The number having attended college, 1. The number of lawyers, 1; teachers, 1; in business, 3; deceased, 3; married, 7.

Class of '71. Membership, 13. The number of ministers, 1; teachers, 8; in business, 2; deceased, 1; married, 9.

Class of '72. Membership, 7. The number having attended college, 2; colleges represented, Indiana University and Michigan University. The number of teachers, 2; in other professions, 1; in business, 2; deceased, 2; married, 4.

Class of '73. Membership, 13. The number having attended college, 4; colleges represented, Ann Arbor, Wabash, Boston School of Oratory, and Glendale. The number of doctors, 1; teachers, 3; in other professions, 1; in business, 2; deceased, 1; married, 8.

Class of '74. Membership, 11. The num- having attended college, 1; college represented, Cornell University. The number of lawyers, 1; teachers, 2; deceased, 1; married, 6.

Class of '77. Membership, 25. The number having attended college, 7; colleges represented, Ann Arbor, Butler, Wabash. The number of lawyers, 5; teachers, 8; in business, 3; deceased, 4; married, 13.

Class of '78. Membership, 31. The number having attended college, 10; colleges represented, Butler, Wabash, Ann Arbor, Medical College of Indiana, West Point Military Academy. The number of lawyers, 2; doctors, 3; teachers, 12; in business, 8; deceased, 4; married, 11.

Class of '82. Membership, 70. The number having attended college, 4; colleges represented, Yale, Purdue, DePauw. The number of lawyers, 2; doctors, 2; teachers, 24; journalists, 1; in other professions, 2; in business, 16; deceased, 6; married, 33.

Class of '83. Membership, 41. The number having attended college, 3; colleges represented, Cornell and DePauw. The number of lawyers, 1; teachers, 12; in business, 4; deceased, 1; married, 13.

Class of June, '84. Membership, 46. The number having attended college, 5; colleges represented, Cornell, Butler and Vassar. The number of lawyers, 2; teachers, 8; journalists, 1; in other professions, 1; in business, 6; married, 6.

Class of January, '85. Membership, 12. The number having attended college, 1; college represented, Harvard. The number of teachers, 2; deceased, 1; married, 4.

Class of June, '85. Membership, 56 The number having attended college, 7; colleges represented, Vassar, Rose Polytechnic, DePauw. The number of teachers,

2; journalists, 1; in business, 4; deceased, 3; married, 10.

Class of January, '86. Membership, 26. The number having attended college, 1; college represented, Wabash. The number of lawyers, 1; teachers, 4; of other professions, 1; in business, 2; married, 7.

Class of June, '86. Membership, 50. The number having attended college, 3; colleges represented, Harvard, Vassar and DePauw. The number of lawyers, 3; teachers, 13; other professions, 1; in business, 2; deceased, 7; married, 11.

Class of February, '87. Membership, 26. The number having attended college, 3; colleges represented, Indiana University, Ann Arbor, Cornell. The number of lawyers, 1; teachers, 3; journalists, 1; other professions, 4; in business, 1; deceased, 1; married, 8.

Class of June, '87. Membership, 49. The number having attended college, 6; colleges represented, Butler, Indiana University, Bryn Mawr, DePauw. The number of lawyers, 1; teachers, 14; other professions, 2; in business, 4; deceased, 1; married, 9.

Class of February, '88. Membership, 26. The number having attended college, 5; colleges represented, Butler, DePauw. The number of doctors, 3; teachers, 9; in business, 3; deceased, 2; married, 4.

Class of June, '88. Membership, 58. The number having attended college, 16; colleges represented, Wabash, Indiana University, DePauw, Butler, Purdue, Glendale Seminary, Cornell, Smith, State Normal. The number of lawyers, 2; doctors, 1; teachers, 14; journalists, 1; in other professions, 1; in business, 15; deceased, 2; married, 12.

Class of February, '89. Membership, 30. The number having attended college, 2; colleges represented, Wabash and Cornell. The number having become lawyers, 1; doctors, 1; teachers, 6; in business, 6; deceased, 2; married, 3.

Class of June, '89. Membership, 52. The number having attended college, 6; colleges represented, Butler, Rose Polytechnic, Chicago University, University of Michigan, Indiana University, Wabash, Amherst. The number of doctors, 1; ministers, 1; teachers, 19; journalists, 2; other professions, 2; in business, 10; deceased, 3; married, 8.

Class of February, '90. Membership, 28. The number having attended college, 6; colleges represented, DePauw, Ann Arbor, Wabash, Smith, Indiana University. The number of lawyers, 1; doctors, 1; teachers, 9; in business, 7; married, 2.

Class of June, '90. Membership, 45. The number having attended college, 3; colleges represented, Wabash, DePauw and Indiana University. The number of teachers, 12; journalists, 1; in other professions, 1; in business, 13; deceased, 2; married, 4.

Class of February, '91. Membership, 51. The number having attended college, 4; colleges represented, Vassar, Oberlin, Indiana University. The number of teachers, 2; in other professions, 1; in business, 11; deceased, 1; married, 5.

Class of June, '91. Membership, 65. The number having attended college, 7; colleges represented, Butler, Yale, Indiana University, DePauw, Leland Stanford. The number of lawyers, 1; teachers, 13; in other professions, 1; in business, 5; deceased, 2; married, 5.

Class of February, '92. Membership, 38. The number of teachers, 5; in other professions, 1; in business, 6; married, 9.

Class of June, '92. Membership, 49. The number having attended college, 7; colleges represented, Purdue, Butler, Vassar,

DePauw, Leland Stanford, Ann Arbor. The number of teachers, 7; doctors, 1; in business, 7; deceased, 1; married, 1.

Class of February, '93. Membership, 45. The number having attended college, 3: colleges represented, DePauw, Butler, Ann Arbor. The number of lawyers, 2; doctors, 2; teachers, 11; in business, 10; deceased, 1; married, 6.

Class of June, '93. Membership, 84. The number having attended college, 10; colleges represented, Butler, Vassar, Purdue, Indiana University, Medical College of Indiana. The number of doctors, 2; teachers, 11; in business, 8; married, 3.

Class of February, '94. Membership, 50. The number having attended college, 12; colleges represented, Howard Seminary, DePauw, Butler, Boston School of Technology, Chicago University, Franklin, Wabash, Indiana University, Ann Arbor, La Salle. The number of lawyers, 1; teachers, 17; musicians, 2; in business, 8.

Class of June, '94. Membership, 74. The number having attended college, 12; colleges represented, Wabash, Indiana University, Amherst, DePauw, Butler, Franklin, Columbia, Oxford. The number of lawyers, 1; doctors, 1; teachers, 10; in business, 7.

Class of February, '95. Membership, 43. The number in business, 3.

THE Association of High School Graduates will hold its annual reunion in High School Hall, on the evening of June 14. An hour will be spent in recalling past experiences and in forecasting the happy future. After the conclusion of the special programme, the remainder of the evening will be devoted to social refreshment. It is hoped that this eighth meeting of the Association will be attended by a large proportion of the fifteen hundred graduates.

DEFINITIONS OF A GENTLEMAN.

HIGH erected thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

BUT he
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seemed to be,

But seemed the thing he was, and joined
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind;

Nor ever narrowness or spite
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye
Where God and Nature met in light;

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use.

TENNYSON.

THERE is a small but ancient fraternity in the world known as the Order of Gentlemen. It is a grand old order. A poet has said that Christ founded it; that "He was the first true gentleman that ever lived."

The formulas of this order are not edited; its passwords are not syllabled; its uniform was never pictured in a fashion-plate, or so described that a snob could go to his tailor and say, "Make me the habit of a gentleman." But the brothers know each other unerringly whenever they meet; be they of the inner shrine, gentlemen in heart and life; be they of the outer court, gentlemen in feeling and demeanor.

No disguise delays this recognition. No strangeness of place and circumstance prevents it. The men meet. The magnetism passes between them. All is said without words. Gentlemen know gentlemen by what we name instinct. But observe that this thing, instinct, is character in its finest, keenest, largest and most concentrated action. It is the spirit's touch.

THEODORE WINTHROP.

FEBRUARY CLASS OF '95.

COLORS: Old rose and white.
MOTTO: Love Virtue; She Alone is Free.

MEMBERS.

HIGH SCHOOL No. 1.

Clara Adair,
Isadora Bartholomew,
Izora Brooks,
Lida Cornwall,
Bertie Cromer,
Amelia DeMotte,
Laura Dewald,
Katherine Godown,
Frank W. Heiskell,
Edna Heller,
Ralph H. Helm,
Evangeline B. Hutchinson,
Anna B. Jones,
Hettie P. Joslin,
Emilie L. Kipp,
Mary De F. Marsee,
Emy Martin,
Elizabeth I. Miller,
Nellie Moore,
Glenn Morgan,
Mattie Myers,
Edna G. Nowland,
Nora M. O'Harrow,
Eleanor Porter,
George I. Reeves,
Kate P. Smith,
Jessie Snyder,
June Southern,
Stella E. Sullivan,
Helen Todd,
Clara Twiname,
Bertha L. Walker,
Clara Wells,
Nellie Whitson,
Minnie Williams.

HIGH SCHOOL No. 2.

Joshua Binkley,
Mary E. Colter,
Myrta Hobart
Linda H. Jose,
Winfield S. Lanfersick,
James H. Manion,
Catherine A. Pearce,
Effie L. Reed,
Lena B. Sloan.

CLASS SONG.

"LOVE VIRTUE, SHE ALONE IS FREE."

"We enter now upon a strife,
That ends alone with close of life;
But while we struggle on our way,
When dark'ning night shuts out the light of day,
On threat'ning clouds these words we see,
'Love virtue, she alone is free.'

"Aye, virtue, follow thee we will,
Will honor, love, obey thee still.
No swamp-fire's fatal gleam will lure
Us from thy side, where all is pure.
These words our inspiration be—
'Love virtue, she alone is free.'"

BERTIE M. CROMER, Feb., '95.

JUNE CLASS OF '95.

COLORS: Purple and white.
MOTTO: Self-Conquest is True Victory.

MEMBERS.

Edwin Andrews,
Anna Armbruster,
Ralph Belcher,
Edna Bell,
Mabel Hood,
Hattie Hosmer,
Josephine Iliff,
Brodie Jenkins,
Susie Brown,
Frost Buchtel,
Josephine Canfield,
Roger Capen,
Fay Chandler,
Henry Churchman,
Robert Churchman,
Susie Clarke,
Agnes Cox,
Alwin Craft,
Myra Daggett,
Jessie Dalrymple,
Mary Darrow,
Newton Dashiell,
Thomas David,
Mary Davis,
Mary Deputy,
Fred. Dickson,
Flora Drake,
Minnie Elbert,
Ella Emerson,
Leeper English,
Eva Erzinger,
Beulah Evans,
Edward Findling,
Maria Foster,
Ida Foudray,
Lelia Furnas,
Kate Goldrick,
Lucy Hadley,
Wm. Hall,
Turner Harrison,
Raymond Haskell,
Daisy Hendrix,
Parker Hitt,
Charlotte Holland,
Alex. Holliday,
Estella Hollingsworth,
James Judson,
Charlotte Ketcham,
Flora Ketcham,
Addie Kiler,
Daisy Kingsbury,
Allan Laurie,
Frieda Lipman,
Clara Ludorf,
Paul Mavity,
Mary Mayhugh,
Clara Mays,
Bertha McGuffin,
Will McMaster,
Mary Meek,
Elsie Meier,
Tryphena Mitchell,
Isabella Nichols,
Paul Paver,
Ada Peehl,
Esther Pickerill,
Anna Rahe,
Arthur Randall,
Ernest Rinehart,
Anna Rodney,
Will Rondthaler,
Otto Rudy,
Gertrude Schofield,
Mary Schofield,
Imogene Shaw,
Lenora Smith,
Lulu Stumph,
Gertrude Taggart,
Lillian Taggart,
Anna Tingle,
Mera Tousey,
Caroline Townsend,
Georgia Trueblood,
Dow Vorhies.

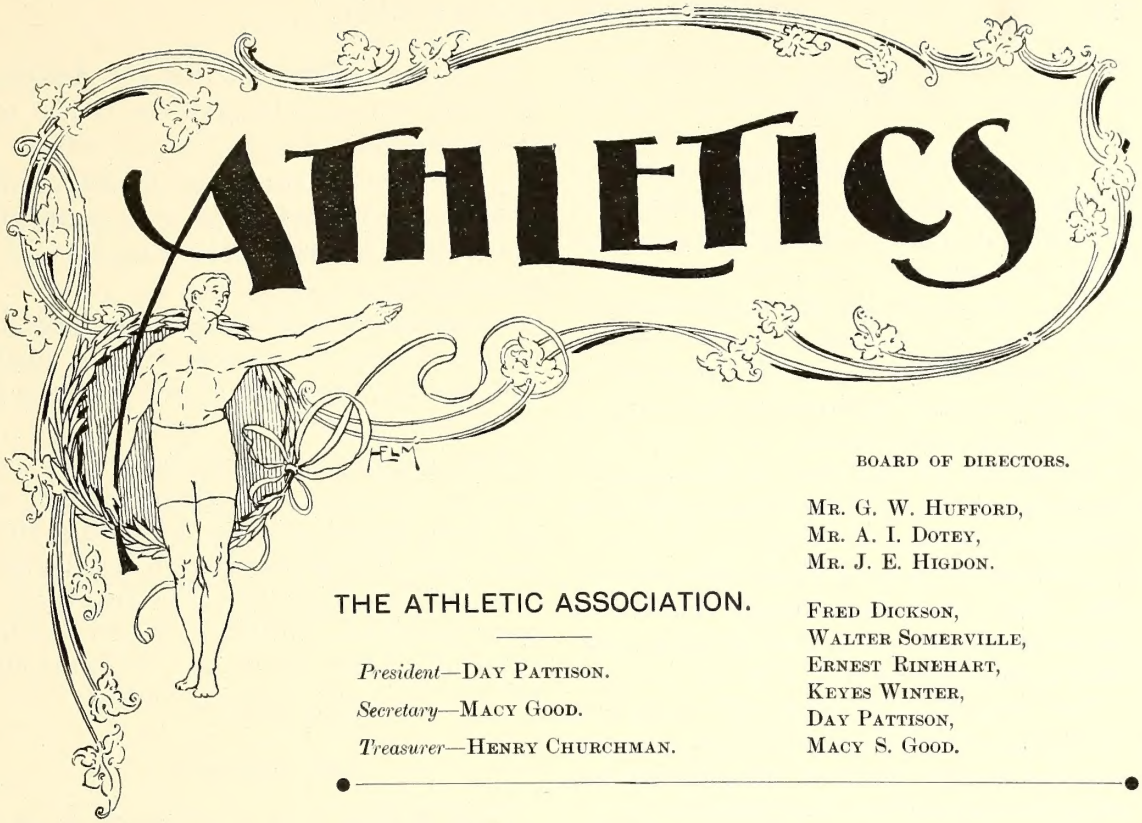
CLASS SONG.

From our lives the dawn is gliding
Into bright and serene day,
Golden sunshine floods the pathway,
Where once gloomy shadows lay.
Sweet have been the hours of study,
When before us one by one,
Clouds of darkness turned to dewdrops,
Glittering in the rising sun.

Though we go from our school duties,
Wheresoever we may rove,
We shall be in life's great class-room,
To be fitted for above.
Truth shall be our loving teacher,
Faith, the power by which we win,
Hope, the star that points us onward,
Righteousness, our shield from sin.

Never shall the truths imparted,
From our memories fade away,
But will ever lead us onward,
In the straight and narrow way.
Trusting Him who watches o'er us,
Fear shall not our portion be;
Nor shall we forget our motto,
"Self-conquest is true victory."

—BERTHA MCGUFFIN, June, '95.



BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Mr. G. W. Hufford,
Mr. A. I. Dotey,
Mr. J. E. Higdon.

Fred Dickson,
Walter Somerville,
Ernest Rinehart,
Keyes Winter,
Day Pattison,
Macy S. Good.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President—Day Pattison.

Secretary—Macy Good.

Treasurer—Henry Churchman.

THE Athletic Association, after hibernating since the close of the foot-ball season last fall, has reorganized with renewed vigor, and, though several of the old and hard workers of the organization have ended their school days since our last field-day, a good number still remain, and many new ones have been added to the lists.

This increase in numbers is due to the successful field-meet of last year, which was not only a success in the way of events and records, but financially, which is an important matter. Many who hesitated last year to enter the list of events will undoubtedly do so this year. And it is well that they should, for the more that take part in an event, the better it will be as an event and to the spectators.

The students of the Industrial School have been invited to take part in the field-day events this year, and it is hoped that they will make a good showing and increase the interest in athletics in their school. It was discussed whether to have Butler join us in the field-day, but the majority thought the Butler students would out-class us and carry off the greater part of the prizes, so the question was dropped.

Another question which has received much attention is that of a gymnasium. It was hoped, at the time of the writing of the last Annual, that this June would see a gymnasium begun, at least; but, alas! our hopes were in vain. The many advantages of a gymnasium are so self-evident that it would be waste of time and space to state them. Either the School Board has not heard our plea, or has turned a deaf ear to it. We hope that they will soon fit up a gymnasium for us, and thus better the physical condition of our students as well as their mental faculties.

R. H.

NOTES.

THE ASSOCIATION.

The A. A. has 125 active members.

Field day, June 1. Everybody go to the Fair Grounds.

Macy Good is the all round business man of the Association.

WANTED—A collector. He must be a second Corbett. Address the Secretary of the Athletic Association.

QUESTION—The members of the Association wish to know if ex-Pres. Jelleff ever *did* pay up his dues?

ANSWER—It is not a known fact that he did, but when questioned, Mr. Jelleff answered, with a Rip Van Winkle look, that he thought he had.

The craze for athletics is still abroad in the land, and it is hoped that, when we get our gymnasium, many of the girls will become members of the Association.

Have you ever visited the attic of the school? It runs the entire length of the building, and though uncouth in appearance, because of its beams and rafters, one end could easily, and with small expense, be made into a pleasant and suitable gymnasium until a better one is secured. The lack of a gymnasium and a physical director are sadly felt, and it is much credit to the boys that they did so well last field-day. Let it be hoped that by June, '96, such accommodations will be had.

FIELD DAY.

Watch the former records go to pieces.

Prizes from the merchants of the city have been solicited and received for each event.

All we want now is such a day as caused Lowell to write, "And what is so rare as a day in June?"

It is greatly regretted that the ANNUAL is issued too early to give the results of the field-meet.

All the records made last field-day will undoubtedly be broken this year, although the facilities for training have not been improved any.

Evidently royal field-days were held in ancient Egypt, for history tells us that Rameses II "broke the records" of many of his predecessors.

The programme for field day will be the same as last year, with the exception of the three-legged race, for which the 440-yard dash will be introduced, and the addition of the pole-vault. The tennis contests will also be omitted, as the interest in tennis is rather slack, and the grounds have not been put in playing order.

SOME FORECASTS.

Paul Mavity is a sure winner in the high-jumps and pole-vault. Paul is pretty high himself.

Harry Conduitt, Tom David, and Alex Craig expect to do some fast work on the wheel. Surely there is an amateur Zimmerman among them.

Frank Baker, Walter Somerville and Clarence —— are looked upon as wonders in the way of sprinters. Honors will be evenly divided among these three

In the long distance running, Keyes Winter will make a great hit.

Robert Hobbs will surely win the one-mile walk.

Frost Buchtel and Adolph Schleicher will be the shot putters and hammer-throwers.

As to who will be the all-round champion it is hard to say, as "dark horses" are numerous.

CYCLING.

Still the cycling club has not been organized.

More room and better accommodations are needed for the wheels at High School.

There are fifty or sixty bicyclers in the association, several of whom are very speedy.

Our A. A. expects to win the State championship.—L. A. W.

With the light wheels this year, many good records should be made.

The bicycle races are one of the most interesting features of the field-day events, and as many as possible should enter.

BASE BALL.

THE CLUB.

O. Queisser, c.	Pattison, 2 b.
F. Queisser, p.	Martin, 3 b.
Rinehart, ss.	Camp, l. f.
Somerville or Pennington, 1 b.	Brunson, c. f.
	Baker, r. f.

NOTES.

Our base ball team is a howling success for the first season.

Ernest Rinehart, as captain, plays a fine game in shortstop.

When the ball gets past Long Somerville on first, the game will surely be lost, as he is a sure catch.

Martin, the colored third baseman, is the pride of the team.

The "Queisser" battery has a wide reputation. Snake curves are their favorites.

"Hazel" Pattison manages to hold second base in good style.

Fred. Dickson, who fills the place of manager, has had phenomenal success and is becoming known as a base ball magnate.

We wish the boys all success, and hope they will do as well as the foot ball team of last season.

While there was plenty of enthusiasm manifested at the beginning of this season, worthy applicants for positions on the base ball team were scarce, yet steady, earnest practice has worked wonders. Of last year's team, only six players were in school. Four of these, however, showed themselves in good condition. After some trouble, the team was selected. O. Queisser is an excellent catcher and good batter. He is large and has no trouble in throwing to bases. F. Queisser is a reliable pitcher and a good batter. The two make a fine battery. First base gave some trouble. Somerville was well fitted for the place, but lacked the experience of Pennington. Pattison filled second well and bats finely. More practice would develop him into a star in-fielder. His base running is good. Martin is a splendid third baseman. Though he is an out-fielder, earnest work has developed him into a splendid infielder. He throws and bats extremely well. Camp covers left field and bats fairly well and opportunely. He is a good change catcher. Brunson holds center pretty well and bats finely. He pitches well, though young, and is a very promising player. Baker plays right field well for so hard a position, yet his good batting and earnest work win him a place on the team.

Looking over the previous teams, I think we have the most evenly balanced team since I have played. It was better organized than '92 and was picked from more players. In '93 I had the most good players at hand, but I was younger and green at captaining a school ball team, consequently we played a brilliant erratic game, weak at certain positions and lacking team work. In '94 base ball died out after

two games were played This year we have been unfortunate in the games; however, we have shown up well in our hardest games. The fielding is more certain and the old reputation of batting has been augmented. High School need not be ashamed of the team of '95.

BOB RINEHART,
Captain.

FOOT BALL.

THE TEAM.

Harvey Moore, c.	John Sickler, l. e.
Ira Foxworthy, r. g.	Will Hall, q. b.
Adolph Schleicher, l. g.	Keyes Winter, r. h. b.
Stetson Parker, r. t.	Ed. Holliday, l. h. b.
Macy Good, l. t.	Ernest Rinehart, f. b.

Stewart Dean, r. e.

Among the substitutes were: Walter Somerville, Jim Jordan, Chas. Kettenbach, Frost Buchtel, and Owen Mothershead

NOTES.

The foot ball season was a very successful one, six games being played, only one of which was lost. I. H. S. scored 116 points to 4 against them.

A finer team was never placed in the field by a High School.

I. H. S. now claims the interscholastic championship of the State.

Keyes Winter and "Bill" Hall were the star runners of the team.

Parker and Foxworthy were two individuals who could be depended upon to "buck the line" for a good gain.

"Bob" Rinehart, the full back, made a fine record at kicking goal, only failing to kick one goal during the entire season.

When "Baby" Moore, managed to get down, there was bound to be an opening.

The only "kick" against "Stew" Dean was his mustache, as several players were injured by coming in contact with that member.

The only complaint the team have to make from the season's play was the dinner they received at Anderson. Foot-ball players are trained to stand rough usage, but surely this was too much We warn the base-ball team to be on the lookout, for we hear they have a game booked in that city.

THE UNFORESEEN—A LITTLE OF IT.

I HAD only just returned from my ten years of residence in London. It was a dinner party at the Smithers', and after a pleasant chat with my neighbor on the left, I thought I might find the quiet and serenely dressed friend to the right, interesting. She had a sweet and strong face, with large, gentle, brown eyes, and the face looked very familiar. I felt that sometime in my past life this little woman and myself must have met. I could not resist inquiring the name, and who should it prove to be but my old schoolmate and the star of our class, Bertha Walker? Of course we fell to talking of old times and school days. The commencement exercises, now nearly twenty years ago, seemed but yesterday, as we talked of the girls' gowns; and, by the way, how quaint those huge sleeves would look to-day among our close-fitting ones! And what of Kate Smith and Amelia De Motte? I asked. Imagine my surprise on hearing that Miss De Motte was in a short time, to lead Mr. George Reeves as a third victim to the matrimonial altar. Kate Smith is now Miss Smith, the president of a "Home for Maiden Ladies." Several of our schoolmates reside with her, among whom I particularly remember Edna Heller, Nellie Whitson, Laura Dewald, and Elizabeth Miller. They have a beautiful home and the motto which confronts you on entering is, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

Is it not strange how diverse the paths of school-mates tend? Emy Martin and Anna B. Jones have gone as missionaries to China, and our own dear brother, Glenn Morgan, has borne all the hardships which befall a minister of the Seventh-Day Adventists' Church. As I listened to Bertha's accounts, I felt very proud to think that I was a member of the February class of '95. She told of Isadora Bartholomew and her career as one of the leading electricians of the day; of Bertie Cromer, whose poetical works, if not famous, will ever be cherished by her friends; of Mattie Myers, whose sweet voice and charming personality have for two years held the New York audiences. Kathryn Godown and Lida Cornwall have put aside this frivolous world, and may be seen any day in the streets of Indianapolis, passing from door to door, their sweet faces peering out from beneath the solemn black and white bonnets.

Did you ever think that a simple essay on aerial navigation and a little flying with the coat-tails might produce a great traveler of the ethereal regions? It was but yesterday that I read of the extended trip to be made by the noted Mr. Helm and his perfected flying machine. It is said he has made quite a fortune, and the railroads in the western country are rapidly breaking up.

Miss Snyder is quite an artist, portraits being her specialty, and you certainly have long ere now, heard of the popular tragedies by Nellie Moore.

With the exception of Frank Heiskell, who is now a Senator from Indiana, you have heard concerning all whom I have been able to trace.

The question which I had refrained from asking until then was concerning Miss Walker herself. In her quiet, modest way she told me of her work during the past years of struggle for the rights of women. I have learned since our interview that she traveled the country over speaking indoors and out, and was one of the chief factors in bringing about the enfranchisement of women.

I must again say I feel exceedingly proud of our class, which was ever with Mrs. Hufford, not quantity but quality.

HELENE.

PROPHECY OF JUNE CLASS, 1895.

WE, the members of the June Class of 1895, of the Indianapolis High School, on this 11th day of June, 1895, being the day of our Commencement, do hereby determine that on this day, fifteen years hence, all members of this class, wherever they may be, shall write an account of their chosen avocation and success in life, and mail the same to the Corresponding Secretary of the Committee, which has this day been appointed by the Class to receive such communications.

These communications shall be read before all surviving members of the Class met together for this purpose at Indianapolis on June 11th, 1910.

MRS. HUFFORD, Chairman,
SUSIE CLARK, Cor. Sec.,
PARKER HITT,
FROST BUCHTEL,
Committee.

DENISON HOUSE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., June 11th, 1910.

Last night this committee met as agreed, and read the following communications:

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 10, 1910.

My Dear Miss Clark:

By an agreement of years past, I now send to you this communication. I regret very much that I shall not be with you on this very enjoyable occasion.

The world has gone well with me and mine, and now, thanks to the ruling of the recent Legislature in lowering the requisite age of President, I am running as a candidate for the highest office in the United States. Word is received from all parts of the country that my chances are excellent.

Hoping that I have the good will of the class, I am, as always, the well wisher of the June class of 1895.

FROST BUCHTEL.

Win. Craft has for several years been studying in Paris, and he now has an excellent French accent.

Mary Davis has been elected president of Sorosis, and is chin deep in different women's clubs.

Fred. Dickson, in his excessive interest in science, has started an association, which in time is expected to rival the Agassiz in importance.

Frieda Lipman has gained the top round of her ladder of ambition. She has grown so tall that she can now look down on all her associates.

Ralph Belcher has killed himself with too early rising. He always rose before four "to swinke with his handes and laboure."

Ida Foudray and Sue Brown are touring through Europe. All the Old Country is in a furore over their technique and manipulation of the piano-forte.

Gertrude Taggart graduated with the highest honors at Bryn Mawr, the most accomplished young woman who has ever taken the course there. She and her sister are now the proprietors of the most noted embroidery emporium in the United States, with headquarters in New York.

Thomas McGee and Ernest Rinehart are rival representatives for the speakership of of the House.

Harriet Hosmer has succeeded beyond all anticipations; she bids fair to excel her illustrious predecessor.

Fay Chandler is president of the Boston School of Technology.

Mera Tousey has collected so many brass buttons of various shapes and sizes that she has been compelled to hire a safety vault with a constant guard of twenty watchmen. She spends her entire time in this lucrative profession.

Otto Rudy is another Paganini.

Kate Goldrick and Tryphena Mitchell are now the leading Greek instructors in America.

Maria Foster is Mother Superior of St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore.

Parker Hitt is all the rage as a magazine illustrator.

Annie Rodney is mayor of San Francisco.

Roger Capen has become famous by translating comic papers into Greek for class exercises in our schools.

William Rondthaler has furnished collections of pipes to every young woman in Indianapolis for years. Each thinks she has the largest and most complete collection possible.

Susie Clark's husband is editor of the New York World. It is said she is a very material assistance to him in his editorials.

Mabel Hood's oldest young hopeful is following in her mother's footsteps. Miss Rankin may thank her stars that she has not "to teach that young idea how to shoot."

Ola Smith's husband is a second Ward McAllister; she, herself, is much more of a society star than her forerunner.

Miss Belle Nichols, now residing in Paris, is the reigning belle of that metropolis. The fame of her beauty and brilliancy has spread over all the civilized world and has brought admirers from the four corners of the globe. Her husband, however, still holds the first place in her affections.

Mary Deputy is the champion bareback rider of the world. Between seasons, she imports debutantes from the "four hundred" to her ranch out west and teaches them the most approved style of horsemanship. Her friends always predicted something from her inordinate love of that pastime.

Will Hall and a certain young woman have purchased a West India Island ; there

"They live on pigeon pies,
While he feasts his loving eyes
On the darling little dimple in her thumb."

FLORA MACDONALD KETCHAM, '95.

Wealth and dominion fade into the mass
Of the great sea of human right and wrong,
When once from our possession they must pass,
But love, though misdirected, is among
The things which are immortal, and surpass
All that frail stuff which will be or which was.

SHELLEY.

IF ONE ONLY KNEW.

How Keyes Winter underrates the ability of girls.

How the wrong solution can bring the correct answer in Miss ——'s class.

How to improve the passing minutes (of '96).

That out of the cares and troubles of school we always *macy good* come.

That even "likes" are sometimes *tired* and *out of breath.*

What *height* and *breadth* of learning our High School can boast.

With what speed our athletics can run, especially into debt.

How many of us will support ourselves on literature—by selling our old school books.

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This is merely to remind you that he has been established in Indianapolis 5½ years. Just long enough to be "in touch" with the wants of the trade, and not long enough to have a house full of old and shelf-worn goods, like some of the "ancients." Specialties in books, stationery and engraving. High School trade especially solicited.

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Printer, Lithographer & Stationer.

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HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL 1896

Indianapolis

H. McKay.

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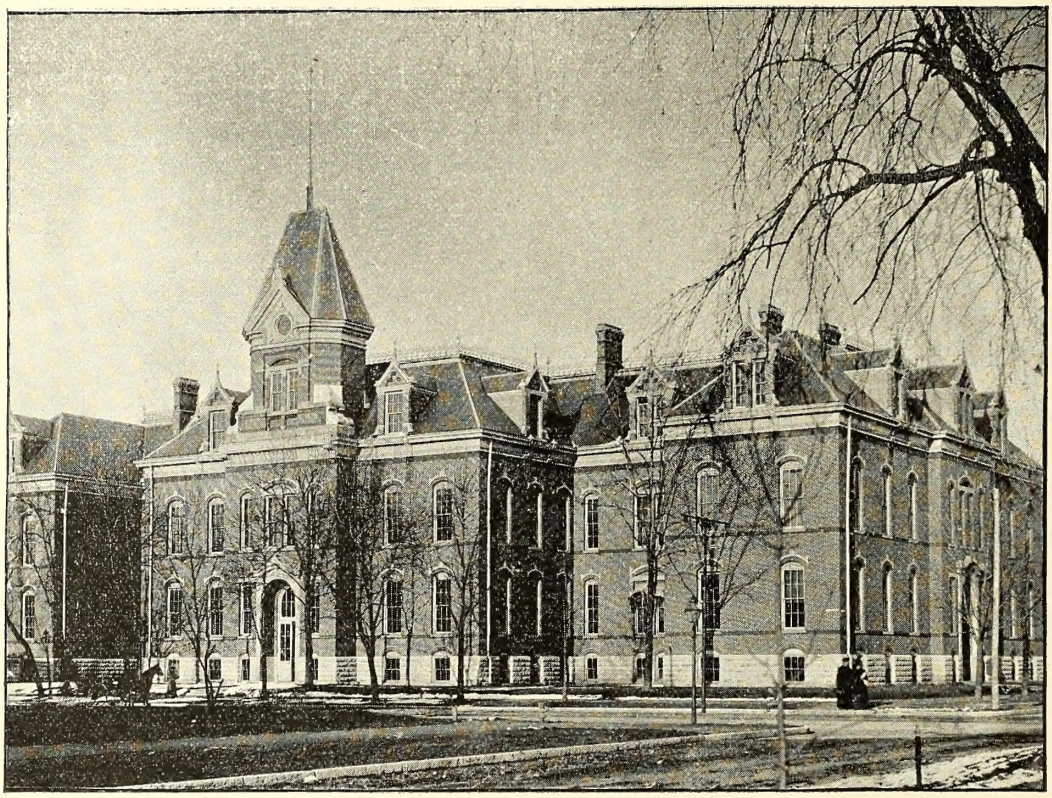

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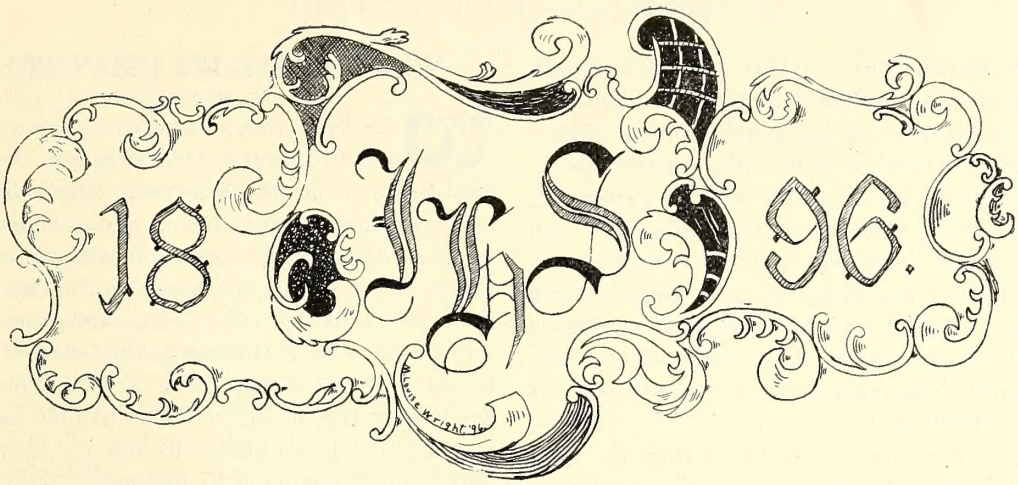

THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more."

Vol. I. No. 3. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA. June, 1896.

I. H. S.

ONE of the most familiar symbols of religion, and one which has been a hope and inspiration to followers of Christ for hundreds of years, is embodied in the letters I. H. S. The original Latin phrase is "Iesus hominum salvator," meaning "Jesus Savior of mankind." The similarity of the initials of our Indianapolis High School to these sacred letters is very significant, and the thought of this fact adds an entirely different aspect to their meaning.

Does our high school merit her title of I. H. S., interpreted in this, its true light? Truly, she does to a certain degree, if we consider all the ennobling influences emanating from knowledge acquired, and the benefit of daily association with persons of refinement and cultured character. Yet, how infinite are her possibilities!

The school has power to exert a wonderful influence upon humanity, linked as it is to the world with innumerable living chains which carry the current of thought away from its walls to be either of benefit or injury to mankind. Which? That depends entirely upon the influences exerted each day within the school.

The atmosphere of school life should be pervaded with the spiritual as well as the intellectual elements. Unless with intellectual development there is the corresponding progress morally, knowledge does more harm than good. Does not our high school elevate her boys and girls to higher planes of thought and sentiment, arousing in them lofty wishes to be men and women whose lives shall reflect in noble thoughts and deeds their early training in the school-room? She surely does, and it is for us students to decide whether we will respond to these worthy impulses or not. The four years in our high school course cover a period during which the character of the pupil is being most rapidly moulded, and it is during this time, that the solid foundation of noble manhood and womanhood can be laid.

There is too often an invisible barrier between teacher and pupil that shuts away the feeling of sympathy that ought to exist be-

tween them. The teachers should not only feel a personal interest in every student, but they ought to make the pupil feel it. There should be a bond of friendship between them. To have a friend in one of broader experience than yourself, one whom you know you can trust, whose judgment you can rely on, is to have one of the sweetest gifts that life can bring. "To be a friend is to have a solemn and tender education of soul from day to day. A friend gives confidence for life—makes us outdo ourselves."

The foundation of true education is based on Christian principles. It is only the reflection of Christianity throughout the school that has made it what it is. All its influences for good can be traced to Christianity for their source. Look into the world of to-day. Do you find civilization and intelligence anywhere but in those localities where Christianity has preceded them? No heathen land has become civilized without the aid of the Christian religion. Whether our school exerts an influence for good depends upon the degree of spirituality manifest not alone in the school-room, but in the students' every-day relations with the outside world.

What great possibilities there are for each one of us!—what possibilities for good! Why not try to make this world a little better, because each one of us has lived in it? It must be a glorious thing to be an individual in this great world, not merely a small fraction of a huge mass—a useless part that is to-day, and to-morrow is not, whose absence or presence no one marks.

If there is any feeling of patriotism in our hearts towards this, our own institution of learning, any love for "Alma Mater" there, then one of the strongest wishes of every one us should be to make our school deserve her title of I. H. S. And when school days are past, this emblem should still be an inspiration to us in every path of duty—an ever-beaming light leading us on with rays of truth.

FLORENCE GALLUP ATKINS, '96.

WHAT SHALL MY ESSAY BE?

WAS there ever a graduate who never asked himself this question a hundred times or more? Was there ever a family unfortunate enough to have a Senior among its members that was not tormented with this question,—What shall my essay be? This has haunted me like an evil spirit, and day and night I have set it ringing in the ears of my friends. It is not that there are no subjects worthy of treatment, but the trouble lies in the fact that I am unable to find one to which I feel myself particularly adapted.

My first attempt was a poem. Yes, I actually thought the Muse had bestowed this gift upon me, and so I wrote some verses which I had the audacity to call a "poem." The subject was, "Lines Suggested upon Reading Thanatopsis." In this, I called Bryant "Child of Nature" (such an appropriate name I thought), and then I explained how

Sol, king of the morning, opened wide
The gates of heaven; Aurora, blushing
Daughter of the Dawn, spread wide her airy wings,
And brought him messages from the blue sky;
Even the purling brook told him of the
River to which it daily danced its way;
Told how it sparkled in the sun, and how
At eventide, Diana, with her robe
Of silvery light, came tripping with her maids,
The stars, to gaze therein. And when they saw
The splendor of their glowing train, they closed
Their eyes against the dazzling sight, but soon
Would take another look, then close their eyes
Again, until the skies seem studded with
A hundred thousand sparkling, trembling gems.

No doubt I should have continued this "poem" until I had made use of almost all the mythological names I had ever heard; (for some reason I imagined that such would be poetic.) But alas! "the best laid plans of mice and men gang oft agley." One day, I was horrified to hear my teacher say that, in the early period of English literature, mythological allusions were commonly used by the leading poets, but that it was not considered "good form" by the poets of to-day. For

once in my life, I was grieved to think that I lived in the nineteenth century. There was my "poem" filled to over-flowing with names of gods and goddesses. It was hard to see my bright dream fade away; but such is life, and I decided to write a story. I couldn't help imagining that I was gifted in some way (just how I didn't know) and I didn't desire to be one of those flowers,

"Born to blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air,"

so I wrote my story. The name of my wonderful production was "Florence's Christmas," and although I was greatly pleased with my own effort, I must have seen its weaknesses, for I never gained courage enough to show that story to the teacher whose duty it was to examine our graduating essays.

Thus it was that my story, as far as the world is concerned, "dropped into oblivion;" and with renewed courage and faint hope, I attempted a historical essay—"The Better Side of Nero." Of course, the first thing I did was to go to the library for references. Upon my asking in what book I should be most likely to find something on the "Better Side of Nero," the lady addressed gave me a queer little smile and asked, "Better Side of Nero?" "Yes, if you please," I answered. She rubbed her hand over her forehead twice, repeating softly to herself, "Better Side of Nero —Better Side of Nero." Then after some fifteen minutes' diligent search through books of reference, I was handed a slip containing three numbers. These books I obtained; went home, and immediately went to work on my third attempt at writing my essay.

"Nero came to the throne at the age of seventeen. At first he was modest and docile, making many good promises and refusing to accept bribes. He was never severe with his subjects except in the case of very notorious crimes, and once, when asked to affix his signature to a writ of execution, he exclaimed, "How I wish I did not know how to write!" Nero was very talented and wrote some beautiful and powerful verses in Latin. He was very fond of music, poetry, dancing, and painting. It is difficult to believe that a youth possessing such rare talents and of such a promising nature could become so corrupt. But it is true, however, that, as he grew older, he became cruel, heartless, and shameless. The cause of this change is laid at the door of his tutor."

Right at this point, my composition was brought to an untimely end by the entrance of a friend who said, "She didn't like the subject very well, and it was a difficult one, too." (The latter reason was the cause of its sudden death.)

Then I made plans for "The Wheeling World," "Adventures of a Pin," "The People we Meet," and "Trials of a School-girl," and, finding myself unable to treat any of these subjects in a creditable manner, I thought perhaps I did not know the definition of the word *essay;* so I looked for it in the dictionary, and found for its synonyms such words as *trial, attempt, endeavor,* etc. "Surely," I said to myself, "I have done my duty; I have made several trials, countless attempts, and am still endeavoring, and yet I have completed nothing,

Then an idea occurred to me—(Is it strange that such fruitless attempts should bring serious thoughts to my weary mind?)—Life is full of trials, attempts, and endeavors; therefore life is an essay; and I decided to let my past be the introduction, the future its discussion, and death its conclusion; and since the great curtain of Uncertainty hides from view the unknown future, I still must ask, "What Shall my Essay Be?"

EDNA HORWITZ, '96.

A NEW VERSION OF CHAUCER'S.

PARDONER'S TALE.

"Radix Malorum Est Cupiditas."

Three roisterers sat down to drink before a tavern door;
They heard the sad-voiced, clanking bell that goes a corpse before;
"Haste thee, my boy," cried one, "and see whom Fate hath stricken sore.

"Sir," said the serving lad, "this man thy comrade was of old;
Last night, as he sat drinking wine, came Death, a traitor bold,
A silent-footed, stealthy thief, and laid him stiff and cold.

"This Death is mighty; he hath slain full many in this land;
The mightest monarch of the earth his power can not withstand,
Be ready for him ere he lays on thee his heavy hand."

"Yea," cried the host, "the lad is right; of late in yonder town,
Full many people have by this same Death been stricken down;
Noble and serf alike all fall before his powerful frown."

Out spake one of the three: "My comrades, let us make a vow
That we will slay this villain Death, who ill hath done enow;
He should be slain who hath destroyed so many men, I trow."

They swore the oath, they plighted troth, and straightway forth they went,
And soon, upon their way, they met an old man, gray and bent,
Feeble and poor; his scanty cloak in beggar's rags was rent.

"God save ye, sirs," he gently said; but scoffingly they cried,
"Tell us, thou churl, why art thou here? thou shouldst long since have died;
Why art thou then so gray and old and weak?" The old man sighed.

"No man is there who will exchange his youth for my gray head;
Death hath refused my life, nor can the grave e'er be my bed;
Weary and worn I wander wide, and wish that I were dead.

"Why do ye speak so harshly, sirs? I did no evil say,
'Do as thou wouldst have done to thee' should rule ye every day;
But I bear nought against ye, sirs; farewell, I go my way."

"Nay, nay, old carl, thou shall not so depart!" they roughly cried.
"Thou said'st but now somewhat of Death; tell us, where doth he hide?"
"Follow the crooked path to yonder oak; there he doth bide."

"There will he wait for ye to come, nor will he hide away;
And God, who ordereth Death and Life, preserve ye, sirs, this day."
Eager they run the winding road, nor for a moment stay.

And there, beneath the rugged oak, knotted and gnarled and old,
They found no grisly, fearful thing, no warrior stern and bold,
But pile on pile of rounded coin, of gleaming, glittering gold.

O then they thought no more of Death, nor of the oath they swore;
Joyous, they sat them down beside the precious golden store,
And wondered long; of so great wealth they ne'er had dreamed before.

At length spake one: "This treasure, friends, must not be borne away
Before suspicious eyes of men, nor in the light of day;
Here in this grove, till dead of night, we must for safety stay.

"Now here, to guard this noble store shall two of us abide;
The third shall hie him to the town, and food and wine provide;
And which of us shall do this thing, let us by lot decide."

Upon the youngest fell the lot, and straightway forth he went
Upon his quest. His fellows schemed with murderous intent,
"A half is better than a third,"—so was their purpose bent.

Meanwhile, the youngest roisterer thought as he sped along;
"Ah! if but all the gold were mine, I'd spend my life in song."
And when he reached the town, he bought a box of poison strong.

And eek, he bought three flasks of wine; in two, the drug he poured,
Then swiftly he returned to those who kept the shining hoard;
So in each heart, the tempter Death, his fatal counsel stored.

Why need we tell the dreadful tale? for dead all three soon lay,
Slain by the cunning traitor whom they once had vowed to slay.
Cruel, alluring, gleaming Death, O come not in his way!

List ye, O people, as these scenes of death before ye pass,
Heed ye the moral; truer one is not nor ever was,
And this it is: "*Radix malorum est cupiditas.*"

—ELIZABETH MCINTOSH, '96.

A PAGE OF HISTORY.

IT was a sunny afternoon in late September. Rome in all her beauty lay bathed in golden splendor; and through her domain, like a silver ribbon, swept the lordly Tiber. But a stillness brooded over her wide streets, broken by hoarse shouts that floated down from the surrounding hills. There the population of this fair city was gathered enjoying its favorite pastime, that of gladiator fighting. There the various classes of society were assembled enjoying the feast of blood.

The emperor, in regal state, sat in the royal seat. Near him were seated the senators in their white robes and togas, while above them, tier upon tier, and row upon row, was seated the Populus Romanus. Over the entire ampitheater a broad awning, gorgeously woven in purple and gold, excluded the rays of the afternoon sun. Sweet strains of music floated in the air; brilliant scenic descriptions adorned the walls of the arena. All was bustle and confusion and a babble of ten thousand voices.

Suddenly the hubbub ceased, the crowd was stilled, for with a loud and war-like flourish of trumpets the gladiators came forth from the gladiators' gate into the arena. Silently yet swiftly, with regular step and military swing, this little band swept to the foot of the imperial chair, presented arms, and forth rolled that sad yet thrilling chorus: "Ave, Imperator! Morituri, te salutant." "Hail Emperor! Those about to die salute thee!" Then wheeling, they moved to one side of the arena, leaving two sturdy gladiators in the center.

Each was arrayed in full fighting armor and armed with the deadly Roman short sword. Immediately the combat began. Rapid as lightning fell the ringing blows, and as rapidly were they countered. Now one, and now the other was wounded, but still they fought; and at each ghastly wound, the audience howled with excitement. They rose in their seats—they yelled! "Hoc habet: Hoc habet:" burst from ten thousand throats.

But in the midst of this whirl of mad frenzy, clashing steel, and thundering applause, an event happened, which for a moment stilled this mad sea of passion. A white-robed monk leaped into the arena and advanced toward the contestants. His features were pale and gaunt, showing the hours of fasting and prayer, but in his face glowed the light of a holy enthusiasm. High overhead, he bore an oak crucifix, and from his pale lips came the words: "Desist ye! Desist ye!"

For a single moment, pagan Rome gazed upon Christianity; and then, with a howl of passion and a yell of derision, down swept the wrath of the furious and brutalized populace. Like a small skiff on a boiling stormy sea, was the white-robed figure tossed and thrown, until the merciful knife of a gladiator ended its agony.

Thus died Domitan, the martyr; a fanatic it may be, and reckless of life, but the forerunner of that civilization that should conquer a world never dreamed of in the highest flights of Roman ambition, and one that should be venerated when Rome should be no more.

FRED KENDALL, '96.

The High School Annual.

Published each June, in the interests of the Indianapolis High School, by the members of the Senior Classes.

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Jan., '96. June, '96.
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'To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

ALLOW us to present to you the HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL of '96. We hope that you will be duly impressed by the artistic arrangement and the finished style of this literary production. Among the pupils of our school, we have discovered those who are gifted in writing prose and poetry, an occasional artist, and even some who are inspired to flights of oratory. From this mine of talent, we have selected what we think to be the best and have published their contributions in this paper which we hope you will receive charitably.

Though many of the pupils whom we asked were not willing to answer our calls for help; others of a more benevolent disposition came to our assistance with cheerfulness. The editors have endeavored to acquit themselves satisfactorily to the classes which elected them, and if there is any slanderous criticism to be offered let it not be by those who have withheld their contributions.

THE ANNUAL is read not by people in our own city alone, but it finds its way all over the country; and as we have tried to make this outshine the edition of last year, so may each succeeding year find THE ANNUAL more artistically conceived and of greater literary value, and may its circulation widely increase.

A. K.

IT would be well for those who are quick to censure the system of instruction in the public schools and who know but little of that method, to survey carefully the course pursued in the High School. *Ex nihilo, nihil fit* is an adage as old as the Latin language. If the course in the grades of the ward schools be not satisfactory, then nothing satisfactory can be built upon it. The High School itself is the polishing stone; the diamond has long before been roughly cut. If, in the High School course, all that is taught is proper and practical, and necessary to the future of the student, then, since the two are virtually one, censure for either means censure for the other. On the contrary, if the course in High School is right, so also must the course in the lower grades be.

The system has been objected to by some, on the grounds, that the health of the student has been impaired; by others that the course is too impractical; others again declare that much that is useless is forced upon the scholar. Of all these, however, the health of the student is of paramount importance. It is the laborer's riches, the rich man's bliss. Wthout health there is no real happiness. Health means life to the mind and it were indeed strange if in expanding, cultivating, stimulating the mind, it were robbed of its true nourishment.

Of all those who have graduated from High School, not one can be found who will declare that the course demanded so much study and attention that the time for physical exercise was too greatly encroached upon. In fact, the athletic spirit has always been carefully fostered by the faculty. and every encouragement given it which they could devise. The students of High School *cannot*, as far as the course itself is concerned, neglect physical training. It is only in unusual cases that a scholar is required by the work to devote more than five hours to study; and only then when, by his or her *own election*, an unusual number of subjects is carried.

The course cannot be impractical. It is only the impractical mind that makes it so. A wide range of subjects is covered, and among those required to be taken, not one could be omitted in fitting a young student for any branch of future study, or for any avocation

whatever. The connection which exists between every study and the future work; the way in which they fit together and their joints are mortised can be seen no more clearly than here. The studies form the foundation; they must be mastered if any degree of success is to be obtained in the end.

The elective course is subject to the pupil's own decision. If he determines to fit himself for an academical education, he burrows his way through the Latin and Greek and the English electives; but if he decides to attend a technical college after graduation, he takes an additional year in chemistry and mathematics. If he intends to leave the High School to enter a business life, to make the threshold of commencement an entrance way to the practical work of a merchant, he elects a course in book-keeping. If his mind roams in the galleries of art, and he sees unpainted pictures, uncarved statues, he chooses a course in drawing. And if, through the four years, he should devote a term to the pursuit of a study for which he has no immediate use, his mind is only strengthened thereby, and the knowledge thus acquired may, at some time, prove of inestimable value.

This leads us to consider the usefulness of that which is taught. Of what use, is it argued, can a knowledge of chemistry, physics and pure mathematics be to a girl? In these days, it has come to be recognized that woman has a loftier mission in life than by the side of a kitchen stove; and if these studies yield no greater benefit than to broaden her mind, their work has been well done. A stitch can be the better taken for a knowledge of Shakespeare. Pleasure comes only in *acquiring* knowledge. "If I had truth within my hand," said an eminent philosopher, "I should lose her that I might seek her again." The woman is the center, the heart of the home; and brighter and happier, and cheerier is the blaze of the fire if the light of culture shine therein.

The stars, the flowers, the hills, and the birds are their own excuse for being. The stars add but little light, yet they remind us of the eternal vigilance of the sky. The flowers teach us hope and preach living doctrines of faith. The birds cheer us, and the hills point out that for every weary up-hill climb, Nature has a gentler slope. Nothing is useless nor impractical; such qualities are subjective—born in a mind which can not see the eternal fitness of things! F. T. B.

We, the classes of '96, forced to turn from our Alma Mater, do so with a feeling of regret —a feeling something akin to that which Wordsworth expresses:

> Dear native regions, I foretell
> From what I feel at this farewell,
> That wheresoe'er my course shall tend
> And whensoe'er my course shall end,
> My soul will cast the backward view
> The longing look, alone on you.
>
> Thus, when the sun prepared for rest
> Hath gained the precincts of the West,
> A lingering look he fondly throws
> On those fair hills where first he rose.

We have prepared this paper with the hope that it may serve as a reminder of the happy hours spent there, and with the proud hope, too,

> "That for deare Auld High School's sake
> Some little plan or booke might make."

In after years, when this eventful one of '96 has faded away from the memory of all, some gray-haired man, rummaging in a dark recess of his room, may find there, yellow with age and dim with dust, The Annual for '96. Startled by a thousand memories, a thousand faint visions of long summer days, when, a whining school boy, satchel in hand, with shining morning face, he entered the halls of High School, he turns the page and reads there something that his hand wrote, sees therein himself as he then appeared and his crudely expressed ideas of the world; he turns another page and reads there the names of long-forgotten friends, some of whom are dead and others far away in foreign lands; some that have risen to wealth and Fame's proud pedestal; others who are toiling in

obscurity and poverty, and a softness will creep into his heart, a tenderness of feeling unknown to him for years. He will become a kinder and better man, and THE ANNUAL will have done its work.

The editors wish to express their thanks to all who have assisted them in the preparation of this work, and they leave their seats with the best wishes to all, and with the hope that THE ANNUAL may be perennial. T. McG.

WE wish to convey to the pupils still in the daily grind of study a faint idea of the paradise in which an alumnus dwells, the ease and independence which he enjoys, the pleasure of looking down upon the under-graduates and discoursing with wise experience on his young school-days. How sweet the little additional sleep in the morning without fear of tardy-bells or censure! All is peace and happiness supreme—to go to school when the spirit moves you, and to stay at home when it doesn't—to eat and drink, and sleep and think, without any regard for other people's opinion. Is this not an end worth struggling for—is it not worth enduring the privations and hardships of gaining an education to exist in this haven of comfort and rest, and bask in the knowledge of one's own superior learning? We are forcibly reminded of the poor worm toiling slowly along till he reaches the end of his allotted journey when, transformed into a brilliant butterfly, he spreads his gauzy wings and flutters out into the sunshine of pleasure and freedom. Who is there now to question our movements? We can look back upon the hair-breadth escapes and recount our heroic deeds with increasing pride as the years roll by; we can torment the next generation with stories of real scholars that lived in our day, and of the finished and perfect reports of deportment we always received. We will speak of our gigantic tasks, offer them sage advice, pay condescending visits to their school, and give them the enlightenment of our noble brains. Therefore we say to the young and frivolous—study and strive to be like your predecessors, that you may come to occupy the exalted and desirable position of a post-graduate, and may, like those before you, shed the light of your brilliant mind on those less successful in the paths of learning.

A. K.

ANOTHER leaf of the HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL is about to be turned. The editors of '96, uneasy in the conviction, that whatever at first attempt, has been well done, at second attempt, should be improved (else there is degeneration), turn this page with trembling fingers to the inspection (they trust) of friendly and considerate eyes. If they feel the smallest bit of satisfaction with their labors, it is not due so much to what they have attained, as to the consciousness that they have honestly and earnestly endeavored to maintain that standard of merit set up by their predecessors in these uncomfortable seats.

While aware that their work may fall short in some particulars of that of preceding numbers, and that in avoiding the mud that engulfed their predecessors, they may have run plump into the mire, avoided by them, they desire to call the attention of their readers to one particular feature which they feel is one that enhances the dignity of the ANNUAL, and which they hope may serve as a counteraction to other deficiencies that may be here undetected by them.

It has been customary heretofore to devote one column of the paper to personal paragraphs; to that list of indescribable matter in which the writer takes the privilege of using the name of another for the butt of his joke or witticism. The editors have lately awakened to the belief that thus to promulgate the name of another to the observation of those, who, because of their intimacy with the circumstances and persons concerned, would place the right interpretation on it, is hardly true courtesy. The harm done here, however, is small. But the ANNUAL, although it may be

ostensibly "a school paper," is by no means confined exclusively to the vicinity of Pennsylvania and Michigan streets. Its circulation is far more widespread than some persons imagine. It reaches persons outside of the school, and persons who are likely to misconceive the spirit of such remarks, and for whom, to say the least, such matter holds little interest.

The editors are not alone in this conviction. They believe they are expressing the opinion of many who have an intense and intelligent interest in the welfare of the paper. They are not by this step disregarding the will of the majority of their readers. For a select minority is an overwhelming majority, and they expect the approval of those who have thought of the matter or who will now carefully consider it. T. McG.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing more interesting than to look back upon school days past and gone and see, as in a panorama, old faces and old scenes. Then we recall only the bright, happy pictures; for, in some mysterious way, the little sorrows and disappointments have grown dim. While plodding through school, the hours seem long at times and graduation far off in the distance. However, as commencement night nears, as the last half year comes, as the weeks fly by and only a few more days remain, we begin to experience a strange mixture of conflicting emotions—joy, of course, but regret as well. Heretofore many have doubted the assertion "that school days are the happiest in life," but now that doubt becomes somewhat weakened, and the idea dawns upon us that we have been having a happier time than we realized.

New inspirations and a new realization of this happiness, and new gratitude for our opportunities is gained when we hear those who graduated twenty or twenty-five years ago tell of the High School as it used to be.

About the close of the civil war, the institution, having moved from the old First Ward, occupied what is now the School of Music, on the corner of the Circle and Market street. That building was then the Second Presbyterian Church, one of whose pastors had been Henry Ward Beecher. In the front yard was an old red-haw tree. The pupils used to watch with great pleasure for the haws to ripen; and, although there was no one to water the old landmark, it leafed and bloomed and fruited year after year. The boys' yard was separated from the girls' by a high fence, and near this fence was a pump—a very popular pump—where the thirsty boys and girls were fond of holding long conversations.

Across the street was the old Circle, surrounded by an ordinary wooden fence and entered by means of stiles. There were a great many locust trees in this enclosure, and their blossoms loaded the air with fragrance in the springtime. The pupils never thought of taking the liberty of crossing the stile and entering the grounds.

In the basement of the two-story school building, was the A Grammar grade taught by Miss Annie Tyler. She is tenderly remembered by her pupils as a very impressive teacher—original, cheerful and sociable. There was an old melodeon in her room, and some of the young people delighted in staying after school and dancing while she played quaint dance music. On the ground floor, were the offices of the Superintendent of Schools, a large assembly room, and two recitation rooms. On the second floor, were the first-year pupils. In the large school-room on this floor, the whole school would gather in the morning for opening exercises. The day was begun with the reading of a chapter from the Bible by the principal, Mr. Bell, and with singing. Some of the favorite songs were "John, the Boatman," "When the Green Leaves Come Again," "The Alpine Hunter," and "Rosalie."

School began at half-past eight, and closed at three. There was half an hour for dinner. All the pupils remained through the entire

session. The social feature was greatly increased by a recess of fifteen minutes in the morning, when the teachers and young folks were given an opportunity of becoming well acquainted. Everybody knew everybody else and there was a general feeling of good-will. The school was so popular that the Methodist and the Baptist Seminary died for want of support.

There was an earnest corps of teachers, and the great majority of the boys and girls took a deep interest in their work. In those days, there were no such distracting influences as ball-games or Wednesday matinees. Being just at the close of the war, the spirit of the people was intense ; they were dead in earnest. Of course, then as now, there were those who did not like to study, yet many regarded an education as their first duty and their first pleasure.

Friday afternoon, was a kind of holiday. At that time exercises were held, consisting of declamations and the reading of compositions. If any unfortunate failed to say his speech well on that afternoon, he had to try again before the whole school on the following Monday morning. Some of the scholars possessed a praiseworthy command of English. One boy, for instance, wrote a composition for his Friday exercise, in which he described every teacher in the building by comparison. He used no names, and yet his pictures were so plain that every one understood who was meant. Quite naturally, his effort furnished great amusement for the audience, but sad to say it resulted disastrously to him—he was suspended, never to return.

A very objectionable system in those days was that of self-reporting. Every night the teacher would slowly call the name of each boy and girl in tones that sent a shiver through timid offenders. If a pupil had turned around during the day, it was his duty to answer, "One report." If he had laughed, again came the answer, "One report." If he had whispered, the reply was, "Check." When we of the present day are inclined to grumble, let us remember our blessings and be duly thankful.

Written examinations were held on the last Thursday and Friday of each month. In the middle of the year was an oral semi-annual examination to which the parents and friends were cordially invited. This was a great gala day. The students dressed in their best, and competed with one another in seeing who could bring the most visitors. Happy was the room that outrivaled the others in having the largest number of spectators.

There were no pictures in the building then; the only luxury was a piece of Brussels carpet which decorated the platform. The library consisted of one set of Chambers' Encyclopedias bound in green cloth. These books were purchased with the proceeds of a musical and dramatical entertainment called "The Midshipman."

The equipment as to apparatus was very poor. There was an air pump, an electrical machine, a cell, and a Leyden jar. The pupils, however, made the best of what they had.

Although the national game had not yet appeared, the High School was not without its physical training. In gymnastics, they had special instruction, but not special suits for the occasion. The latter fact was made very evident by the shower of buttons that occurred when the forward arm movement was practiced. Later, the High School cadets were organized, and were not only a prominent school but a prominent military feature.

In the early seventies, the High School was moved from the Circle to the present site on Pennsylvania street, then occupied by the Baptist Seminary. It remained in this labyrinthian structure for two years. While the present building was being erected, classes were held in the basements of Meridian Street and Roberts Park Churches. Gradually changes crept into the school system. An examination was taken at the end of the year, in which trial

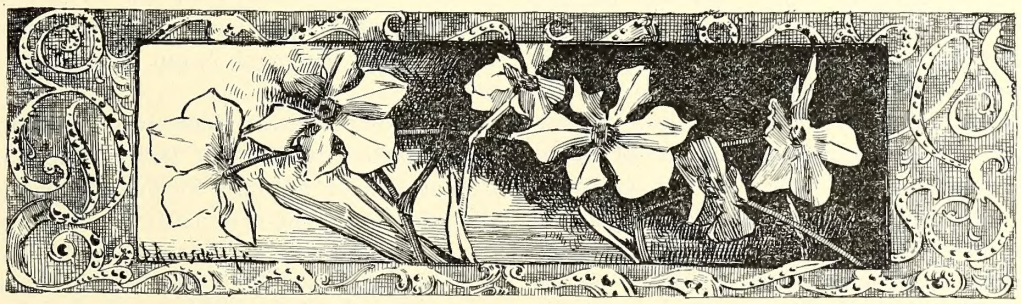
75 per cent. had to be reached, or the whole year's work repeated.

With each successive year, our school has increased in the advantages it offers. When we think of the limited opportunities of twenty-five years ago, when there was no library, no pictures, no laboratories, no athletic teams, no field day, no class days, no school publications, we should heartily rejoice at the present improvement, and resolve to take what comes to us gladly and appreciatively, and work to do as well with our broadened opportunities as the boys and girls of twenty-five years ago did with their limited ones. M. P. S.

On the afternoon of the 15th of February the June Class kindly gave a reception for the January class. They went to considerable trouble to decorate the hall and were well repaid for their exertions. The room was filled with palms and tender little couches in convenient corners. The ices were a delicate green, and the refreshments were made more attractive by the presence of the charming assistants who served them. The favors were hearts ornamented with ribbons of green and blue, painted by Miss Louise Wright. Flowers were spread through the room in profusion, and the soft lights gave a finishing touch to a pretty scene. Music was furnished by a mandolin club, and after 5 o'clock, the guests endeavored to "trip the light fantastic," but, owing to the throng of on-lookers, the effort was disastrous, and many were obliged to seek rest and entertainment on the couches. A. K.

During the current year, the enrollment in the school has been 1,012, a large number considering the fact of the attractiveness to many of the technical courses offered at the Industrial Training School.

This school has been placed upon the diploma list at Michigan University and upon the list of High Schools affiliated with Chicago University. This recognition of the good work done in our school was granted upon the favorable reports made by visiting professors sent by those institutions.



"A TALE THAT IS TOLD."

THE peculiar genius of America is especially adapted both for the production and the comprehension of the short story. It has come to be a favorite and characteristic feature of contemporary literature. The writing of short stories is a recognized art. A concise style and a breadth of vision capable of seeing his story whole are necessary to the writer. His genius must enable him to grasp the salient points of his story as grown up within him, and to present them to the reader without dallying by the way. His work, in both form and matter, differs from that of the novelist. Unlike the novel, a short story may attain great success without having love for its theme.

In the youth of the century, the immortal "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle" were given us. Their genial humor and classic finish entitle them to prominence. Before Irving's death, Edgar Allan Poe began to attract attention by his stories. Most of them are mysterious and uncanny in their theme. "The Gold Bug" is a specimen of fine prose. "The Pit and the Pendulum" and "The Black Cat" are unequalled in harrowing and terrible effects. Unique in our literature is this writer; both the man and his work bear the impress of a weird and melancholy genius. One's fear and admiration of him mingle.

The pathetic figure of "Philip Nolan" is connected with an early epoch of our history. "The Man Without a Country" is a marvelous tale. The punishment is one of poetic justice, yet of such subtle power as to be cruel. No one can read the story without a deeper and more abiding knowledge of what the words "my country and my flag" mean.

The Civil War has given the century a sublime theme for story. The soldiers of the North wore the breast-plate of righteousness; while those of the South were armed as were the Knights of Chivalry, clinging to a lost and mistaken cause. The situation gave rise to many complex relations—the heroic, the ethical, the picturesque, and the tragic when duties conflicted and there was failure to perceive the higher one. Mrs. Harrison has written several fine war stories. "Crow's Nest," with the pathetic closing scene, shows how inevitably the dead on the field of battle would control the lives of the living. Thomas Nelson Page's stories rank high. "Marse Chan" and others of the volume are illustrative of this writer's skill in delineating both the humor and the pathos of "Dixie Land." George W. Cable is another Southern writer. Some of his work concerns the war, but we more closely associate him with the Creole life he has so admirably represented. These Creoles are charming people, child-like and proud, idle and lovable. The dreamy sway of life, the abundant beauty, liken a Creole plantation to a summer in the "Castle of Indolence."

Far away from this land of perfume and sunshine and idleness, the name of Mary. E. Wilkins brings us. New England's rocks, and cold, and industry confront one. Against this back-ground of realism, Miss Wilkins has drawn a series of characters and life-episodes whose power cannot be over-estimated. Bret Harte carries us to another extreme of the land and the life—the wild Bohemia of mountains and mining camps in the feverish excitment of the gold days of '49. This life has left its impress upon our civilization; therefore its idealized portrayal in our fiction is important.

A thorough master of his art, and my own favorite is Richard Harding Davis. He may be depended upon not only for fine workmanship, but also for great originality in devising his plots. It seems to me that the highest types of Americans may be found in his stories—men with a fine sense of honor and women of innate refinement and keen intellects. Mr. Davis is equally successful with pathos and humor. "Her First Appearance" is an example of the former, while "Traver's Hunting"

is splendid humor. "The Exiles" and "The Princess Aline" are perhaps his best stories. "The Exiles" is an accurate study of a colony of social and moral outcasts shaming respectability at Tangiers. "The Princess Aline" is a charming and unique love story.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich and James Lane Allen are two widely admired writers. "Margery Daw" by Mr. Aldrich is one of the very cleverest of its kind. The denouement is artfully concealed, and it is with great surprise that one learns that sweet Margery is even more fragile than the Dresden-shepherdess she resembles. The genius of Frank Stockton is wayward. It is difficult to characterize his tales with their surface seriousness, but real vagaries and humor.

This fertile field of our fiction is almost inexhaustible. One may revel at will and find rare pleasure. As the short story is ever brief, it never fails in interest, and it enters the mind as a unity. Thus its merit as a work of art is at once apparent. The writer seldom makes any comment and leaves interpretation to the reader. The highest and most artistic type of short-story presupposes intelligent comprehension on the part of the public; the wide appreciation of this class of literature justifies this expectation. EDITH KEAY, '96.

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.

(ARIZONA.)

The eye grows tired of gazing far away,
'Cross sand which holds an undisputed sway;
The snow-white alkali glistens in the sun,
Here's dusty sage-brush, gray-garbed like a nun,
And there, perhaps, a clump of cacti tall,
Lord of the desert, prickly king of all.

No oasis relieves the burnished space,
No date-palms waving in their feathery grace;
No dewy spot of restful, longed-for green,
Naught but the sky and desert to be seen;
The bleaching bones of cattle where they lie.
Across cloud-barren blue the buzzards fly.

MYLA JO. CLOSSER.

"REVERIES OF A BACHELOR."

I *met a little cottage girl* and asked her to show me the way to *The Old Homestead.* She answered *Half a League Onward* you will see a *Man in Black*—ask him and he will show you *the House on the Moor.* I did as I was told and soon saw *the House of Seven Gables.* I entered and perceived *a Friend of My Youth.* He introduced me to a *Gentleman of France* and the three of us took a seat by the fire. I listened to the conversatian. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* were talking enthusiastically of *the Coming Race. Dombey and Son* were discussing the *Hard Times. The Vicar of Wakefield* was talking over *the Doings of Raffles Haw* with *the Hoosier Schoolmaster. The Count of Monte Cristo* was telling *a Kentucky Colonel* of *A Chance Acquaintance* he made *Two Years Ago* with *a Lady of Lyons.* He had asked her to marry him but *She* had always replied with an *If, Yes and Perhaps. Looking Backward* I perceived *Two Admirals* engaged in a discussion. One said that as sure as *Ten Times One is Ten* it was *a Foregone Conclusion* that it would end so.

I had become sleepy and was looking at a *Sketch Book* and some *Pictures from Italy* when supper was announced. After our repast, we listened to some toasts. I had *Great Expect tions,* because of the note of the speakers. The following subjects were discussed: *The Man Who Laughs, The World's Desire, Family Happiness,* and *War and Peace.* We next adjourned to the drawing room, where we spent a very pleasant evening. *Two Gentlemen of Verona* had just finished *a Christmas Carol,* and I was listening to some *Tales of a Traveler* when I suddenly started with an exclamation of "*Julius Cæsar!* where am I?" All the company vanished *Through a Looking-glass.* I jumped up from my chair; I had been listening to *Voices of the Night.* It was all a *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

SAM. K. SELIG.

"WHAT should we do without the children?" is a question asked the world over, but let us change it a bit, and say, What should we do without children in fiction? Those dear creations of the mind seem so real to us that we rejoice when they rejoice, and weep when they weep.

We love and sympathize with Charles Dickens' "Little Nell," the gentle, unselfish girl whose life was ever pure and beautiful. At our first sight of the Timothy created by Kate Douglas Wiggin, we become interested in him; and inspired with some of his own enthusiasm, join at once in his "quest." Then there's the Ruggles family! Who has not laughed over their ludicrous remarks and queer manners? They are such funny little folk that we long to know them outside of the story book. We are surrounded by Mrs. Burnett's children and we love them every one. Noble "little Lord Fauntleroy," sweet "little Saint Elizabeth," beautiful "Giovanni" and lonely "Sarah Crewe" are old friends of ours. How dear to us is Eggleston's "Chicken Little," and how glad we are that Mrs. Ewing's "Leonard" turns out well! Francis Eaton's "A Queer Little Princess" is the most loving of small maids; as are also Laura Richards' "Star Bright," and Mrs. Jameson's "Lady Jane." So these childish characters cluster round us and we say to them, as Mrs. Ewing said of the real children, "Bairns are a blessing."

ELIZABETH S. DRIGGS, '99.

A VENETIAN ROMANCE.

WHAT "opal lights" of romance and poetry! 'Tis midnight—all is silent save the gentle dripping of the silvery drops of water as they glide from the oar of the gondolier, glistening in the soft, mellow rays of the full moon whose radiant and mysterious beauty is enhanced as it floats gently but merrily over and under and through the feathery cloudlets. On they move by pallid, stately palaces; the milken heaven with its trembling stars above, and the milken water with its trembling stars below; past innumerable bridges, following ceaseless sudden turns and windings. During this pleasant row over the watery streets, in words teeming with admiration, devotion and love, has Veneranda plighted her troth to Orseolo, a man more than worthy of this fair Venetian maid. They are just returning from festivities held on the Grand Canal.

Orseolo, tall and graceful, wrapped in a long, black cloak, disembarks from his gondola. The silver insignia flashing upon his girdle of black velvet, shows that he is a person of high rank; as a maiden of marriageable age, Veneranda is garbed entirely in black. With slow and dignified step, Orseolo traverses the quay with his loved one on his arm. At the portico of her paternal mansion, he bids her goodnight, retraces his steps to his gondola, and is at the lofty stairway leading to the Servite Convent.

Orseolo, a handsome young nobleman, was left an orphan when a mere youth, and was placed under the generous guardianship of Fra Paolo; on reaching manhood he fell heir to a vast fortune left by his indulgent father. But after spending so many happy years with this good brother, he was too greatly attached to him to leave him in his declining age.

In conducting various troublesome questions which had arisen between the two powers of Rome and Venice concerning ecclesiastical affairs, Venice had been materially assisted by the opinion and advice of one of her most remarkable sons, Fra Paolo Sarpi,—a monk and yet a patriot; a liberal thinker and yet a member of the Romish church; an ecclesiastic and yet a bold opponent of the extravagant claims of the ecclesiastical power. He was a man of original genius, and shrewd, clear intellect, who had thought out his religious belief for himself. Though a Servite monk, he was the life and soul of the struggle waged by his country with the ecclesiastical power. Having gained the victory, the Senate heaped honors upon him and rewarded him with well-earned praise and well-deserved confidence. He was a victim upon whom the baffled Pope could wreak his vengeance. Unable to bring him within his power by means of an "invitation" to Rome, the Pope resolves upon stronger measures for the punishment of this powerful adversary.

He so far attended to the counsel of his friends as to allow himself to be accompanied by Orseolo in his daily walk from his convent to the Ducal Palace and back again in the evening.

At that glorious time of the day between sunset and evening, when the dusky shadows have lengthened to their uttermost, his companion being unexpectedly detained, Fra Paolo starts homeward alone. His solitary walk passes in soulful meditation, and uninterrupted, until, turning a sharp corner, he is met by a band of ruffians, who spring upon him, dealing a shower of poniard stabs upon his person. In the very midst of the struggle, Orseolo, almost breathless, comes running up, spies his virtuous Paolo, (the one who watched over his youthful slumbers, who led him through the paths of faith, hope, and charity, leading to a noble manhood) as the victim of this cruel and outrageous injustice. In a moment, he has flung himself amid the would-be assassins and concentrating all his manly fortitude and strength in the one desire and resolution to free his beloved Fra from the hands of these heartless creatures, he makes a last effort to save his life. Suddenly all worldly things fade before his eyes and he sees no more.

Observing the two comrades fall, the villains speed away before anyone has been aroused and called to the spot by the disturbance. A young girl, who has watched the deed from a neighboring window, raises an alarm and immediately a great concourse of people, indignant at the atrocious crime, is assembled on the spot.

The noble Paolo, partially unconscious, is borne by some friendly friars to his cell in the convent, where he is well cared for.

Alas! In Orseolo, who is severely wounded in the conflict, and his clothes rent by the mob, is not recognized the gallant, young nobleman, and, in company with several others accused of being in league with the assassins, he is conveyed on a litter to that most terrible prison of prisons, Sotto Piombi, and placed in one of those stifling, miserable cells, dark as Erebus, with only a slab to serve as a bed on which to recline his wounded frame.

Day after day following this event, crowds surround the Servite Convent, anxious for tidings of the suffering monk; but no sympathizing friends gather about Orseolo's prison door either to inquire for him or to plan to aid in gaining his release. At last, arrives the day set for his trial. He is taken into the hall of the famous and infamous Council of Ten; and before those malignant judges, with no one to testify to his innocence of the crime, he is convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment in the Sotto Piombi. Can this be true? Among all the friends of the noble Orseolo, is there no one who will identify him, who will free him from the living death? Is he doomed to linger through the wretched years until madness shall deprive him of the power of

memory and the bitterness of regret, or until death shall mercifully take him to its blessed repose?

* * * * * * *

For the first few days of his confinement, the ever-faithful Veneranda has appeared daily about the prison, gazing at the bare and frigid piles of stone which form the mighty barrier that separates her from her lover perhaps forever. She lingers here, for perchance she may overhear some word concerning the one for whom she is pining. Her watchful parent perceives the sudden change in her appearance and temper, and in order to assist her to bear her sorrow in a more womanly manner, sends her with a trusty and faithful servant to his villa, where he hopes she will soon recover her spirits.

Obediently, but reluctantly, she goes, but her worry and anxiety increase instead of diminishing. She remains one day, two, even three, but she can bear it no longer. On the afternoon of the following day, garbed in the habiliments of disguise, she flies to the canal, leaps into her gondola, and to the astounded gondolier, cries "To the Sotto Piombi." On they glide. Buried in the cherished hope of freeing Orseolo, she is mindful of none of the stately edifices and beautiful scenery, until the stairway of the Sala Dello Senato (Senato Hall) is gained. In a moment, she is out of the boat and has disappeared through the doorway.

With no thought of the guards, who gaze upon her in astonishment as she passes them like a phantom, she hastens on, up the many flights of stairs, and in the same unconscious manner as before, passes the threshold of the Hall of the Council of Ten, just as Orseolo's sentence has been pronounced. As she approaches the seats of the Council, guards are ordered to thrust her out. Almost paralyzing the judges with a graceful wave of her arm, she casts off her black gown and thick veil, and they behold that radiant and attractively beautiful Venetian maiden, so widely known, even in the humblest parts of the "Queen of the Adriatic," who at once discloses the real name and character of the prisoner just convicted. She bears official papers which prove to the Council the veracity of her words.

Through this ordeal, Orseolo has stood in a state of grateful stupefaction, awaiting the close of Veneranda's appeal to the judges. List! In a clear but gentle voice, the lovers hear the longed-for words, "You are free." In an instant, Orseolo is released by the guards, and with one joyful bound he is by her side.

Their faces radiant with the perfection of happiness, that happiness attained only by patience, self-denial and long suffering, together they descend the broad staircase to the gondola and soon arrive at the Servite Convent, where, with tears of joy and voice tremulous with emotion, Fra Paolo welcomes his lost ward and defender, and seals the vows of Orseolo and Veneranda with the blessing of a pure and God-fearing monk.

LILLIAN J. GIBBS, '96.

BALLAD OF REJECTED MANUSCRIPT.

I've "submitted" my verse and my prose
  To the editors' "reading machines,"
Yet my name's unfamiliar to those
  Who subscribe for the best magazines.
I began to write verse in my teens,
  By the light of sweet Sappho's face,
Now what is it the editor means
  By "We're sorry we haven't the space?"

Here are madrigals written to Rose—
  'Tis for Rose that my preference grows;
Here are triolets, rondels, rondeaux,
  And the charms they portray to our foes.
Here's a "Plea for our Gallant Marines,"
  'Twas the admiral "stated the case,"
Pray, what is it the editor means
  By "We're sorry we haven't the space?"

Here are tales quite as ghastly as Poe's,
  And weird legends; the "limit" still screens,
But I fain to the world would disclose,
  So I clasp my portfolios.
But just here a grim thought supervenes,
  Does my style lack acceptable grace?
And is that what the editor means
  By "We're sorry we haven't the space?"

Adapted by ESTELLE SELIG, '96.

A CLASS EXERCISE IN CRITICISM.

ENGLISH: II A GRADE.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF "A DISSERTATION ON ROAST PIG" TO A PERSON OF CULTURED TASTE.

"A DISSERTATION Upon Roast Pig" is essentially æsthetic humor: it is mainly appreciated by people of cultured taste. Of course, certain passages, as in all humorous writings, are enjoyed also by the illiterate; but its general character is too delicately dignified to be pleasing to other than a cultured, imaginative mind.

The untrained mind can not be pleasurably affected except through the direct channel of plain language. It does not therefore get, in full, the humor of "A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig," because it does not realize the humor in the use of the mock-heroic. One acquainted with the meaning of the word "dissertation" will feel a pleasant surprise from the association of two such conflicting ideas as are awakened by "dissertation" and "roast pig." Such a reader will, from the beginning, expect the treatment to be in the same mock-heroic vein; he will notice that every phrase is intended to give the subject a dignified aspect, and that this is largely accomplished by the use of the old form of the verb.

Perhaps the main reason why cultured people so much enjoy this essay is that the general knowledge of facts which they possess enables them to appreciate the humor more entirely than they would without such knowledge. For instance, the reader who knows the characteristics of the Chinese, and of their great Confucius, will get the most enjoyment from Lamb's ridiculous reference to the disposition of the Chinese to claim the invention of all things, and from his reference to Confucius as the author of "Mundane Mutations."

If the imagination is keen and active, the humorous character of the details of the narrative will be heightened. The imaginative reader will get the keenest enjoyment from the picture of Bobo, intent on his discovery, regardless of his father's "retributory cudgel;" of Hoti's fall from grace in sweet forgetfulness of the immorality of the deed so long as the "burnt pig" was good to the taste; and especially from the scene in court before and after the sentence of "not guilty." The satire on the court and on the judge is alone sufficient to make the essay of permanent value to cultured people, for it may serve as a reference, and a quotable passage to illustrate the power of the law as exalted in the minds of the ignorant.

Because cultured people are close observers of human nature, the satirical passages are interesting on account of their portrayal of human failings. Satire is the chief characteristic of the essay. The art of the author consists chiefly in the use of satire. For is not the folly of certain current customs much more readily acknowledged if treated with kindly ridicule? If the writer's purpose is evidently to annihilate, the mind is sure to be placed in a resentful, aggressive attitude. Observing readers will notice the satire on alms-giving, and will enjoy the apt use of the pronoun "she" in his reference to pine-apple. The very cream of satire is reached in the presentation of the important invention of the gridiron. The observant reader will enjoy this because he sees it to be a hit on man's stupidity in following the footsteps of his predecessors, until some great mind comes along to convince him of a better way. Lamb thus obviated the previous evident necessity of burning down houses to obtain the luxury of roast pig.

The secret theme of the essay is so delicately revealed in occasional glimpses that only the quick and close reader at all suspects, until he reaches the sentences which mark the climax of the secret, that this extremely ridiculous composition is a satire on epicures.

An observing reader will notice the appropriateness of the diction throughout and the author's art in cutting short his interesting details before they become wearisome.

The cultivated mind will perceive, too, that

Lamb is an artist in narration. The author carries the reader along with his own thought. There will be perfect inundations of convincing arguments, and then, as if the writer foresaw that his reader would agree with his statements, he shows the reader the folly of such a conclusion by a lash of ridicule. Thus he keeps the reader wavering in uncertainty whether the author is serious or is making game of his sympathetic reader.

JESSIE LOCKHART, '97.

LEONARDO'S "LAST SUPPER."

THIS masterpiece of art probably stands among the first of the "Ten Great Pictures of the World." It was the production of a universal genius, and had it never been rescued from the cloister damps, the loss to civilization would have been great. It portrays one of the most dramatic moments in Christ's life with such vividness that the beholder can almost read from the lips of each apostle the very words in which he tries to give vent to his feelings. In the midst of his apostles sits Christ, submissive and yet sorrowful. In his face we read the thought, "Can it be that one of you will betray me?" while his outstretched hands seem to answer, "It must be." In groups of three, his beloved followers have gathered about him on either side. Their outstretched hands, or eager faces are drawn toward him. One of the most striking contrasts is seen in the two faces of John and Judas. In the downcast face of John and his folded hands, we notice the signs of a yielding spirit, while in the dark, shaggy face of Judas, and in the right hand in which he clutches the purse, we read indication of a deep crime, which seeks to conceal itself by a false indication of surprise shown in the slightly uplifted left hand. As an intermediate character, Leonardo has made Peter complete the group. In his prided strength, he tries to encourage the tottering spirit of John, and the thought does not cross his mind once, that he who openly promises Christ all aid, will be the first, after Judas, to disgrace him. This group, which seems first in importance, sits on the right of Christ, while on his left sit Thomas, James, and Philip, another very interesting group. Their faces are turned to Christ. In Philip's face there is a look of agony, and with his hands pointing to himself, he seems to be asking, "Is it I, O Master?" Thomas, with uplifted finger, peers closely into Christ's face, apparently assuring himself of his Master's words, while James seems to say, "Why should we betray you? Surely none have loved you more than we who are now gathered about you." The expression in the other two groups is not so strong. It is more a look of surprise and awe which steals over their faces. Yet the longer one looks into these faces the more they say, and it seems that with every new glance a new thought shows itself. All is action, and although it may be just the action of a moment, the study of each face suggests the thoughts that it would take pages to write. There is not one idea only expressed there, but on the contrary, we find in analyzing the main idea found, that the many other ideas that were revolved in the mind to lead up to this main idea, are also expressed in the face. So we see that the study of a picture keeps the mind as busy as the study of a book.

EMMA KLANKE, '97.

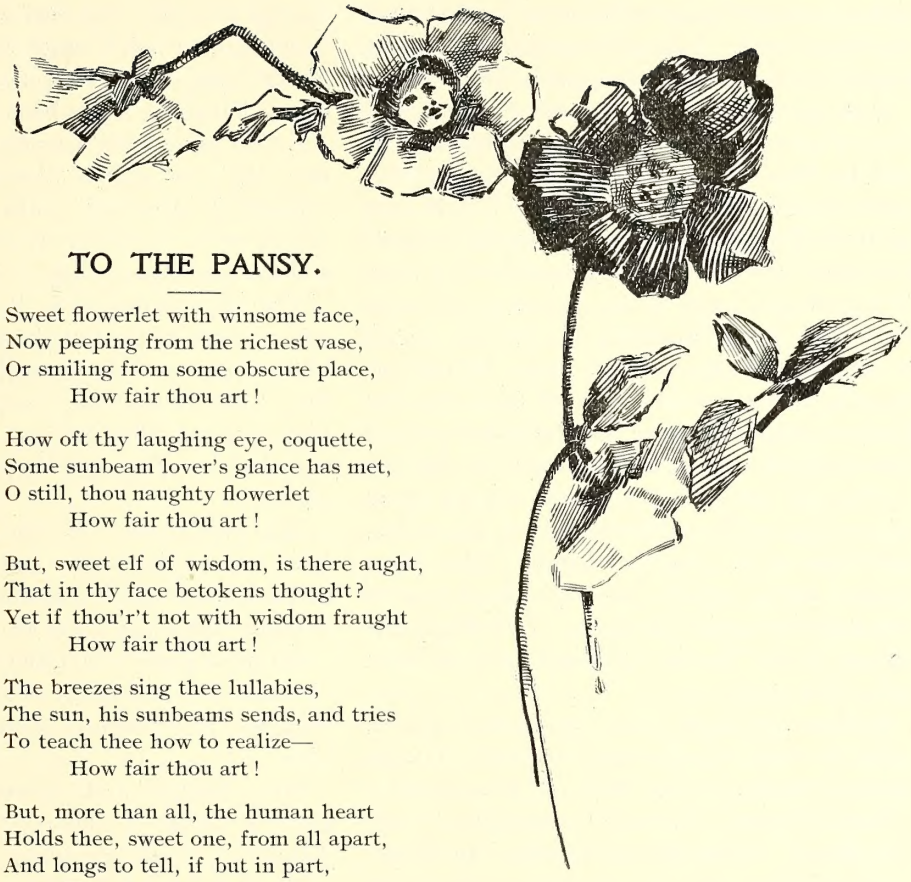
WHY?

I saw a lustrous, livid arc of fire,
A meteor, shooting swiftly high and higher,
With glorious light it pierced the cold, black sky,
And traceless then it sank—
I knew not why.

I saw a youth who, like that burning beam,
With one grand leap obtained a glowing name;
Great power he won, and wealth and honor high;
And then his life went out—
I wonder why.

—ZARA MESSING, '98.

To be weak is miserable, doing or suffering.
MILTON.



TO THE PANSY.

Sweet flowerlet with winsome face,
Now peeping from the richest vase,
Or smiling from some obscure place,
How fair thou art!

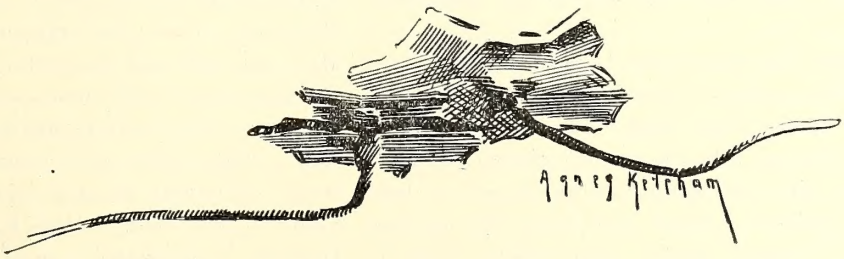
How oft thy laughing eye, coquette,
Some sunbeam lover's glance has met,
O still, thou naughty flowerlet
How fair thou art!

But, sweet elf of wisdom, is there aught,
That in thy face betokens thought?
Yet if thou'r't not with wisdom fraught
How fair thou art!

The breezes sing thee lullabies,
The sun, his sunbeams sends, and tries
To teach thee how to realize—
How fair thou art!

But, more than all, the human heart
Holds thee, sweet one, from all apart,
And longs to tell, if but in part,
How fair thou art!

—Adelaide Lecklider, '97.



FAVORITE BOOKS OF GIRLS.

IN order to determine what girls between fourteen and eighteen read, I asked ten girls to prepare for me a list of the books which they liked best. I have given here most of the books which seemed to be general favorites.

Any and every book is more inviting if it have a thread of romance running through it, and for this reason, historical novels are read while histories are left unopened. The history of Maria Theresa of Austria is much more interesting than a treatise on the affairs of Austria could be made if the romance and stern beauty of Maria Theresa's life and the doings of her court were omitted. Mrs. Muehlbach has also made the court life of Frederick the Great doubly interesting by putting her readers into close relation with the scenes she depicts.

Many of my ten girls, who would not think of reading a life of Cromwell or Hampden, will read with positive delight Miss Edna Lyall's books, which have as a back-ground the Parliamentarian struggle. "To Right the Wrong" and "In the Golden Days" are both delightful stories.

Dickens and Scott head the lists of my ten girls, as their best beloved authors. Of the former's works, "The Tale of Two Cities," "Bleak House," "David Copperfield,"' 'Oliver Twist," "Our Mutual Friend," and Nicholas Nickleby" are the favorites. In Scott, "Ivanhoe," "Marmion," "Talisman," "Kenilworth," and "Anne of Geierstein," find most readers.

Though few girls seem to enjoy Thackeray, "The Newcomes," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Virginians" are oftenest read. George Eliot does not claim many of my ten girls as admirers, but those of her works which are most read are "Mill on the Floss," "Adam Bede," and "Felix Holt." Her subjects and characters do not seem to appeal to young girls of this land and decade.

Among my ten, Walter Besant has many devotees. His works appeal directly to each reader, each and all admiring "Armorel of Lyonesse," and half envying the girl with the strange ancestry and the beautiful treasures. "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" and "Children of Gibeon," are also great favorites.

Some of my girls enjoy Lord Lytton's "My Novel" and "The Last Days of Pompeii" so much that these books head their lists.

J. G. Holland has won many admirers among my ten, through "Arthur Bonnicastle," "Nicholas Minturn" and "Seven Oaks." These books are distinctly American in setting and are very interesting.

The love stories of S. R. Crockett are read and re-read many times. A breeze from the hills seems to blow through all the scenes in the "Lilac Sunbonnet," so fresh and sweet are they. In the "Play Actress," we see the lights and shadows of the life that is lived behind the scenes.

Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonny Briar Bush" and "For Auld Lang Syne," are smiled and cried over, their delicate humor and pathos making friends for them in every heart.

To those who enjoy quiet scenes, Ik Marvel, (Donald G. Mitchell), brings much pleasure with his "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life."

Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" is a source of genuine delight to many. Her humor is so delicate, yet all-pervading, that the inward smile of appreciation rarely reaches the surface. In reading it, you come to look upon all the characters as friends, and you are verily delighted when the reconciliation between Mrs. Jamieson and the pretty bride takes place.

Almost every girl has a favorite author, and then a favorite book or books, not of that author. The following are some of the separate books of which my ten girls are especially fond. "Ben Hur," "In His Name," John Halifax Gentleman," one of the most beautiful stories ever written; "Les Miserables," "Lorna Doone," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Heir of Radcliff" and "Ramona." All of these are books whose stories are rarely forgotten.

Each was written for a purpose, and the lessons taught by the characters will remain after their names have been forgotten. They are all worthy of being read many times.

Captain King's war novels have delighted girls all over the country, and though they seldom embody any great truths, they make delightful companions for spare hours.

Mrs. Whitney's books, one and all, are loved in every home where girls are willing to do their part in making the home machinery run smoothly.

Many other books were mentioned by my ten girls, but the foregoing were those which appeared in the largest number of lists.

AGNES MCCULLOCH, '97.

THE OLD AND THE NEW IN A CALIFORNIA VALLEY.

LYING between the San Bernardino Mountains on the north, and the Temescal range on the south, is a valley, twenty miles long and five miles wide. Here, surrounded by groves of oranges, limes, olives, figs and walnuts, hemmed in by luxurious, dark green cypress hedges, and wonderful borders of geraniums, honeysuckle and roses, are some of the most picturesque of modern homes. Here, in the center of the greatest orange growing region of the world, is Riverside, a city of recent growth, small it is true, but its ideal homes are not so limited, for nearly every residence has a large section of ground surrounding it, the extent varying from five to forty acres. The fact that an elegant house does not alone constitutes the most beautiful and delightful home, is fully proved in Riverside. Often the houses are small, and entirely obscured by the symmetrical rows of orange trees, the ferny, drooping peppers, the tall and graceful, but majestic eucalyptus, the broad-spreading palms, and the climbing roses that grow from foundation to roof, which by their luxuriance transform the modest house into an embodiment of flowery fragrance and beauty. One might doubt the presence of the houses, were it it not for the inviting driveways leading away from the public road, passing between dark hedges, and under the protecting shade of the overhanging peppers to these secluded homes. Here are beautiful flower gardens. Nearer the river are the wonderful vegetable gardens of the Chinamen.

View, for a moment, this same valley fifty years ago. The bright, warm sunshine, the dewy freshness of vegetation, the clear, electric blue of the atmosphere, the morning shadows on the mountains making each canon visible, the great pines standing out like guardian warriors on their summits, the singing of mocking birds and larks, the cloudless, dark-blue tropical sky,—these are unaltered, for these man does not control. Differences, however, are strikingly apparent. On every side, stretch broad unfenced pastures, with flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle and fine horses grazing on them. Here, too, is the home of the Spanish owner of all this wealth. It is a low, rambling, adobe house, built around an open court, surrounded on all sides by broad stone-floored, vine-covered verandas. Green latticed openings there are for windows, and a massive door directly in front of the path leads to the road. This path is bordered on each side by well-cared for gardens, in which all kinds of flowers strive for supremacy. Surrounding the house and garden are the fruit orchards, the vegetable gardens, and the barley fields. The inner court, with its hard earthen floor, presents a pleasing picture. Here the Spanish family are eating their outdoor breakfast; the table for the hired men and other servants is at the other side of the court; the faithful shepherd dogs lie asleep, waiting for their day's work to begin; a chicken occasionally strays inside, and is hastily scared away; tied near one of the outer openings of the court, stands the fine blooded horse, pawing impatiently for its rider who sits with his family at their early meal; all is

cleanliness and plenty, industry and wealth, health and happiness. Such was the home of the Rubideau family half a century ago.

Turn again to modern times. Centuries might have passed, so great a change has taken place in this family. Their possessions have been taken from them by the Americans, and these Spanish ranchers have become the children of poverty and idleness. Where all was wealth, industry and cleanliness, wretched poverty, idleness and squalor exist. Near Riverside, the thrifty city which lies where the Rubideaux formerly lived, is a Spanish village. A few rudely built shanties, constitute this village, yet here the grandchildren of the proud old Spanish family now live. Humbled in the extreme, their prosperity past, no longer the directors of fine estates, nor owners of large fruit orchards, nor ranchers with vast grain fields and immense herds of cattle, we find them owning small portions of ground, their scrawny ponies living upon what can be picked up while grazing upon the foot-hills. Through ill-treatment, neglect, and idleness, the mental and moral natures of these people have been dwarfed, and crime is frequent among them. The Spanish-Americans are fast losing their identity. They have degenerated from a sturdy race of wealthy ranchers into a class of society indolent and incapable. Here, amid the wonders of a semi-tropical climate, side by side with the rapidly advancing civilization of the Americans, is the equally rapid decline in civilization of the old inhabitants.

The ranch of half a century ago, and the Spanish cattle raiser have disappeared, and the enterprising American city and the great orange industry have taken their place. Such is California, past and present.

ETHEL LUCRETIA BROWN, '97.

Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. CHALMERS.

METRICAL TRANSLATION.

(VIRGIL—FIRST BOOK—*Lines* 12 to 30.)

In times of yore, on Afric's shore
By Tyrian pilgrims held,
Across the sea from Italy
Where tides of Tiber swelled—

Was Carthage fair, with riches rare
That Juno quick espied,
And cherished more than Samo's shore,
Or all the lands beside.

She chooseth it, if Fates permit
Her seat of royal power,
Her arms are there, her chariot fair,
Within the city's tower.

But Juno fears, since she has heard,
A race will yet be born
Of Trojan blood, across the flood
To rule with pride and scorn.

That such might come, with victory won
The city to o'erthrow,
And Carthage fall, with Tyrians all,
The Fates decreed it so.

With mindful fear, did Juno hear,
With hate and swift annoy,
Recalled her rage, 'mid battle's wage
Avenging Greeks at Troy.

Nor even now, from heart or brow
Could anger quite depart;
But Juno stood 'gainst Trojan blood,
With hatred in her heart.

Remembered there, in half despair,
Decree of Paris given;
Her slighted grace—the hated race
Ganymedes borne to heaven.

The Trojans cast from first to last
About the whole wide sea,
By Fates were driven, from every haven
To dire extremity.

JESSIE F. BOWMAN, '97.

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie,
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by!
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than in the lap of sensual ease, forego
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know.

WHITTIER.

TENNYSON'S TWO LOCKSLEY HALLS.

THE two poems, "Locksley Hall" and "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," are really Tennyson's journals, one written in youth, the other in age, with sixty years of power, intellect, and knowledge developed in the latter. In the first poem, Tennyson dwells more upon himself and his passions, though the seed of great truths is sown whose development needs only time and experience. In the first, he has formed the foundation thoughts; while in the second he lives up to them, and besides this, becomes learned in the great topics of his age. He has said: "And the individual withers and the world is more and more."

The truth of this is made more manifest to him later in life when he says:

"Gone are all the fires of youth, the follies, furies, curses, and passionate tears,
Gone like the fires and floods and earthquakes of the planet's dawning years."

The poet looks back on his former passions—his great love for Amy, her unfaithfulness to him, and his bitter hatred against the one whom she married. The fire of all these passions has long fallen to ashes, and only their remembrance is left. He has forgiven the injuries to himself, and has recalled his bitter statements, saying, "Youthful jealousy is a liar."

Through both poems, there are strong undercurrents of evolution and hope. Old age did not make Tennyson come to a standstill; he was not satisfied to rest here, but his cry was:—

"Forward far and far from here,
Is all the hope of eighty years."

Hope seems to me one of the necessary elements of his nature; for when his heart is sore because of his spurned love and because he thinks there is nothing he can do, his spirit is aroused:—

"O I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set,
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet."

His spirit tells him that he must not retrograde, but must progress ever. The same idea of hope is in the following passage:—

"Hope was ever on her mountain, watching till the day begun,
Crowned with sunlight—over darkness—from the still unrisen sun."

His opinion of woman's ability enlarges too; at first, he calls her the

"Lesser man and all her passions matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine."

But later, although he still maintains his idea of the tender, feminine woman, he places her on a higher pedestal;—

"She with all charm of woman,
She with all the breadth of man."

"Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," far from being the cries of "unprogressive dotage," contains great thought and beauty. Tennyson portrays the world as it is, attacking its faults with great severity—its poverty, its crimes, its unworthy customs, its books of hideous realism, the power of the political orator over the people, and the dwindling of Art and Grace. There he leaves this tirade, and brings in the thought of evolution picturing an ideal world.

"Only that which made us, meant us to be mightier by and by."

In this ideal world, there are no crimes and suffering, but all is peaceful, plentiful, and beautiful.

"Not in vain the distance beacons;
Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever,
Down the ringing grooves of change."

—BERTHA LANGENBERG, '97.

Nature beats in perfect tune,
And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
Whether she work in land or sea,
Or hide underground her alchemy.
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.

EMERSON.

LAST FOURTH OF JULY.

I SPENT the last Fourth of July differently from any other, but very pleasantly. We were out amongst the great Rockies of the West. On that particular day we arose about five o'clock in the morning, for at six we were going to leave the little town in which we had been staying over night. Before our train arrived, we bought some oranges and sandwiches to eat until breakfast time.

There were two engines on the train, for we were going over Marshall Pass, and it was hard work for the train to climb some of the steep inclines. As there were just four in our party, two of us got in the first engine and the other two in the second, thus commanding a better view of the scenery than we should have had in the cars. Riding in an engine was a new experience to me, but I enjoyed it—that is, I enjoyed everything except the red-hot cinders which fell upon us when we least expected them. As we looked up, we saw the track, which we were yet to traverse, winding in and out among the leafless pines, and on the top, there were still patches of snow left from the winter before. As we looked down, we saw the cattle quietly grazing in the valleys and near the tracks which we had already passed, and then we would say, "Oh!" for there was a cinder on the back of our neck, recalling us to the realities of life.

On reaching the top of the Pass, the train stopped and we got out and climbed a tower, which gave us a good view of the surrounding country. On going down the mountain, we did not need two engines, and so the first one, in which I was, left the other to bring the train; and we had a fine ride down the mountain side all alone. When we reached the foot, we got out and waited impatiently for the train to come, for we were to have breakfast there, and riding in the cool morning air had given us a good appetite.

We passed the rest of the morning in the coach, in the sleeping-car, in the stateroom, and on the platform. In fact we were in every place that day except in the baggage-car; (we had been there the afternoon before, sitting for nearly an hour on boxes of fruit while we admired the beautiful scenery, which could be seen much better there than in the common car).

That afternoon, open cars were put on the end of the train, and we immediately went out and secured the back seats. We were in the beautiful Black Canon, and it was there that we celebrated the Fourth. The night before, we had bought all sorts of fireworks, and now, as we fired the immense cannon crackers, the mountains sent the echoes back and forth, and the stream rushed wildly along his way, making a great commotion, for he was not used to such doings, and no doubt was badly frightened, and then when we shot off the little ones, he laughed merrily, and seemed to say, "Ha, that doesn't scare me; I make more noise than that myself!" We also had all sizes of torpedoes, which we threw against the masses of solid rock that rose on each side of us; and after we had sped away, we seemed to hear the mountains grumbling at being treated so.

That evening, we stopped at a little village, nestling among the mountains, called Ouray. The people had come in from all the country around, and everybody was in holiday attire. After supper, there was a great parade, the music was played by bands of Indians, and the streets were crowded with people who wished both to see and to hear. The band played on, and I must have fallen asleep, for when I awoke, it was the fifth of July.

JULIA HOBBS, '99.

Build thou more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

O. W. HOLMES.

METRICAL TRANSLATIONS FROM VIRGIL.

BOOK I.

Now Juno, the passion-blind goddess, comes into the country of tempests,
A place filled with furious storms; Æolia, named from its rulers.
Here rules he the impatient winds; with a sceptre of iron he sways them.
Deep in his cavernous realms he restrains them in chains and in dungeons;
Indignant they murmur and strain, and struggle in in vain at their leashes.
All calmly, King Æolus sits enthroned and holding his sceptre.
He calms them and smoothes them when restless, he tempers their fury, when angry.
For well knows he, if this is not done, that sea, earth, and heavens will vanish,
Borne away by these furious monsters, as swiftly they fly through the ether.
But Jupiter, fearful of this, shut them up in these great gloomy caverns
And placed on the top, lofty mountains, and gave them a king, understanding
In what moods to give them more freedom, in what moods to curb and restrain them.

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Implored by the beautiful goddess, he swiftly reverses his sceptre;
He wounds in its side the caved mountain and forth rush the storms in their freedom.
They sweep over the earth in a whirlwind, descend on the sea, and in frolic
Raise it up from its deepest of hollows, roll shoreward the waves vast and mighty.
In the darkness which follows, are heard shouts of men and the whistling of rigging.
Black clouds snatch the heavens and sun from before the eyes of the Teucri.
The blackness of night is disturbed by sharp lightnings and rumbling of thunder,
And a horrible death, all things threaten the men, quaking now in their terror.

—EMILIE MCCULLOUGH, '96.

II.

Æneas from his sylvan throne
Calls to the runners to come on,
And to arouse their courage bold
Brings forth a glittering prize,
A war-horse checked with rein of gold;
And thus before their eyes
He turns the polished helmet o'er,
Won from the Greeks on Troy's far shore;
A golden quiver brings to view,
Inlaid with gems and holding, too,
The Thracian arrows, rare and true;
They take their places at the word,
And when the signal trump is heard
Sudden they leave the starting place.
Each bends his sinews for the race,
Upon the goal they fix their eyes,
Then speed away, and Nisus flies
Swifter than lightning or the wind;
The next, yet distant Salius tries
To leave the others yet behind;
The third was young Euryalus,
A space, then follows Helymus;
Then pressing onward, heel on heel,
Comes Diores with nerves of steel.
The goal is neared, when mocking Fate,
Just where the blood of bullocks slain
Had slippery made the grassy plain,
Hurls down the victor, as elate
He marks his triumph with his eyes,
Slipping, he falls and prostrate lies;
But yet his mind stays with the race,
Though lost to him, he gives first place
Unto his friend; as Salius speeds
With vigor by and little heeds
The fallen form, quick in his way,
It throws itself; he cannot stay
The swift recoil, but falls amain
Upon the slimy, blood-stained plain,
While Euryalus onward flies
'Mid loud applause to win the prize.

—EMMA CLINTON, '96.

Diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. HAWTHORNE.

There is no situation in life but has its advantages and pleasures. IRVING.

"Be thou of those "who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars."

"Heed how thou livest. Do no act by day
Which from the night shall drive thy peace away,
In months of sun so live that months of rain
Shall still be happy. Evermore restrain
Evil and cherish good."

THE MARBLE FAUN.

"When half-gods go,
The gods arrive."

Says Emerson: The Marble Faun is but those two lines exemplified and elaborated.

IN the opening chapters there is presented a youth, so care free, and happy, so full of animal life and spirits, that he seems more akin to the inhabitants of grove and forest than to those of village and city. He is young and strong, with all the beauty of Italian youth, and between him and the famed Faun of Praxiteles there is a most wonderful resemblance. Form and feature of marble and man exactly correspond, nor does the resemblance cease there. In nature, as in feature, the faun of old might have been the prototype of Donatello. It was as if that charming link between man and nature had sprung into renewed life, and the half-god of field and woods lived again.

Donatello's life, up to the time of the story, had been spent in a remote corner of Italy, among a rustic people, where he breathed innocence with the pure air, and drank joy with every draught of the sparkling wine. Led by some strange fate, he comes to the eternal city where his rustic grace, his buoyant spirits seem strangely out of place, and where he first knows sin.

Never before, in his simple life, has he known the meaning of that word, and from his first knowledge he recoils, blinded, bewildered, stunned. As the full realization of his deed dawns upon him, his despair deepens. The sensitive spirit shrinks in abhorrence from the guilty self. Heaven and earth seem to reel around him and he knows not what is solid ground. But in the darkness of those days, the soul, which had lain dormant during these years of ignorant innocence, awakes and cries out. And it is with the awful question of the development of the soul that the story deals. The struggles, agonies, and despair, the crushing consciousness of the sin, the self-loathing and scorn, all are factors in the mighty problem, but at last the soul stands triumphant in God's own sunlight and Donatello feels himself a man.

Ah! the fruit of the tree of knowledge is bitter and Donatello had tasted the bitterness thereof. The gaiety of the young Faun was gone forever, and the gravity of a man, who had fought for life, had taken its place. The half-god of wood and field had disappeared, but the god strong in divine strength, wise, self-reliant, had come.

"And the Lord God said, 'Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil.'"

MABEL MARTIN HOPKINS, '97.

THE DECLINE OF ORATORY.

THE present stage of the world's history is destitute of men possessing the highest form of cultured discourse, that of appealing to the aesthetic sensibilities of man and of arousing his dormant and listless emotions to a state of mental activity which results in an indorsement of the advocate's views. Oratory, which was regarded by the ancients as one of the greatest of gifts, is not considered of sufficient importance by us to be taught in our educational institutions. From one point of view, it is true that the present newspaper has replaced the orator, for the press speaks to a multitude indefinitely greater than the orator's voice could reach. Looking at it from a broader standpoint, however, who would not prefer to see the orator in a blaze of the glory of a God-inspired adherence to a principle to be instilled in the minds of the people? The truths enunciated by the orator will be discussed and acted upon, though the orator, himself, be as violently treated as was Garrison in the ante-bellum days. In these times of "thoughts that shake mankind," we need more youth to adopt the heroic, self-instructive measures of Demosthenes, and such an adoption will result in developing more Websters,

Burkes and Sumners to shape and mould the thoughts of nations.

Education is the only remedy for this great defect in modern civilization. In every public institution, there should be one department that is entirely devoted to the cultivation of the art of oratory. Neither of the two grand media of the dissemination of knowledge, the tongue and the pen, should be neglected; but as much attention should be bestowed upon oratory, as upon composition.

LAWRENCE B. DAVIS, '97.

THE SEASONS.

O Nature, thou with thy great love
Dost over all, below, above,
With tender care and power divine
Cast that paternal grace of thine.
In all thy works, it seems to me,
Thou dost excel in harmony
Of color, which delights the eye,
Of music, made by birds on high.
Thou hast a place for everything,
The flow'rs that bloom, the birds that sing,
Each in its turn to reign supreme
And over all cast its bright gleam.
Thou makest well thy course to run
By night the moon, by day the sun.
Of all thy works, I fain would say,
The happiest be thy grand outlay,
That varied carpet of the year
Which ever doth more bright appear.

To Spring, that artful child so fair,
Thou givest more than seems her share.
All life awakens with her breath,
All that before was cold in death.
The field a bright green hue assumes,
The trees and plants send forth their blooms.
The little birds begin to thrill,
The thrush, the wren, the whip-poor-will,
All tend to greet one with delight
And make more beautiful the sight.

Then Summer comes with an outlay
Of fields of corn, of wheat, of hay,
And flowers of a brighter hue—
The rose so red, the pansy blue.
The fields of grain assume the gold
That with delight all men behold,
For 'tis the time of harvesting
And fields with merry voices ring;
For now's the time which doth afford
The things laid by for winter's board.

Fall with her many colored leaves
Blown here and there amongst the trees
Comes next. She spreads upon earth's breast
The vines and trees with fruit well blest.
The luscious grapes, red, purple, green,
Through vari-tinted leaves are seen.
The apples on the trees so high
Distinct outlined against the sky
Bespeak the winter's night so drear,
Where by the hearth they bring good cheer.

And last of all, she doth appear,
That white-robed fury of the year.
She blows on all her frosty breath
That well foretells the flowers' death.
Her soft white mantle close she draws
About her fierce and biting jaws.
Then love the folks to stay at home
And not from fireplace far to roam.
And when the bells peal out that day
When the new Christ in manger lay,
Then gather they about the hearth
And celebrate that dear One's birth;
And six days later in the night,
The old year dies, gives up its right.

So, Nature, by thy power of reason
Thou makest all to come in season.
And when thou think'st the time has come
For them to go to their last home,
Thou gently cut'st the tender thread
And send'st them to their lowly bed.

—ETHEL R. CLAYBOURNE, '96.

In life's small things be resolute and great,
To keep thy muscle trained: know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me."

LOWELL.

Greatly begin! though thou have time,
But for a line, be that sublime,—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

LOWELL.

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will.

LOWELL.

Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW.

REMINISCENCES OF TRAVEL.

HALF the pleasure and profit of travel is due to intercourse with one's fellow-travellers. Mutual good-will, or a little timely aid in an hour of need often leads to life-time friendships. With few exceptions, notably the well-meaning but uncommunicative Briton, foreigners are found to meet one half-way, if approached in the true spirit of courtesy.

Once, a long day's journey by rail was pleasantly broken by the companionship of a hearty old German who occupied the seat in front of us. He knew all about the country through which we were passing, and as he spoke English, could tell us much of interest not to be found in the guide-book.

Seeing that we were unfortunate in the amount of lunch laid in beforehand, he generously invited us to share the contents of a huge square lunch basket, well packed by some good *Haus-frau*. The basket was a curious affair, with several trays, boxes, cans, straps, and innumerable little conveniences for carrying food for a long journey.

Mein Herr was in a happy mood and kept us laughing over his little pleasantries. Here is one of his stories told after he had passed us some fruit : "Ze French ladies like two kinds of fruit only—apples and pears. You do not believe? Ach ! I ask madame what is her favorite fruit. If she have ugly teeth she say '*la pomme*;' but if she have fine beautiful teeth, she tell me, 'ah, monsieur, j'aime *la poire !*' "

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Frederick the Great, like some other geniuses, was a man of eccentricities. He loved to surprise and contradict people. He had a way of inviting persons to dinner in one of his private apartments, and then causing the table and all its load suddenly to sink through a trap-door in the floor, leaving the guests to continue in surprise and hunger until he chose to elevate the table to its proper position.

This device was really intended to permit his dining with political friends without risk of being overheard by his servants, who changed the viands in the room below, whenever the table descended. The table is still shown in the palace at Potsdam, a pretty town on the Havel river, sixteen miles from Berlin.

Once the seat of the Great Elector of Brandenburg, it owes its more modern splendors to Frederick the Great. Friedrichskron, an enormous and imposing palace of two hundred and twenty rooms, was built by him in 1769, at great expense, merely to prove to the world that he still had plenty of money at the end of the Seven Years War.

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At Potsdam, are a number of other royal residences, parks and small chateaux. One of the most interesting of these is a little play-house of a palace, one story high, but with a long and elaborate frontage. This was Frederick's favorite residence. His rooms are almost unaltered. At the east end of the palace, on the terrace, is a statue of Flora, near which are buried his favorite grey-hounds and chargers. He once expressed a wish to be buried beside them at the foot of the statue, saying, "Qnand je serai la, je serai *sans souci.*" ("When I am there, I shall be *without care.*") Thus the little palace received its name, Sans souci—the Carefree.

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Its most curious room is that one prepared by Frederick for the reception of Voltaire. Mutual admiration had existed for some time when the Prussian monarch invited the French dramatist to visit him at Sanssouci. Voltaire accepted.

The men of that time were as noted for the use of powder, paint, wigs, and such things, as the women. Voltaire was no exception. In spite of his admiration for the Frenchman's writings, Frederick considered him a vain chatter-box ; in fact, thought he looked like a monkey. He resolved to have a laugh at Voltaire's expense. The room prepared for him

was to be furnished in keeping with his nature, or Frederick's conception of it.

It is still shown to visitors. The woodwork and furniture are elaborately carved in grotesque designs of hideous, grinning monkeys.

On the hangings are embroidered, in gaudy colors, more monkeys and gorgeous parrots with their beaks wide open, evidently ready to chatter. The toilet-table itself rivals that of Pope's Belinda of the stolen lock in being a curiosity of its kind; and in all its arrangements satire on Voltaire's personal habits is evident. Grooves and larger spaces are cut in the surface of the table, and in these lie paint-brushes, combs. mirror, cosmetic boxes, and receptacles for powder and paint. There is a ewer for water, ridiculously small, and a bowl also sunk into the table, but correspondingly diminutive; hardly large enough for a comfortable rinsing of one's two hands.

Whether Voltaire was as much amused as his host over these little reflections on his habits, history does not tell us. But one may infer that he took all with a good grace, for history does record a visit that meant much intellectual entertainment to two great minds.

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Near Sanssouci still stands a picturesque wind-mill which Frederick wished to have removed when he took possession of the palace. He offered to buy the land on which it stands. But the sturdy peasant owner, who valued his mill, stoutly scorned first the royal offers, and then the royal threats. For Frederick finally went to court, and the decision was, that not even the king could compel a subject to sell property against his will.

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Frederick could not command his peasants entirely, but he could his soldiers.

The men of the Potsdam garrison disliked to attend the garrison church on account of the lengthy service. The king investigated and made the rule that every soldier should attend church at least once a month; but the officiating minister had strict orders to limit his sermon to *two hours*. To make sure, an hour-glass was kept in full sight upon the reading desk. When the sands had measured out the appointed time, the worthy clergyman had to stop preaching instantly, no matter how much he wished to finish a telling sentence, to deliver an inspiring thought, or his most thrilling climax. The rule was strictly enforced, and it is said that the men found this arrangement much more satisfactory.

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A number of battle-flags, taken chiefly from the French, are suspended on either side of the pulpit. In a vault beneath this pulpit is the plain coffin of the great Frederick, beside that of his father, Frederick William I. For he does not rest in the shadow of his favorite Sanssouci beside the graves of his faithful dogs. Yet it seems fitting that the stern old warrior should sleep at last in a soldier's church, while the flags that brave Prussians fought for wave over his tomb.

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Christ's Hospital, or the famous Blue Coat School, in London, was founded by Edward the Sixth, for orphan boys and sons of parents with an income of less than £300 a year. The original and inconvenient costume is still worn by the boys. It consists of a long blue coat, knee breeches, yellow stockings, and low shoes with large buckles. No head covering is ever worn; the boys go bareheaded summer and winter.

Many of the ancient privileges granted to the school are still retained. One is that of presenting them to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on Easter Tuesday, when each receives the gift of a shilling fresh from the mint. Little companies of them make quaint processions when out for a holiday with their masters. Among the famous men who were once "Blue Coat Boys," were Leigh Hunt, S. T. Coleridge, and Charles Lamb.

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"Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here in streaming London's central roar,

Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore."

There could be no more poetic description of Wellington's tomb than that of Tennyson in his famous Ode.

Both Wellington and Nelson rest in the vast crypt of great St. Paul's, in London. The black marble sarcophagus of Nelson, containing an inner coffin made of part of the mainmast of the French ship L'Orient, rests in the crypt exactly under the center of the great dome. Not far from there, in a chamber lighted by four candelabra of polished granite, is the sarcophagus of Wellington, a huge block of porphyry resting on a granite base.

In another chamber, behind the tomb of Nelson, is the great hearse used at Wellington's funeral. It is an enormous affair, very long and high, covered with heavy black draperies and other trappings of mourning. The body of the hearse was cast from guns taken in the Iron Duke's victories.

In one of the low-ceiled vaults of this crypt, the clapping of hands produces a sound like the report of musketry.

All around the church runs an irregular street known as St. Paul's Churchyard. It connects two great thoroughfares—Fleet street and Ludgate Hill—with the famous Cheapside. St. Martin's-le-Grand is another street running off near this irregular oval, and St. Martin's is but the beginning of Aldersgate street, where Milton lived for a time.

Back and forth through St. Paul's Churchyard daily surges the tide of "streaming London." The roar of humanity reaches the ear even in the crypt of the church, when one stands silent in that shadowy chamber beside the tomb of the "Great Duke." The rumbling seems far, far away. No separate sound is distinguishable—it is one muffled roar that chants a constant dirge for England's heroes, while through the crypt and above in the church

"The sound of those wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore."

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In thinking of the Duke of Wellington, one is reminded of the curious condition by which certain of the Wellington estates are kept in the family. Originally the property was bequeathed to the Duke by a wealthy admirer in remembrance of the great warrior's achievements at Waterloo. It was to descend to Wellington's heirs *on condition* that on June 18th of every year—the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo—the heir, or his representatives, should place, before high noon, a new French flag of silk in the Waterloo Chamber, one of the state apartments of Windsor Castle. It must be placed in position, therefore, on the morning of June 18th, neither the day before nor the day after.

So every year members of the family set out in state for Windsor. They come in plenty of time to insure prompt arrival in spite of possible accidents on the way, and are armed with several new French flags of silk. There are enough people in attendance to fulfil the ceremonies if delays or other mishaps should befall the chief members of the party. In fact, every possible precaution is taken to prevent the exchange of flags happening either too soon or too late. For if they violated the above conditions of ownership in any one particular the estate would be forfeited immediately.

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One often hears of privileges or ownerships which hinge on just some such curious old decree.

One of these is the retention of land in a certain family as long as the dust of the original possessor is kept above ground.

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Readers of the "Lady of the Lake" will recall "the Bleeding Heart" as the crest of the Douglas family, it having been chosen from the following circumstance:

A historic room in Stirling Castle is the

small apartment where James II of Scotland assassinated William, eighth Earl of Douglas. This noble had conspired against the king, with the Earls of Ross and Crawford. With hopes of a friendly settlement, James invited him to come to Stirling, having first given him his word of safe conduct.

Their interview took place in this small room. James tried to persuade the Douglas to give up his rebellious schemes, but the Earl obstinately refused all conciliatory offers. James lost patience and flew into a terrible rage. Forgetting or disregarding the royal safe conduct, he stabbed his guest to the heart and the body of the Earl was thrown out of the window.

A design in stained glass has been placed in this window in memory of the murdered Earl, and the principal figure in the design is a bleeding heart, which, ever since that treacherous deed, has been part of the Douglas arms.

From "gray Stirling" can be seen twelve battlefields, the most interesting of which is Bannockburn, where Robert Bruce won Scottish liberty from the English in 1314.

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Some people don't believe that story about St. Patrick and the snakes, but if they should visit the beautiful region of the Lakes of Killarney, in Ireland, they would be taken to the identical spot at the entrance to the Gap of Dunloe, where the good Saint stood when he banished the reptiles.

If he is still skeptical, let him ride further into the gap, where he will meet with bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked Irish maidens, who can vouch for the whole story. The pretty, barefooted "colleens" stand by the wayside, knitting soft, gray stockings, which they hope to sell to the tourist, along with a cool drink of fresh milk, or if the traveler prefers, a draught of "mountain dew"—(euphemistic term applied to water mixed with a less innocent beverage.)

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The word "blarney," now a rather slang synonym for loquaciousness, is derived from the famous "Blarney-stone," which is part of a tower buttress of the renowned Blarney Castle near Cork, Ireland. Now a fine old ruin, it was once the impregnable stronghold of a branch of the McCarthys, one of the ancient royal races of Ireland. Many legends and superstitions cluster about its ivy-covered walk. Doubtless the best known is the fabled power of the Blarney-stone to impart irresistible persuasive powers to whomsoever kisses it.

The groves about Blarney are prettily described by the Irish poet, Croker :—

"The groves of Blarney,
They look as charming
Down by the purling
Of sweet, silent streams,
Being banked with posies
That spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order
By the sweet rock close.

"'Tis there the daisy,
And the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink,
And the rose so fair;
The daffydowndilly,
Likewise the lily—
All flowers that scent
The sweet, fragrant air."

—THERESA PIERCE, '96.

REPORT UPON "SILAS MARNER."

THE study of Silas Marner's character is the study of a life blighted and saddened by injustice. Silas Marner had suffered almost everything that a man could suffer. He had been betrayed by his dearest friend, unjustly driven from home, and punished for a crime he had not committed. All this he had suffered, and as a result had lost confidence in man and trust in God, and had become a recluse in the little sequestered town of Ravaloe.

There were two epochs in the life of Silas Marner while he was living at Ravaloe; the epoch during which he spent his time in

hoarding money, and that when he took Eppie in charge.

When Silas first came to Ravaloe he was fresh from his disgrace and wished only to be left in peace. He worked at his trade of weaving and soon began to save his earnings. Little by little he collected his coins. Each night he looked them over, counted them, and gloated over them; he soon began to love them. Soon he gave up his life, his hopes and his passions to collecting and hoarding money. He was fast becoming a miser when a fortunate circumstance stopped his moral decadence; he was robbed.

Under this additional misfortune, (for so it seemed to him), poor Marner must soon have fallen, but at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, the first ray of light burst upon him; Eppie came to him.

For one cold night, that little orphan, deserted by friends (if indeed she had any), strayed into the house and heart of the desolate man, and gave him something to work for and to love.

Eppie's coming opened the second epoch in Silas Marner's life. With Eppie came some one to love, some one to hope for, some one to work for. At once Silas awoke from his musing and sadness. He toiled for Eppie at the loom; he walked with her in the fields; his whole time was devoted to her care. Thus these two grew older side by side, the old man and the little girl; the one becoming older and feebler but at the same time happier and better, the other becoming more bright and cheerful each day. The vacant spot in Marner's heart was filled; the wound was fast healing. Little by little he was recalled to that world he had foresworn. Day by day he drew nearer to Eppie, and through Eppie to his neighbors.

Thus time passed. Silas became fully reconciled to his fellow-men, and Eppie grew up to be a noble, high-spirited girl. With Eppie love and hope had returned, even when he seemed most oppressed.

Of the other characters, Dolly Winthrop, little Aaron's mother, deserves special notice as a fine example of the loving, indulgent mother, the friend of the sick, or of those in trouble, and the kind, helping neighbor. At times, she may have been over-curious, but she was always open hearted, good natured, and sympathetic, ready to rejoice in another's happiness, or to comfort and bear aid in his misfortunes.

In religion, Dolly simply trusted where she could not see, but trusted with a zeal, which though blind, was whole-souled and sincere. In her own words, "But now upo' Christmas day, this blessed Christmas as is ever coming, if you will take your dinner to the bakehus and go to church and see the holly and the yew and hear the anthim and then take the sacrimen', you would be a deal the better, and you'd know which end you stood on, and you could put your trust wi' Them as knows better nor we do, seei'n' you'd ha' done what it lies on us all to do." Dolly may not have been well versed in the canons of the church, but in the last sentence, she struck fairly into the Christian's duty.

When an author's views of every-day life are made to fit a purpose, when they are mingled with wise hints for our own better living, together with the truth, that the author believes, then we have the realistic-philosophic novel. The philosophic novel is full of all that the author has been able to glean from years of observation. Often these truths and thoughts are put into single sentences, but then these sentences are worth more than chapters of ordinary reading. The philosophic novel gives us rules and guides for our better action. Silas Marner is full of such little helps. The philosophic-realistic novel is as though some artist stood before us explaining some picture of life, and at the same time giving us valuable suggestions all on things that most concern us. JAMES CROMER, '97.

There is ever a song somewhere.

RILEY.

THE STORY OF TENNYSON'S BROOK
In the Form of
A HUMAN LIFE.

I come from God's eternal home,
And at my first appearing,
In form, a little child I come,
With work towards me nearing.

Then many fears before me rise,
A few of which I conquer,
The others will I ne'er despise,
But work to gain some honor.

Till Death's dark portal passed, and so
I join my Lord forever,
For though to earth I come and go,
I shall live on forever.

I gaily trip o'er stony ways,
Suppressiug tears and grieving,
Till passing into happier days
I laugh to see them leaving.

I laugh and labor as I go
To join my Lord forever,
For though to earth I come and go,
I shall live on forever.

I pass through strange vicissitudes
With joy entwined with sorrow,
While faith and trust are interludes
Which give the strength I borrow,

To bring my friends along, and so
I join my lord forever,
For though to earth I come and go,
I shall live on forever.

Sometimes I lose my peaceful trust
And think my days will darken,
Till some light breeze dispels the dust,
And clearly bids me harken.

Full soon I hear His voice and so
I join my Lord forever,
For though to earth I come and go,
I shall live on forever.

—LIZZIE KELLOGG, '98.

AN HOUR WITH MY GRANDSIRE.

RECEIVING a request to attend a dinner which was given to celebrate the eighty-third birthday of my most honored grandsire, we, on the day in question, partook of a most bountiful feast, after which we begged the old gentleman to tell us something of his youth. He loved to tell of the old times, and soon spoke as follows:

"I am one of the very few, now living, who saw this country in all of its native and original beauty, before the ax of the pioneer had marred its wild and romantic grandeur and scenery. I saw it at a time when

"'Nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
And men as wild and fierce as they.'"

I was here when the Indian ruled supreme, and was monarch of all he surveyed; when his tomahawk and scalping knife were the terror of the few white settlers. Cabins were scattered over a radius of three or four miles, and their location was known to the weary traveler only by the slowly and lazily curling wreaths of the smoke that rose here and there above the dense forest, which has since given place to the great commercial and railroad city of Indianapolis. This 'boundless contiguity of shade' was considered the finest hunting ground of the great West; it was guarded by its dusky owners with a vigilant eye, and they were jealous of any innovations upon their soil. They regarded it as a perpetual heritage for themselves, given by the 'Great Spirit.' I have seen big tears drop from the eyes of many a brave and daring warrior as he bid farewell to his old home. These Indians had descended in a direct line from the tribe that smoked the calumet and negotiated the treaty of peace with William Penn, under the old elm tree at their village of Shackamaxon, on the bank of the Delaware in Pennsylvania.

"Father being opposed to slavery, freed his slaves and left his old Kentucky home for a home north of the Ohio River. He disposed of every article of wood or iron furniture that could possibly be done without. He then loaded a large six-horse wagon with heavy necessary furniture, and provision sufficient for the winter's use. The beds and bedding and most of the clothing were so arranged and packed as to be carried on the backs of horses. Feather beds were rolled up and tied together in such a way that one would rest on

each side of the horse, forming a platform on the back of the animal where one or two children might sit. My mother and grandmother were provided with single horses and side-saddles, and when the whole caravan was in motion, it would remind a person of a cavalcade of Bedouins or Arabs.

"We found a cabin that had been raised and covered, but neither door nor window had been cut. My father did not take the liberty of cutting out the doors lest he should not get them in as the owner wished; so he pried up two corners of the house and took out the third log from the bottom, which would, by climbing, be sufficient for ingress and egress. My grandmother's going in and out afforded much amusement. She was a large but stout woman, nearly as thick as she was long, and none enjoyed the fun more than the old lady herself.

"When it became known that we wished to build a cabin, the entire male population of the neighborhood were prompt to tender their services. Our new cabin was far removed from the present comforts and luxuries enjoyed even by the poorest citizen of Indianapolis. It consisted simply of two rooms with puncheon floors, through which holes were bored. Into these holes forked sticks were stuck, and the beds laid on other sticks resting in the forks. We had two chairs and used a box-lid for a table, while stools were made out of rough boards and sticks. One side of the house was entirely occupied by a large fireplace, and each day a back-log was hauled in by a team of horses which passed directly through the house. Much care was taken to have a large bed of coals ready to be covered with ashes each night, for our fire, when once out, was hard to start, as we had no matches. One day we children were left in charge of the fire, and through carelessness it was allowed to go out. The only thing to be done was to go to a neighbor, some half a mile off, and borrow fire.

"We brought with us a carpet, which did not quite cover the floor, thus leaving a bare space at the edge. The people, not being accustomed to carpets, would come in and walk around on the uncarpeted portion instead of the covered floor.

"The first Christmas dinner we ate is yet fresh in my mind. A large wild turkey was killed for the occasion within one hundred yards of the door, and near where Washington street now crosses the canal. The fowl was hung by a wire to the rafter of the cabin in front of the large fire place. I can see it now, as the draft caused by the fire kept the turkey turning around and around, first twisting the wire up to the ceiling and then untwisting it. In this way it was browned most thoroughly. What that Christmas dinner lacked in the variety and style of the present day, was made up in the happiness and content with which it was partaken.

"On one occasion, I went with my father in quest of 'hog meat.' When about half way home, we came to an encampment of Delawares. The chief was not slow in making a proposition to trade for the hogs. He offered bear meat, turkeys, venison, and skins of different kinds, and finally offered to pledge his silver hat bands, all of which my father rejected. He then said if my father would not trade, some of the young men would follow us and take the pork from us. Just at this time, an old squaw brought up a little Indian girl, about my size and age, and proposed to trade her for the hogs, thus giving me a squaw. This amused the Indians, and my father taking advantage of their merriment, moved on.

"Well I remember the first Fourth of July celebration in Indianapolis. The barbecue was in the middle of Washington street. A fine buck had been killed the day before and was roasted whole and partaken of by the entire population of the town and surrounding country. After dinner, the people were entertained by a teamster, who dressed himself in a fantastic garb, singing comic songs, and in various ways amusing the people. This was

the first clown that performed in public in this city, although we have had them by the hundreds since in our legislative halls, courts of justice and political conventions.

"I love to recall those old times when money was not the standard by which character was weighed; when honesty and integrity were the passports to preferment; when all were on a social equality. We received our mail but once a week, and it was brought in the saddle-bags of the mail carrier, who had to ride on horseback from Connersville. On the evening of his arrival, there was always a dance, as he was the only fiddler in the country.

"Neither shoe shops nor ready-made shoes were common in those days; but every shoe was made to order by the shoemaker, who traveled from house to house repairing and making all the much needed shoes for the family. One time, being in a hurry for a pair of shoes, I sat up all night by the side of the shoemaker to keep him awake, and remind him of my haste.

"Photographs were a thing of the future, and to have a likeness taken, it took, not only five dollars of our hard earned money, but it also took five minutes of perfect composure to produce the old time daguerreotype.

"When I speak of my old home, I am carried back in memory to my childhood's tender years, when my Sabbath school teacher taught me to lisp the A B C's at the first school ever organized in this city, and kept in a cabinet shop on the south side of the State House square.

"In 1826, there appeared an announcement that 'the trustees of the school attached to the Presbyterian meeting house, give notice to the public that Mr. Ebenezer Sharpe, late principal of the Paris Academy, Kentucky, has taken charge of the school, and has this day, with two assistants, commenced instructing.' The school was dignified by the high sounding name of the 'Indianapolis Academy.' In it classics, history and geography, as well as the higher branches of mathematics, were taught. In order that you may see what it cost the fathers and grandfathers in Indianapolis to be educated, I give the price of tuition:

For spelling and reading, per quarter	$2 00
Writing and arithmetic	2 50
Geography, English grammar, mathematics, the languages and philosophy	3 00

This is an era in the history of education in Indianapolis.

"I have been an eye witness to many great changes in this country. I have seen the cabin of the pioneer give place to the elegant home of the farmer; the sickle and reap-hook to the cradle and scythe, and they in turn to the reaper and self-binder; the slow-nodding ox team, with its one thousand, five hundred pounds of merchandise, to the locomotive with its hundred of tons. 'Such are the changes which a few years bring about, and so do things pass away, like a tale that is told.'"

CORA S. BUGBY, '96.

THE MODERN NEWSPAPER.

WHILE visiting recently in a large city, I was much interested in the daily papers. On opening the sheet, I usually found a good deal of space devoted to the most recent murder. The entire circumstances were given with the most minute details; the spot where the crime occurred, the clothes worn by the victim, pictures of the murdered and the murderer, interviews with the latter and accounts of their former lives. The murderer's defense and his chances in court were detailed exactly, for of course the public must know everything about these interesting people. Next came very often some facts about the marriage of some person, prominent because of money or social position. It is quite necessary for us to be informed what the wedding presents were, to have full and detailed descriptions of the trousseau, and to know all the bride's habits. Turning on, we reached an account of the doings of some noted man during the day. How

satisfactory it is for us to know what he ate for breakfast, where he buttoned his overcoat, and what friends he visited.

The advertisements of patent medicines are an important part of the paper, and are generally accompanied by portraits of the people who have used them, and full statements of their conditions before and after taking these valuable remedies. A few columns are devoted to the theaters, and some space is occupied by political affairs and miscellaneous notices. Then the instructive and profitable composition is finished. LUCIA S. HOLLIDAY, '96.

THE HIGH SCHOOL SENATE.

THE High School Senate has had a most profitable year under its critic, Miss Donnan. The improvement has been marked in most of the Senators, and many make very good specches. The Presidents for the year have been Senators Palmer, Platt, and Frye. But one meeting of the year has been disorderly, and that one was so interesting that we include the Secretary's (?) report:

The other day Platt attempted to braid Senator Frye's hair; intruding his body corporal into the Frying-pan; he was hurled upon the fire in the shape of a Quay, where he Lodged until that gentleman began to pull off his Mantle and Vest, saying that he'd "Teller" whether there would be Warren the camp or not. Frye secured a full Nelson on Platt, and was so angry that he could hear the Bacon sizzle, when Cannon, Hal(e)ing a passing policeman from the window, went off, knocking apart the contestants. After a Call around the corner, it was decided to Berry the hatchet and to continue to Bate the lion.

"THE IRREPRESSIBLE."

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts. PHILIP SIDNEY.

There is always a best way of doing anything, if it be to boil an egg. EMERSON.

A QUIET GARDEN NOOK.

AS I sit on the broad porch of an old-fashioned house and look out from beneath the low eaves, I see a delightful, quiet corner of the small garden a mass of fresh spring green, quivering in the soft breeze of a perfect May morning. A charm is contributed to the picture by the half-rustic appearance which it presents, but its chief claim to a place in my affections lies in the familiarity of the spot and its associations.

Leading up to the steps of the porch is the smooth, grass-fringed path, on one side of which is a comfortable-looking rustic seat, cool and inviting beneath the dark shade of the long, low arbor, the roof of which is a thick, but loose and graceful overlapping of the broad leaves of a grape vine, which has clambered with such zeal over the gray frame-work that the crossing and re-crossing of the long branches forms a firm net-work of delicate red-brown threads, now only half visible here and there from the outside. Nearer the ground the leaves are less dense, and form a sort of lace-work, through which may be seen the curves of the loose web of slender, shredded, seemingly too frail branches which seem to rise together, yet apart, out of the tufts of long grass at the roots. A coating of tiny light green ringlets on the ground gives evidence that the grape-vine is just passing its blossoming season; and another close look will reveal, beneath the shelter of the leaves, little green, feathery sprays, which are to become the rich, purple clusters of the autumn. The grass which borders the path, stretches over the whole of this side of the garden in quiet greenness, like a beautiful carpet, which the sunlight will not fade, and which yields with uncomplaining grace to the foot-falls of those who love this spot. At the farther end of the garden, this stretch of green is interrupted by a long, low structure, which has now fallen into disuse, its old, gray, decaying wall tenderly shielded from the glare of the sun's

rays or the unkind glance of careless eyes by the intertwining branches of a trumpet-vine, whose scaly bark spring has artfully concealed, except at the base, by a profusion of foliage, and whose dark green, produced partly by the shadows, caused by its own denseness, is an effective contrast to the lighter shade of the grape vine. A few feet from the roots of the trumpet-vine, but also against the old wall rise the curling, wayward branches of a rose-bush, from beneath whose leaves peep the blossoms, whose creamy perfection Nature has granted earlier than usual this year. The half-leaning, faintly moss-tinted fence, which forms the other of the two visible boundaries of the garden, is partly concealed for a little distance by a cluster of sweet-pea vines, which have not yet attained fheir full beauty. The sharp angle formed by the tence and the wall is entirely hidden by a large snow-ball bush, beneath whose dark, damp shade a few ferns lift their feathery forms. Not far from the porch, a large old apple tree spreads its low, curiously-shaped boughs so widely that on the opposite side, they reach in silent appeal to the deep blue of heaven; and on this side, the lower ones kiss the wandering tendrils of the grapevine, as if this were a fitting spot in which to whisper Nature's secrets. Beneath this leafy canopy is swung a hammock, so placed that the whole beauty of the spot seems to have been grouped for the benefit of whoever might here rest his weary head. Above this scene bends the "loving blue," as if in benediction. The sun is not yet high enough to touch more than the tops of the foliage, making the grape-leaves glisten, but leaving undisturbed the dew-drop on the rose.

MYRA KELLOGG, '97.

A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

THE week had been a busy one in the elegant home of the De Frivols; the lavish entertainments which had been given had brought the duke of Hispania, nightly, to accept of their hospitality.

Before the Duke's arrival, Mrs. De Frivol had been busily engaged supervising the work of the embroiderers and engravers, who were busy inscribing upon every available article the new family crest, for which the good dame had offered a fabulous sum to the designer presenting the most pleasing and striking concoction. The exquisite table linen was heavy with the embroidered crest; a special set of crested buttons had been ordered for the coachman's coat, and the newly-painted carriage bore the crest in huge and glaring outline.

Miss Belle De Frivol had succeeded in captivating the heart of the young Duke, and the engagement had been announced. Some envious hearts were cruel enough to say that the fortune of the young heiress played a more important part in the affair than did her charms.

The Duke had neither fortune nor a clean, unsullied reputation with which to recommend himself, but his title and castle, though debt-laden and decayed, covered all his deficiencies in the eyes of the ambitious maiden.

Her life had been spent in "Castles in Spain," and as a realization of all her worldly aspirations was within her reach, she was willing to sacrifice herself for the unmeaning title, while truer, nobler, and more proper suitors stood by, powerless to throw out the snare of a title, aud offering only their true hearts, unselfish and unmercenary love, and the plain appellation of a "Mrs."

MATTIE HOWES, '96.

Around the man who seeks a noble end,
Not angels, but divinities attend.

EMERSON.

No fate, save by the victim's fault, is low,
For God hath writ all dooms magnificent.

EMERSON.

Just do your best, and praise or blame
That follers that, counts just the same.

RILEY.

"A DAY IN A CAMP."

THE dark, heavy clouds are hanging low, apparently oppressed by some heavy burden. Only here and there, is left a ragged patch of streaked blue. The bright, morning sun has waded so deep that his silvery rays are gradually breaking off, and now the great luminary is hidden from view. The clouds have been busily gathering for over two hours, until the once cheerful sky has taken on a fierce, restless appearance. The still, balmy air shows no sign of discontent ; the boughs of the leafy trees are not waving or groaning, nor is there any sound or motion to break the still monotony of the calm.

The blue darkness of the surrounding trees, and the overhanging clouds, makes our tent very dark. From the little stool on which I have been sitting all the morning, I can see in the distance a heavy, gray mist enwrapping the dense thicket, and the fields and hills in front of it, as it creeps on toward me. The little twittering brook, which sings over a thousand slippery rocks and pebbles as it passes the right side of our camp, and diffuses such a delightful, fresh coolness, in contrast to the hot June weather, has taken on a black-looking aspect, and no longer reflects the arching tree-tops in clear outline. A very deep melancholy fills the air, and a few moments after, the misty vapor is claiming everything. Now it begins to fall in small drops, thick and fast, pattering faintly but joyfully on the hard clay banks of the creek. Suddenly, multitudes of the imprisoned drops in the changing clouds seem to tear loose from their cells, and rush down furiously upon the tree-tops, fields and hills. The leafy thickness above is not able to screen the gaping, thirsty earth from the wrath of the clouds. The sky continues to weep for hours; the boughs and branches are all dripping, and the thorns are wearing larger studs; the stream is joyfully singing in double its musical loudness. The steamy air seems to suffuse everything. After another momentary deluge of those earth-rejoicing drops, the clouds seem satisfied and close thetr fruitful doors. Before the dimples in the face of the stream are all gone, a gleam of golden light pours down from a rent in the distant western clouds, and the earth shines forth in her robe of diamonds.

EDGAR W. DANNER, '97.

WHITTIER AS A WRITER.

"His eye was beauty's powerless slave,
And his the ear which discord pains :
Few guessed beneath his aspect grave
What passions strove in chains."

Whittier's natural inclination as a writer was to pour forth his soul, singing the beauties of nature ; but his strong sense of duty led him to use all his powers against slavery.

Longfellow looked at nature as one would hear and take to heart the sayings of a great teacher; Irving saw nature as one would look at a beautiful sunset and afterwards tell his friends about it ; but Whittier felt that when he was with nature, he was in the great temple of God, where all things commanded his reverence.

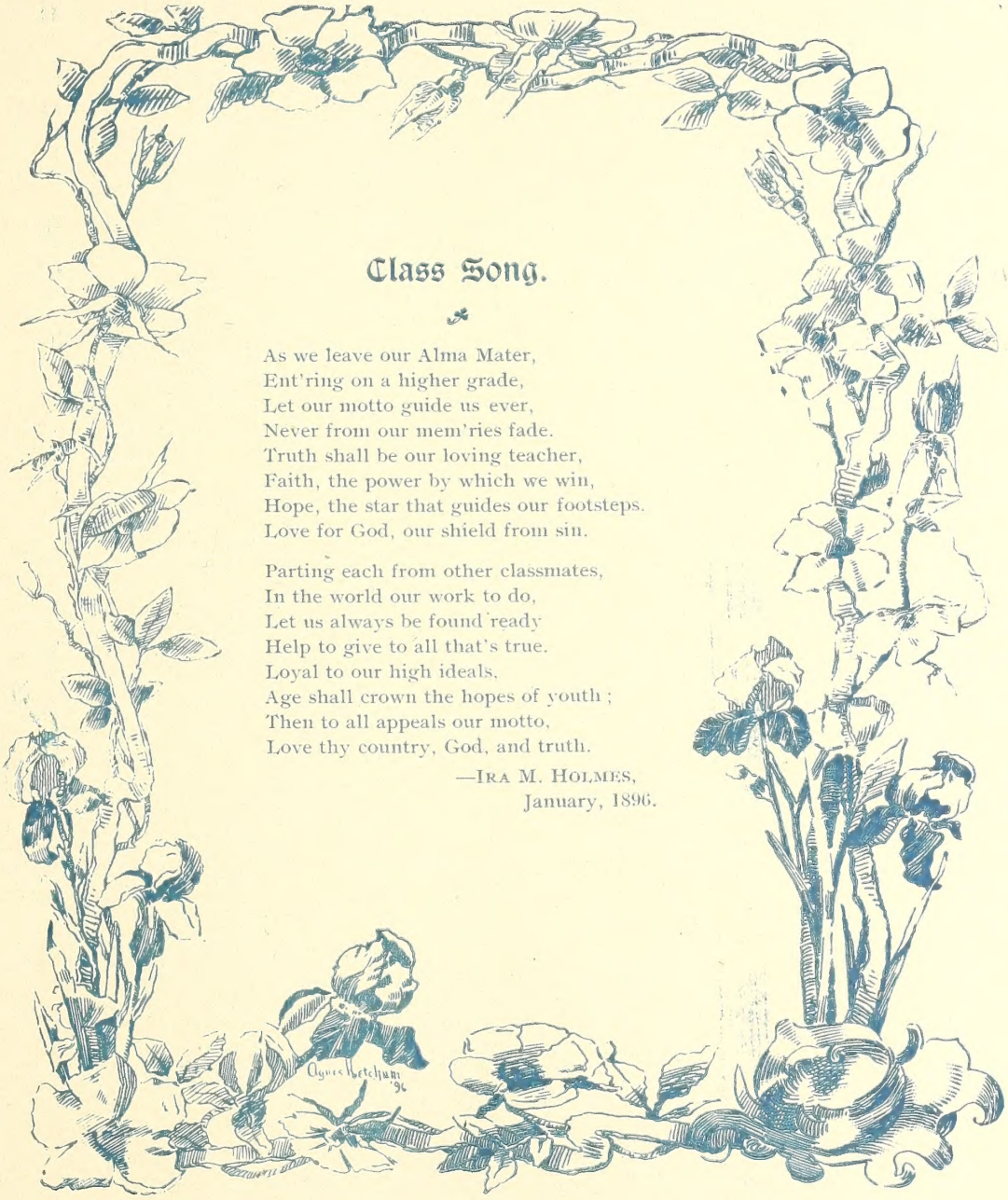
But probably Whittier's greatest strength as a writer is in his poems on slavery, which were written with all the fervor of a great purpose and meant to appeal to the conscience of all who read them. I think that in all of Whittier's descriptions we catch a glimpse of the drama.

Some authors have written to while away the time, some to give utterance to what they could not help saying ; but Whittier is a noble example of a person endowed with great powers and using them not for himself but for the greatest good to the greatest number.

MARGARET MCGREGORY, '99.

The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also. EMERSON.

We only believe as deep as we live.
EMERSON.



Class Song.

As we leave our Alma Mater,
Ent'ring on a higher grade,
Let our motto guide us ever,
Never from our mem'ries fade.
Truth shall be our loving teacher,
Faith, the power by which we win,
Hope, the star that guides our footsteps.
Love for God, our shield from sin.

Parting each from other classmates,
In the world our work to do,
Let us always be found ready
Help to give to all that's true.
Loyal to our high ideals,
Age shall crown the hopes of youth;
Then to all appeals our motto,
Love thy country, God, and truth.

—Ira M. Holmes,
January, 1896.

HIGH SCHOOL CALENDAR.

Monday, October 28, 1895.

Mr. John Cleland read to the entire morning school his interesting paper on "Paper." It traced the history of that useful article from Papyrus days to our own time.

Tuesday, December 17.

Mr. Henry D. Pierce talked to the Seniors and Juniors, in Mrs. Hufford's room, about London. His talk was illustrated by a large picture of old London, and also by a number of small curiosities and mementos of his recent visit there.

Friday, December 20.

There were Christmas hall exercises for the morning school.

Friday, January 17, 1896.

In the evening, at the Grand Opera House, the January Class of '96 gave a most creditable performance of Shakespeare's "King Henry VIII," with costumes, scenery, and all other accessories complete.

With the proceeds of this performance, the class presented to the High School a superb cast, more than life-size, of the Apollo Belvidere, which is now in place in High School Hall.

The cast for "Henry VIII" was as follows:

King Henry VIII	Ira Holmes
Cardinal Wolsey	Clarence Tucker
Cardinal Campeius	John Sickler
Duke of Norfolk	Charles Kettenbach
Duke of Buckingham	Bertrand B. Downey
Duke of Suffolk, and first gentleman	Walter H. Judd
Earl of Surrey	Fred Bachman
Sir Thomas Lovell and Cromwell	Dwight S. Ritter
Lord Chamberlain, and second gentleman	F. L. Bridges
Queen Catherine	Margaret L. Shover
Anne Bullen	Ellen S. Baker
Old Lady, friend of Anne	Agnes Ketcham
Maids of Honor	Martha Drapier Ida M. Osgood
Guardsmen	Jeannette Herron, Clarence A. Tucker, Charles Kettenbach, Anna V. Outland, Martha V. Anderson, Bertrand B. Downey, Thomas McGee, May Wheeler, Mabel G. Hauk.

Friday, January 31.

The twenty-eighth Commencement of the High School took place at Tomlinson Hall. The speakers of the evening were:

Saturday, February 8.

From 3 to 6 p. m., the June Class of '96 was "at home," in High School Hall, to the Faculty, the post-graduates, and the juniors, the guests of honor being the January Class of '96.

Friday, February 28.

Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, addressed the morning school.

Saturday Afternoon, April 18.

The Annual Interclass Mock Trial of the Civil Government classes took place in High School Hall.

MOCK TRIAL.

Judge	Robert Hobbs
Prosecution	Julia Hobbs Mabel P. Schmidt
Defense	Frank T. Baker Leo M. Rappaport
Defendant	James McGee
Sheriff	Eugene Fletcher
Bailiffs	Warren Manchester Edward Eckhouse

Witnesses (Prosecution)—Fanny Defrees, Cuba Reagan, Guy Mahurin, Lawrence Davis, Dwight Ritter.

Witnesses (Defense)—J. Sickler, Virginia Sale, C. Kettenbach, Elmer Scott, W. Atkins.

Tuesday, April 28.

Mrs. Sidney Lanier talked to the morning school, and read some of her husband's poems.

Tuesday, May 5.

Miss Margaret Merker, of Louisville, Ky., talked to the morning school about the evolution of the Doric column.

Monday, May 11.

President Burroughs, of Wabash College, gave the afternoon school an inspiring talk upon the advantages of higher education.

May 14.

Dr. H. A. Cleveland gave a talk to the afternoon school. He recommended his young hearers to pay close attention to nature; he urged them to study the trees and the birds

and the flowers. The speaker's genial popularity at once made all the boys and girls his friends.

Saturday, May 23.

The June Class of '96 was entertained by the classes of '97. Music, refreshments and beautiful decorations all served to enliven the hour.

Also May 23.

Dr. Martin and classes made an expedition to St. Paul in search of geological and botanical knowledge and specimens.

COMING EVENTS.

June 6th.—Field Day.

June 8th.—Class Day.

June 9th.—Reading of Compositions in High School Hall.

June 10th.—Commencement.

June 11th.—Reception to the classes of '96, given by Mr. and Mrs. Hufford.

June 12th.—Alumni Reunion.

One of the most notable events of the winter was the presentation of scenes from Shakespeare's Henry VIII., by members of the January Class of '96, a peculiarly gifted class. It was given on the seventeenth of January, at the Grand Opera House, with all the life and enthusiasm of a youthful company.

What delightful bustle and confusion thrilled the hearts of the performers on that happy occasion! Boys, unaccustomed to the bravery of their attire, were manfully struggling with belts and buckles, and becoming styles of wigs and mustachios. Cries of, "What in the Dickens is this for?" "Fasten this button for the love of Heaven!" and other calls for help, were heard from every dressing-room.

Even the girls, strange as it may seem, were painfully agitated as to their appearance. Powder and rouge were used with professional dexterity. Eyes of a limpid hue immediately became black and lustrous, under the hands of the assistants.

The boys looked grand with their clashing swords, their shining helmets, and glittering attire; but the girls!—could any words describe the bevy of loveliness that dazzled the audience, when the blushing, winsome maidens swept past in their velvet trains and powdered hair?

Courtiers and maids of honor swarmed upon the stage, and their ease and dignity must have impressed the most cynical critic. The King's demeanor was noble, and his walk, lordly; the Cardinal's red robe was as impressive, or rather as startling, as a danger signal. It was a vision of uncertain limbs, of troublesome trains, of threatening swords, never to be forgotten.

The players were partly trained to this perfection by an ex-actress, Mrs. Leppelman; but, of course, much of that remarkable talent, discovered by the audience, was the expression of native genius.

We are happy to report that the net proceeds of the play amounted to something over $150, with which an imposing statue of the Apollo Belvidere has been purchased as a gift to the High School.

We trust that this image of perfect, manly beauty, will be a continual inspiration to noble living. January, '96.

The Senior Debating Club met for organization October 8, '95, and the final meeting was held May 15, '96. Throughout the year the members have taken an enthusiastic part in the programs, and the debates have been hotly contested. All feel that the practice in parliamentary law and in argument has been very beneficial. What the practical benefit to the members will be, the future alone can decide; but from present indications the future for oratory in these United States is undoubtedly bright and promising. We feel that the present seniors will say, as seniors have said before them, that some of the pleasantest and most profitable hours of their school life have been spent in the sessions of the Senior Debating Club.

JANUARY CLASS OF '96.

COLORS: Turquoise blue and white.

MOTTO: Let all the aims thou aim'st at,
Be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's.

MEMBERS.

Martha E. Anderson,
Fred Bachman,
Frank L. Bridges,
George R. Brown,
Edgar Burton,
Adah Clark,
Mary Collins,
Bertrand B. Downey,
Martha Drapier,
Elizabeth Faust,
Eugene Fletcher,
James L. Floyd,
Mabel G. Hauk,
Jeannette Herron,
Ira M. Holmes,
Lulu Holmes,
Rose Holmes,
Walter Judd,
Agnes Ketcham,
Charles Kettenbach,
Kate Levy,
Thomas McGee,
Gertrude May,
Arthur Metcalf,
Martha L. Metcalf,
Adelaide M. Moore,
Alice Morgan,
Anna V. Outland,
Edward Parmelee,
Josephine Pugh,
Dwight S. Ritter.
Tula Sater,
Edmond Schiffling,
Adolph Schleicher,
Esther Fay Shover,
Margaret Shover,
Nettie Shover,
John Sickler,
Etta Smith,
Myrtle Smythe,
Ora Spires,
Effie Ethel Stafford,
David Stradling,
Bertha Tamm,
Clarence A. Tucker,
Percy Walker,
May Wheeler.

INDIANAPOLIS WOMAN.

February 15, 1910.

IN THE SOCIAL WORLD.

Mr. David Stradling, of this city, has moved to New York City, where he has become a member of the Four Hundred and is quite a "beau ideal" of all the young ladies. His beautiful new home on Fifth avenue is just finished.

The great lecturer on athletics, Miss May Wheeler, whose early home was in this city, will deliver her renowned lecture on "The Good Effects of Dancing," next Tuesday evening. She will be tendered a large dance after the lecture by the S. V. Club.

Miss Effie Stafford, who was some years ago stricken deaf and dumb by an accident, has opened a private school for persons similarly afflicted.

Mr. Thomas McGee's lecture on "Ancient Greece" last evening was delivered to a crowded house. The most important thing, though, was his use of a machine of his own invention, a perspiration catcher, which he wore around his neck, thus keeping his collar from wilting.

Miss Mabel Hauk has just had published an instructive but interesting book on "How to Raise Canaries."

All Indianapolis is in a state of excitement over the re-appearance in this city of the world-renowned actor, Clarence Tucker. He will be at the new theater, which is just finished, and seats three thousand persons. Tucker has not been here since 1896, when he appeared as "Cardinal Wolsey" in "King Henry VIII."

Mr, John Sickler, the veterinary surgeon, will give the Sunday-school lesson to the Sunday-school Teachers' Association next Friday evening.

Miss Myrtle Smythe was married last week to a well-known and wealthy lawyer, whom she met while visiting out of town. The maid of honor was Miss Anna Outland, who lost her voice on the day of the wedding, but the doctors said it was only temporary, and that when her voice did return she must use it more freqently, as it was owing to the infrequent use of it that the vocal organs became paralyzed.

Every one is looking forward to the coming of the great Schiffling Ochestra. Prices, $10, $8, $5, $3.

The Ritter Dancing Academy will be opened next week. Mr. Dwight Ritter, the teacher, is assisted by his wife and Mr. George Brown.

Miss Martha Metcalf is riding a new Smalley wheel.

Mr. Bertrand Downey has just returned from a wheeling trip across the United States. His

face is covered with beard and mustache so that his old friends hardly know him. He is running for Senator of the United States where he will be greatly appreciated for his intelligent speeches.

Mr. Adolf Schleicher was not so slow on his last snipe-hunting trip but that he found a third bride for whom he is refurnishing his home. However, his den is not to be remodeled as the walls are covered with dinner cards, quick sketches, and snap shots of his numerous friends.

Miss Ada Moore left to-day for St. Mary's convent where she will become a nun. On the same train with her was Miss Percy Walker, who is on her way to New York City, where she will be made president of a charity organization.

Mr. Ira Holmes has resigned from the opera company which gave "Henry VIII" here a few years ago, and is traveling with Buffalo Bill as the fat man.

Miss Nettie Shover is at an Indian school in Nebraska teaching the young Indians to play the harp. She heralds all news from the East with delight.

Miss Elizabeth Faust has secured a position with the Morrison Opera Company for the coming season.

Our new tax collector is Edward Parmelee.

Mr. Chas. Kettenbach, remembering the motto of his class, "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's," has joined the standing army.

At the great Art Exhibit in Paris, is a very fine water color by Miss Margaret Shover. It is a picture of a chariot race, the winners being four large horses guided by the hand of a fair young woman.

A certain young lady, Miss Herron by name, each month orders two dozen bouquets of flowers; these she has distributed among her gentleman friends and former teachers. She has not given up this habit which she practiced in her younger days, although she will soon be married and move East.

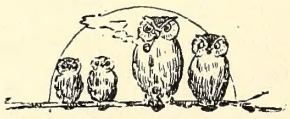
Miss Esther Shover, who is to be married in June, has received as a present from the groom a thoroughbred Kentucky saddle horse. She has named it "Bluebeard."

The engagemnet of Miss Agnes Ketcham to the commanding general of the Salvation Army has been announced. Miss Ketcham joined the Army some time ago, and while East this fall, painted banners for the Army, which have gained great renown. Miss Ketcham will be greatly missed in the musical circles here.

Miss Gertrude May wears upon the third finger of her left hand a large diamond ring, which she did not wear before she went to New York, and spent last summer and fall. She has grown quite fleshy in the last few years.

A new barber shop has just been set up in the Bates House which is run by Mr. Edgar Burton. He runs it on a grand scale and makes shaving and oiling the hair a specialty.

It is noticed that Miss Martha Drapier and Miss Rose Holmes are rivals for the attention of a certain young man. He has been known to give them both flowers at the same time.



JUNE CLASS, '96.

COLORS: Green and white.

MOTTO: "Be ashamed to die until you have achieved some victory for humanity."

MEMBERS.

Florence Atkins,
Ellen Baker,
Frank Baker,
Mamie Bass,
John Berryhill,
John Brinkley,
Daniel Brown,
Cora Bugby,
Walter Butler,
Ethel Claybourne,
Ethel Cleland,
Emma Clinton,
Edith Keay,
Leonard Cook,
Grace Cunningham,
Lucy Dickson,
Irvin Elder,
Edna Fohl,
Edna Forkner,
Ira Foxworthy,
Lillian Gibbs,
Walter Given,
Jennie Gorman,
Nellie Green,
Mabel Gulick,
Alice Hendrickson,
Robert Hobbs,
Lucia Holliday,
Edna Horwitz,
Lena Howard,
Willis Howard,
Mattie Howes,
Nellie Hurley,
Laura Ingersoll,
Clara Ingram,
Dee Johnson,
Estelle Johnson,
Margaret Jordan,
Deane Kendall,
Fred Kendall,
Anna Laughlin,
Carrie Lauter,
Etta Lewis,
Grace McCormick,
Emilie McCullough,
Pet McFarland,
James McGee,
Elizabeth McIntosh,
Luella McLain,
Guy Mahurin,
Florence Martin,
Thomas Moore,
Lillian Morgan,
Judson Moschell,
Owen Mothershead,
Jeannette Newland,
Blanche Noel,
Ida Osgood,
Blanchard Pettijohn,
Theresa Pierce,
Ida Pingpank,
Helen Porter,
Louise Wright,
Leo Rappaport,
Kate Ritchie,
Mattie Roach,
Virginia Sale,
Estelle Selig,
Fred Judson,
Mabel P. Schmidt,
Bertha Wright,
Edgar Taylor,
Minnie Thompson,
Kate Warren,
Florence Wineman,
Fannie Woodward,
Bessie Zimmerman.

A HISTORICAL GLIMPSE.

THE June Class of '96 is the first class to have organized earlier than the Senior year. In March, 1894, our formal organization occurred. But we cannot justly claim to have accomplished this alone. It was under the guidance of our friend and teacher, Miss Dye, that the Class of '96 made this first step in its history, and to her is due the thanks for many features of its progress.

The life of the Class of '96 has not been a checkered one. Neither can it be said that its course has flowed on smoothly with no obstacles in the way to ripple the genial current of its advancement. Quite the contrary,—but many of these incidents, let us leave unmentioned, locked securely in the treasury of class meeting "secrets."

The first emblem of our union was apparent in the colors, moss green and white, whose significance, unfortunately, some hostile factions have interpreted much to our disadvantage. However, we have not repented of our choice, which is now more pleasing than ever, in the artistic design of our class-pin.

Next, our minds were turned to deeds of charity. As a result, our memory will be perpetuated, by the noble busts in High School corridor. One

"Seems to the rushing multitude to call,
And speak of 'Problems,' 'Concord Fights,' and tricks
Of 'bumble-bees' and 'fresh Rhodoras' tall.
And to its base a tablet we did fix,
Writ thus: 'Presented by the Class of '96.'"

And on another pedestal, with a similar subscript, is the face of our revered Darwin.

During the Junior year, class interest seemed to be on the wane. But a bright idea occurred to some members of the class, which soon materialized in the publication of the "Minutes of '96." This little paper had no literary aspirations whatever, but it accom-

plished to a certain degree its purpose, which was to revive class spirit, and to promote sympathy and fellowship among us. Do we regret to say that our "Minutes" were but transient,—fleeting? That may be, but in the discontinuance of this interesting publication, as well as in other respects, we have shown our generosity and thoughtfulness toward our fellow beings. Yet we have missed, since then the unceremonious characteristics of certain authoritative powers,—the originality of their remarks, with the formality of parliamentary rules conveniently cast aside!

The general routine of the Senior year has been varied but little. The minds of all seem to have turned into more serious channels, as the dignity of our position has dawned upon us. As we look back over this year and those preceding, it is not with a feeling of pleasure alone. Shadows have mingled with the sunlight of our past,—shadows of death. But the bitterness of the loss of these dear friends whom we have missed so much, is sweetened by the memory of the purity and beauty of their natures. And this thought will ever live in the hearts of their school companions.

To surmise concerning the future of our class, is not the duty of the historian, but in the years to come, may we ever hold in tender recollection this period in our lives, and cling with firm tenacity to the elevating principles learned while members of the Class of '96!

FLORENCE G. ATKINS,
Class Historian.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—When I read of your appointment to the chair of foreign langunges in Vassar College, I almost feared to address such a noted personage. But then I thought of my promise to write on this date and so, believing you to be the same modest Mabel of old, in spite of the alphabet at the end of your name, I send this letter to you.

How time flies! Yet, I can remember distinctly two years ago, our last and best year in High School. Didn't we have good times then? By the way, I have been looking up some of our old school-mates who were members of that wonderful class of '96.

I suppose you have noticed reports of Robert Hobbs's great campaign speeches. It is to him that woman owes her political privileges, today. He rose suddenly to fame and was considered for the presidential candidacy. A committee in the convention introduced a petition and subscribed 10 cents each to have Mr. Hobbs's hair cut. Mr. Hobbs refused good-naturedly but firmly, and since then he has sunk into oblivion—retired on a farm, I have heard, and as he loves potatoes, passers-by hear him mutter:—

> "Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

I hadn't heard of Elizabeth McIntosh for a long time until the other day, as I was walking along Fort Wayne avenue, I heard a peculiar voice issuing from a small shop. I stepped to the door and there I saw Elizabeth, nose-glasses and all, sitting flat on the floor, with an umbrella frame in one hand and numerous other frames lying about her, while she mournfully quoted:—

> "O terque quaterque beati," etc.,

with lines from Homer, Milton, and Shakespeare. My eyes dimmed with tears at the sight but I stopped and questioned her. She had graduated at Depauw with honors, but had become so absorbed in the mechanism of her umbrella which closed when a button is pressed, that she determined to invent one which would open by the same process. She is now engaged in this laudable undertaking.

Ethel Cleland is our missionary, and is teaching the little Africans to be prompt in all things, for to this she says she owes her success in life. Luella McLain is a new woman, and is preaching in one of the fashionable churches. Only by a mischievous glance of the eye, now and then, would one ever recognize the frivolous Louise of old. Lucia Holliday, for a long time could not decide whether to follow the example of Luella or Ethel, or to get married. She

finally adopted the latter course, and like the good girl in the story book, "lived happily ever afterward."

James McGee has invented a brain-saving machine. It consists of a phonograph which reproduces an entire year's Greek recitations. It presents and answers correctly all the questions a professor could possibly ask; it also translates and scans all of the Iliad, besides giving the principal parts of each heart-rending Greek verb. James now parades the streets with an everlasting smile upon his countenance, and wherever he goes, college students with grateful hearts greet him with enthusiastic yells.

Theresa Pierce married a prominent man and is well known in literary circles, but her fame has spread abroad by her work in another line. Do you remember what remarkable caricatures she used to make, imagining the appearance of our schoolmates as babies? Puck has secured her services at a generous sum to make caricatures of prominent men, and thus she has won her fame and Puck subscribers.

Edith Keay is a public benefactor. She fell heir to a large fortune, but instead of expending it on herself, she bought and reconstructed the Park Theatre in the form of the ancient Greek stage, and now the dramas of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides are daily performed before a wondering populace.

Lucy Dickson tried teaching for a while but found it too tame, and now draws her income for writing satire and space poetry in the local newspapers.

Carrie Lauter has married a good man, as generous as herself. When you go to call on her, you dare not admire anything greatly or it will be presented to you immediately. Carrie graduated at Smith, took a degree at Chicago, and is quite a marvel in mathematics.

Leo Rappaport has become a great legislator and his laws against children's labor has done much for the cause of humanity. His speeches are characterized more by their logic than their eloquence. He is considered a fine-looking man, and I understand young ladies are fond of sketching his profile while he speaks.

Deane Kendall has become a second Patti. The entire population turned out to hear her during the last May Festival.

Virginia Sale has established an information bureau in prominent rooms down town. Here one may learn anything and everything, almost. This novel device has saved citizens from bothering one another, to a surprising degree.

One of the most noted evangelists the world has ever known visited this city recently. I went with a friend of mine to hear him. He moved his audience to tears; strong men wept over their sins, and prayed to be like the reverend being before them. His language was like a flower garden, and quotations flowed from his lips. Marvelling, I turned to my friend to inquire the evangelist's name. My companion stared at me as though I were totally depraved, and cried: "Why, Baker, the great F. Tarkington Baker!"

Grace Cunningham has shaken the roof of many opera houses by the power of her voice, and storms of applause have followed her. But one night she was singing that old, old, song, "After the Ball." In the midst of it, she stopped and could go no further. They looked in the opposite box and found that her "Svengali" was dead.

Edna Horwitz, as kind-hearted as ever, has founded a hospital for demented poets. In the spring, she has many patients, but by judicious treatment, many leave to come in the fall.

Florence Atkins has excited dramatic circles by her sympathetic and realistic conception of the character of Portia. The other night, her company played here, and at the close of the second act, she was presented with a beautiful bouquet tied with green ribbon clasped with "'96" class pin. The sight of the pin aroused such emotions that she was barely able to proceed with the play.

Emma Clinton did not go to college after she graduated, but went to spend a few years in the country. She enjoyed romping over

the hills and milking cows so much that after she did graduate from college she became a farmer's wife, and everybody says she can keep a better house because she knows how to read Virgil.

Fred Kendall has amassed a large fortune by means of his business ability and is now engaged in compiling a universal language. He has sent missionaries to every known country, and he believes that in a few years he will have the entire world, and possibly the planets upon a speaking basis. College students will then have no further need of French, German, Italian, and Spanish.

Blanche Noel and Florence Martin were about to become prominent actors in a double wedding, when they experienced a change of heart and have since become nuns.

Walter Butler has achieved success as a lawyer but he received no greater pleasure from his first real legal victory than from his victory ten years ago in the mock trial at school.

Edgar Taylor and Irvin Elder did not go into partnership in the undertaking bussness as their sober mien prophesied they would, but are traveling as end and middle man in a minstrel show.

I need hardly say that Judson Moschell holds the chair of Dead Languages in the Indianapolis University.

Lillian Gibbs has married well. Her intelligent servant girl informed me when I called that no inmate of the house is permitted to flatten his a's or roll his r's.

The old times have come back to me very vividly lately; and, last Saturday being the first of the month, I remembered our Saturday calls on Mrs. Hufford, and found myself almost by instinct going to her house. I found both Mr. and Mrs. Hufford at home; they do not seem a day older; those whose hearts are young never grow old, you know. We sat talking over the pleasant times together until the darkness descended and then I departed reluctantly.

If you hear any news of our old school mates, I should be glad to know it as their interests are mine.

Wishing that we might go hand in hand over these happy days again, I close this lengthy epistle. Your friend,

MAMIE BASS, Prophet, June '96.

Class Song.

Seek ye the truth, O maid and youth,
For truth alone will stand,
Seek ye the truth all undismayed,
Though she ever evade your hand.
The search is long,
But the heart is strong,
And the air resounds with our joyous song.

O happy days of earnest work,
O days of vigorous youth,
Much have we learned as ye flitted by,
Of the search for the beautiful truth.
Wide is the field,
We have seen revealed,
In the book of life where the truth lies sealed.

But swift as the wind, the years roll on,
And the dear old life is past,
But memory lives and bright hopes smiles
Upon the future vast.
And before our face,
The goal of the race,
Shines the truth with serene and heavenly grace.

—Elizabeth McIntosh, June, '96.

Music by Florence G. Atkins, '96.

Alumni Department.

LAST October, Miss Ruby Smith, of '91, went to Paris, France, and put herself under the tuition of a superior musical instructor, who encourages her to hope that with time and patient practice, she may sing successfully in Italian opera. She sends the *Annual* the following description of the animated scenes of the "Fete de Boeuf-Gras," as given, in Paris at the beginning of the lenten season.

The fete commenced at midnight of Saturday with a masked ball given in the "Grand Opera."

At a quarter of twelve o'clock, six trumpeters appeared on the balcony and gave what is known as the "call to arms," which lasted, perhaps, two minutes: then, just as all the clocks in the churches near by and on the railway station, *Gare St Lazare*, sounded out twelve sonorous peals, twelve other trumpeters, dressed in ancient court costume, appeared on the grand balcony and gave the "Fanfare." To one who has never heard it, its beauty can not be imagined, and just as the last echo floated out over Place de l'Opera, our ears were greeted with the first strains of the orchestra, beginning the music for the ball.

As we returned home, we were greeted on all sides with the exclamation, "Look! there are some Americans," which remark was always followed by a shower of confetti. "Confetti," in France, is various colored papers, cut into small disks about a quarter of an inch in diameter. In former times, they were a soft, sweet-meat, which was thrown at carnival times; but of late years, the law allows nothing but these small pieces of paper to be used. One has no idea how much like a burst of sunshine or rainbow these tiny things, as they fly through the air, look,—as though they had life. Another sort of paper was wound like bolts of ribbon and as you threw it, it unwound and coiled and recoiled over some object. As many of these "serpentins," as they were called, were thrown from balconies and windows, the trees were decorated with a multi-colored foliage.

On Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, was given an allegorical parade. In the parade, were also floats representing the various industries. The most beautiful of all was the float representing flowers.

After the parade had passed, the people came out from their homes and down from their points of observation, all joining in the crowd that filled the boulevard. In looking down on the throng it was impossible to realize where was the street or where the sidewalk.

The last day tiny dusters of paper appeared, and the people bought them as eagerly as the confetti or serpentins. One person would pass, simply covering you with confetti; and, in a few moments, another would come by with a duster and brush it all off. Age was entirely lost sight of, and men, women, and children entered into the spirit of it so that it was thoroughly enjoyable, except after you returned home and tried to get the "confetti" from your clothes. Although the fete is now sometime past, we are still finding "confetti."

One of the interesting things to us was on Tuesday, after the parade, when our ears were greeted with an American song. Coming down the boulevard was a party of American students singing American songs and apparently enjoying the fete as much as anyone else.

We felt, after hearing a song in our mother tongue, that, while we were in a country beautiful to look at and interesting in every way, there is no country like ours, and we should all be glad to stand again under the "stars and stripes."

REVEALED.

O rare, frail rose, that with a silent grace
Gladdens my weary eyes with your sweet face,
Reveal to me this lovely even hour
What makes your life a blessing and a power?

I have been striving, tho' it oft seems vain
To learn the secret of the truest gain,
How do you keep your beauty pure and fair
In this dark world of sorrow and of care?

"Dear child," the flower whispered, "I will tell
My secret, since you trust and love me well;
I never strive, but simply let His life
Reveal itself in me,—no need for strife."

At first, a gleam of hope my fears dispelled,
But soon again my doubting heart rebelled;
"Your life," I said, "is fair and sweet to-day
Because no sorrows lie across your way."

But wandering on, I met a laughing brook,
Chasing its waters thro' a shady nook;
And then I asked the secret of its life,
And whether here there was a cause for strife.

But the brook answered: "'Tis the stones, my dear,
That lend a beauty to my waters clear;"
Then to my heart the lesson was made plain,
How by submission we alone may gain;

So when God sends me peace and happy days,
Then let my grateful heart give Him the praise;
But if He sorrow sends, and bitterness,
Then teach me how to make that sorrow bless.

—MARY E. INGRAHAM, '91.

IN *The Nation* of April 23, is published a letter concerning "The New Degrees at Oxford University, England," written by Wilbur C. Abbott (H. S. '86). Mr. Abbott is now a resident graduate student at Oxford, he having been admitted to that university on a traveling fellowship which was granted him by Cornell University—the White Fellowship in History. He is studying for the degree of Bachelor of Letters. Heretofore, no one not a regular graduate of Oxford could study for advanced degrees there, but the staid English University has now opened its courses of study to graduates of other institutions. Mr. Abbott is one of the first Americans to take up residence as a graduate student at Oxford.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL:

Since you have so kindly asked me to write an article on "Vassar," I have decided to send you an informal open letter in regard to my life here.

As most of our friends know, Miss Anne E. Douglas and myself entered Vassar College in the autumn of '92, having graduated from the Indianapolis High School in the previous June.

As we stepped inside the lodge gate for the first time we found, what seemed to us, an earthly paradise. Well-kept lawns and great evergreens with their deep rich colors enhanced the beauty of the massive building which towered above us, most beautiful in its many-tinted mantle of Virginia creeper.

Very soon after our arrival, we began exploring the two hundred and eleven acres which belong to the college and also enjoying rowing on the lake, which is very charming, with the many trees overhanging its waters. Meanwhile we were making friends with our own classmates and also with the upper classmen, who always do all in their power to make freshmen as happy as possible.

I will not speak of the studies nor of the woes of the first few weeks of a college woman's life, but confine myself to the social events of our collegiate year.

Early in October, comes an invitation to the Y. W. C. A. reception, which is soon followed by one to the party given by the Sophomores to the new students. This latter event is a most splendid affair in all respects.

Time speeds on till, Thanksgiving over, we experience our first "Phil" day. This is the anniversary of the founding of the Philalethean Society—the only dramatic society in college. Guests are invited from abroad, and Vassar is indeed in festive array!

After the Christmas vacation, comes a period of three weeks of "judicious reviewing" before examinations, but very soon after the opening of the new semester the Sophomores give their "play," an original farce, in which

are many local "grinds" and much fun-making.

On Washington's Birthday, we have a colonial ball in the gymnasium, and the whole college joins in having the merriest time. The girls appear in quaint gowns and gracefully dance the old-fashioned minuets.

Soon after the spring vacation, comes the celebration of Founder's Day. Appropriate exercises take place during the daytime, and in the evening is the second reception of the year, when our friends are cordially welcome.

A few more weeks of study pass and then comes Class Day and Commencement, which are both unique and charming. So ends the year.

I have given only the main social events, not mentioning the lectures and concerts, the plays in Philalethean Hall and the many "spreads" in the rooms of different girls.

Lest anyone should make the great mistake of believing that we do not study at Vassar, let me say that the standard here is very high, ranking next to Bryn Mawr in excellence. Over one hundred and thirty courses in various subjects are open to the students, and good, conscientious work is expected.

My college days are now almost over. As I review my life here, and think of the many noble young women I have learned to know, of the talented professors and instructors under whom I have had the good fortune to be a student, I am sincerely glad that I came to Vassar. So, with my cheers for I. H. S., I must mingle three good, rousing ones for my Alma Mater, or dear old V. C.

BLANCHE CHLOE GRANT, '92.

Whatever the weather may be,
It's the song ye sing, an' the smile ye wear
That's a-makin' the sunshine everywhere.

RILEY.

Look forward! persevering to the last;
From well to better, daily self-surpast.

WORDSWORTH.

THE EPICUREAN.

Down thro' the air he floated lazily,—
A circling butterfly with spotted wings.
The sunshine followed, as he airily
Sped on and on with dainty flutterings.
A brown bee stopped him, in her constant toil,
Of gathering honey from each fragrant flower:
"Why do you spend your day in idleness,
Instead of working, laboring every hour?"
The butterfly answered gay,—
"Dance while you may,
Life lasts but a day,
Anyway."

And still he drifted onward drowsily,
Now lighting on a lily pale and tall;
Now motionless upon the heavy air,—
Now delicately poised on sunlit wall.
A busy ant was coming down the path,
She paused and spoke—her accents were severe:
"Sir Idleness, why do you waste your time?
All creatures on the earth should labor here."
The butterfly's laugh was gay,—
"Dance while you may,
Life lasts but a day,
Anyway."

* * * * * * * *

The morning air was fresh, the dew was thick,
The birds were twitt'ring brightly in the trees.
Ah, mournful sight! upon the sparkling grass,
With folded wings, unswayed by passing breeze,
Lay dead a gorgeous-colored butterfly.
The ant said to her friend the humming-bee,
As they were going on their toilsome way,
"Poor butterfly! his day is done, I see."
But still do idlers say,—
"Dance while you may,
Life lasts but a day,
Anyway."

—JESSIE LANIER CHRISTIAN, '93.

AMONG the present High School Faculty are three graduates of this school—Miss Laura Donnan, '70; Miss May Allerdice, '88, and Miss Lucia Ray, '88. During the closing six weeks of the year, Miss Margaret Smith, '87, has been substituting in the place of a teacher who resigned. All these have, since their graduation from the High School, completed a college course of study.

The science departments each have graduates of the High School as assistants.

DIANA.

From out the middle of her moony bower,
Diana looked at me. I saw her hair
Gleam golden in the midnight's purple air;
Her snowy shoulders, like an opening flower,
Shone thro' the fleecy clouds; there fell a power
From heaven upon me; swift she aimed fair
With that soft-curving bow that she doth bear;
The strong shaft flew, the wan stars in a shower
Fell frighted. Ia! Ia! from yonder wood
The white stag wounded flies; the swift nymphs speed
Adown the slope, dread Dian at their head,
Across the lawn full many a panting rood;
He falls a-dying 'mid the river reed.
—Ia! Ia! the old gods are not dead!

—GEORGE ARCHER FERGUSON, '94.

A PAMPHLET containing a thesis in German has just been received from Berlin; it bears the title "Altababylonische Massse und Gewichte," (which is, being interpreted, a treatise upon "Ancient Babylonian Weights and Measures,") von Dr. George Reisner.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL of 1896 contained an account of Mr. Reisner's (H. S. '85) work at Harvard and where he want abroad also on a traveling fellowship given him by Harvard College. This thesis is the evidence of his success in winning a degree at the German University.

THE first class to graduate from the Indianapolis-High School was the class of '69. Three years afterwards, Mr. Merrick Vinton's home, on North Meridian street, was thrown open to the graduates for the first alumni meeting. The gathering was very informal. There was no literary program and no dancing, yet every one heartily enjoyed the fridnely social evening, out under the trees and stars. This was the beginning of the High School Alumni Association, which, as an organization, lasted with varying success for ten years. In 1872 it disappeared, to revive in 1887 as the High School Association. The present organization admits to membership not only graduates, but also those who were members of the school fifteen years before any annual meeting, and it has as secretary the principal of the High School, and as treasurer the principal of the Industrial Training School. The association celebrates its ninth anniversary on the 12th of June in High School Hall.

A SKETCH.

NO one can deny that M. Paderewski is as much a fad as the "new woman," or golfing, or bicycling. You must attend all his recitals, play his latest nocturnes, know all that is possible, and much that is not probable, about his private life—when and on what he dines, the choice of his tie, the cut of his hair, if it ever is cut—till it is to be feared that with the aid of some unknown rays, we may soon see the workings of his brain.

Nevertheless, let us congratulate the "public" this time on the choice of the object for enthusiasm; for although the "ohs!" and "how dears!" of some of the fair worshipers are very amusing, still the "greatest pianist since Rubenstein" inspires every musician with unbounded admiration.

The farewell recital of M. Paderewski in New York gave abundant opportunity to see the full strength of his craze. The weather was suddenly suffocatingly warm; still the enthusiasm did not decrease as the heat increased, but at times registered many degrees above the thermometer.

All during the week, expressions of sympathy for M. Paderewski, on account of the heat, were very common, some being turned to rather tottering jokes.

"Poor Paderewski!" some one would say. "Just wait, you'll surely not call him 'poor' after the concert." Two hundred thousand dollars does seem quite a snug sum to carry away from one American tour.

As this was M. Paderewski's last recital, the spacious Carnegie hall was crowded from boxes to top gallery, while standing behind the chairs in dejected, down-cast rows, were the "fool-

ish virgins,'' who had not engaged seats three weeks before.

Every one seemed expectant—impatient. Here, gesticulating nervously, were two of New York's most noted piano teachers ; there, a row of all-powerful musical critics, assuming an air of great indifference ; to the left was a talented young pupil of Leschetizky, armed with music and pencil ; behind her a bushy-headed violinist of the conservatory, while everywhere was the fair Paderewski worshipper, with her portly, aristocratic, but equally interested mamma.

After some time of restless waiting, the impatience took the form of sharp claps, and M. Paderewski soon appeared.

It is not necessary to tell how he played the programme of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Liszt, etc., for every one knows his genius. Still do not fancy that because he is Ignace J. Paderewski, he has a life of downy ease, free from the sharp stings of unfavorable criticism, for there are severe judges among the many pianists here.

It is as one said—'' We think how this was one of Rosenthal's best pieces, and how well Joseffy could play those delicatissimo passages, and how so-and-so brought out the octaves, and then added to all this perfection. We would like a little of our own interpretation—so, you see—'' and he shrugs his shoulders.

After Paderewski's own nocturne, a monstrous laurel wreath was handed him. He held it a minute, seemed not to know what to do with it, then walked behind the piano and dropped it on the floor. A smile flitted over the faces of the audience.

The last number was the Fantasia, on themes from A Midsummer Night's Dream; and as he began the popular wedding march, a sigh echoed around us. We turned in time to see the old lady behind us wipe her eyes, and then we were sorry that we had looked so crossly at her for talking of his nimble fingers, and spring bonnets during the Rapillous.

At the conclusion of the programme, two more wreaths were presented him. He slowly dropped one, and then the other, upon the floor, making a heap of laurel crowns. The audience laughed heartily.

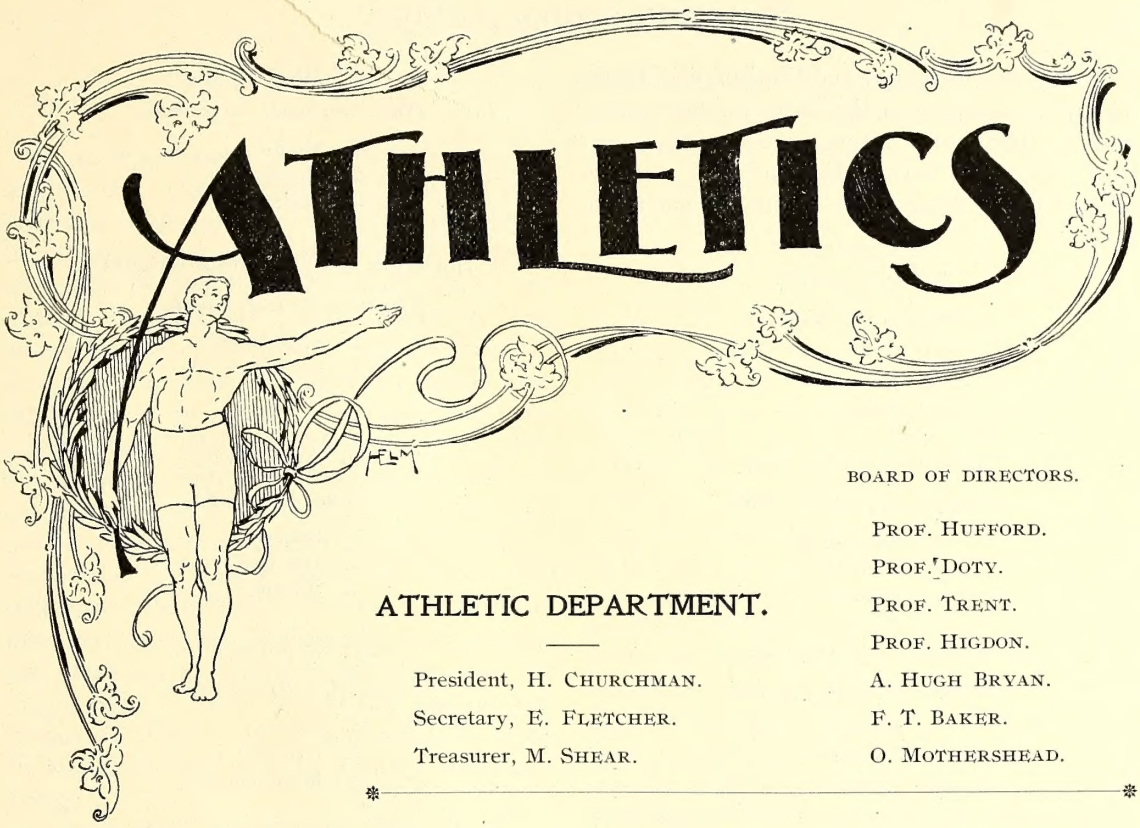
The enthusiasts were really unmerciful, for after a programme of two and a half hours, he was forced to add three extra numbers.

The scene at the last was one for an artist. The large, brightly-illuminated stage, with the light-haired pianist seated at a beautiful, black Steinway, both in vivid relief against a light, neutral background, while in the semi-darkness below, was the one black mass of people.

L. B. Smith, '95.

The bicycle fever's the craze of the hour;
I shudder to think of its terrible power;
How many poor souls in its clutches are bound!
All other thoughts in this madness are drowned.
At the morning's first flashes they're up and are riding,
Away o'er the country they're rapidly gliding;
In spite of the dust, and the heat, and the sun,
It's often they venture a twenty-mile "run;"
Some people of sixty, and indeed even older,—
I declare they seem to grow bolder and bolder;
Old ladies, young ones, children of five,
In bloomers, and sweaters, and dirt seem to thrive—
Oh, dear! how alarming! how sad! how distressing!!
Their clothes are in tatters, their faces are blistering,
And still they cry, with each laboring breath,
"Give me a bicycle, or give me death."

—Agnes Ketcham, '96.



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IT seemed, for a while, that all the interest in athletics had suddenly left the school, but the coals still smouldered in the breasts of some ardent athletes and the High School Athletic Association was at last revived. The base ball season and the approach of the annual field day both demanded it, and, with the aid of the faculty, a sufficient number was obtained to proceed with the elections and plans for the year. Appropriations for suits, bats, masks and balls were made for the ball team. Particular attention was given to the High School Bicycle Club, and an invitation was extended to them and accepted to join the association in maturing plans for the third field day.

The Bicycle Club has assumed immense proportions, and under its supervision several runs have been made. The first benefit derived by its members was the construction of a convenient and suitable place for housing their wheels during school hours. The basement of the building is now allowed the riders, and thirty or forty wheels remain there during all hours of the day.

The fox and hound races, inaugurated and managed by A. Hugh Bryan, found many devotees early in the fall. The course was usually long and across fields, requiring steady work and strong limbs, besides a knowledge of the country. Parmelee, Hobbs and Tucker gained great renown as foxes, and led the hounds many a merry chase in the neighborhood of the Fair Grounds.

F. T. B.

FIELD DAY, '95.

In all the twenty events of last year's field day, the best results expected were obtained and formidable records made for the ensuing years. The Fair Grounds were rented for the occurrence, and before a large crowd, not only of students, but of interested citizens, the races

were run, the shots put and the jumping done. The announcement of the victor's name awakened a thunder of applause, and more than one heart beat fast with pride that day as they noticed the smiling faces looking down upon them.

100 YARDS DASH.

Time, 10 1-2 Seconds.

1. Schliecher.
2. Somerville.
3. Baker.

PUTTING 12-POUND SHOT.

Distance, 35 feet, 10 inches.

1. Schleicher.
2. Buchtel.
3. Winter.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

Distance, 19 feet, 4 inches.

1. Baker.
2. Buchtel.
3. Douglass.

120 YARDS HURDLE.

Time, 20 seconds.

1. Schleicher.
2. Tucker.
3. Baker.

BASE BALL THROW.

Distance, 322 feet.

1. Rinehart.
2. Schleicher.
3. Baker.

STANDING HIGH JUMP.

Height, 4 feet, 3 inches.

1. Mavity.
2. Conduitt.
3. Rinehart.

220 YARDS DASH.

Time, 24 seconds.

1. Schleicher.
2. Somerville.
3, Mothershead.

ONE MILE WALK.

Time, 9 minutes, 20 seconds.

1. Hobbs.
2. Holmes.
3. Smith.

THROWING TWELVE-POUND HAMMER.

Distance, 81 feet, 9 inches.

1. Schleicher.
2. Buchtel.
3. Good.

440 YARDS DASH.

Time, 58 seconds.

1. Baker.
2. Downey.
3- Winter.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

Height, 5 feet, 3-4 inch.

1. Mavity.
2. Conduitt.
3. Mothershead.

ONE-MILE RUN.

Time, 5 minutes, 37 seconds.

1. Downey.
2. Rinehart.
3. Winter.

TWO-MILE SAFETY (HANDICAP).

Time, 5:09 1-3.

1. David.
2. Craig.
3. Good.

HALF-MILE SAFETY.

Time, 1 minute, 19 seconds.

1. David.
2. Craig.
3. Holmes.

ONE-MILE SAFETY.

Time, 2 minutes, 50 seconds

1. David.
2. Good.
3. Craig.

F. T. B.

FIELD DAY. '96.

High School field day has been announced as June 6th. The merchants of the city have been free in donating the prizes for the victors in the various events, and if glory be not a sufficient stimulus for High School brawn and muscle, the array of laurels should at least arouse the latent ambition of our athletes. It is not safe to make any forecasts for the day, but it covers all points to say that much unknown ability will make itself manifest. The records of last year were close upon the collegiate records, and it will require strong and persistent training to break them. With Schleicher, Somerville and Baker gone, the dark-horses will have a light field to traverse over the hundred yards' course. Putting the shot, jumping and hurdling will develop new men, and the bicycle races will demonstrate that High School students can make as fast time upon the wheel as was made last year by Tommy David and Craig.

No one who considers himself capable should hesitate to enter an event. Careful training will work wonders, and it is not always the largest men who are the most active. Even the benefit to be derived should be a great stimulus to individual work, and though all cannot win prizes and be crowned with the wreath of victory, yet there is a balm for the wounded pride of the defeated, for

"The rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain."

F. T. B.

GYMNASIUM.

Though for several years the plea has gone forth that a gymnasium was needed, the School Board has been deaf to every entreaty. The attic, large and spacious, could, at a slight cost, be fitted up in the best manner with necessary apparatus for physical expansion. The whole system could be conveniently arranged so that gymnastic exercise would not interfere with classes nor studying. Such an addition is absolutely needed, and no question of its appropriateness could ever arise.

FOOT BALL.

THE ELEVEN.

Downey, r. e.	Schleicher, l. t.
Kittenbach, r. t.	Sickler, l. e.
Jordan, r. g.	Holliday, r. h. b.
R. Smith, c.	Hall, l. h. b.
Curtis, l. g.	Boaz, f. b.

Mothershead, f. b.

At the beginning of the season the prospects were bright for a better team than that of the preceding year, when we gained the State Interscholastic championship.

It was feared that the loss of Parker and Foxworthy would weaken the line, but their places were ably filled and the line materially strengthened at other points. Back of the line we were fully as strong as was the '94 team. Holliday and Hall were still with us, and Boaz, at full back, if not equalling Rinehart at kicking, was fully as good at line bucking.

With such an eleven, naturally great things were expected, and the first game was played against Dean Bros., and won by a score of 30 to 0. Even with such a winning team, the enthusi asm in the school was very slack, and owing to the petty jealousies of disappointed candidates for the captaincy, it was difficult for the club to prosper. So just at the commencement of what was sure to have been a succesful season, the eleven was compelled to disband.

We hope that next year all will combine in making the team of '96 the most successful that High School has ever put upon the "gridiron."

OWEN M. MOTHERSHEAD.

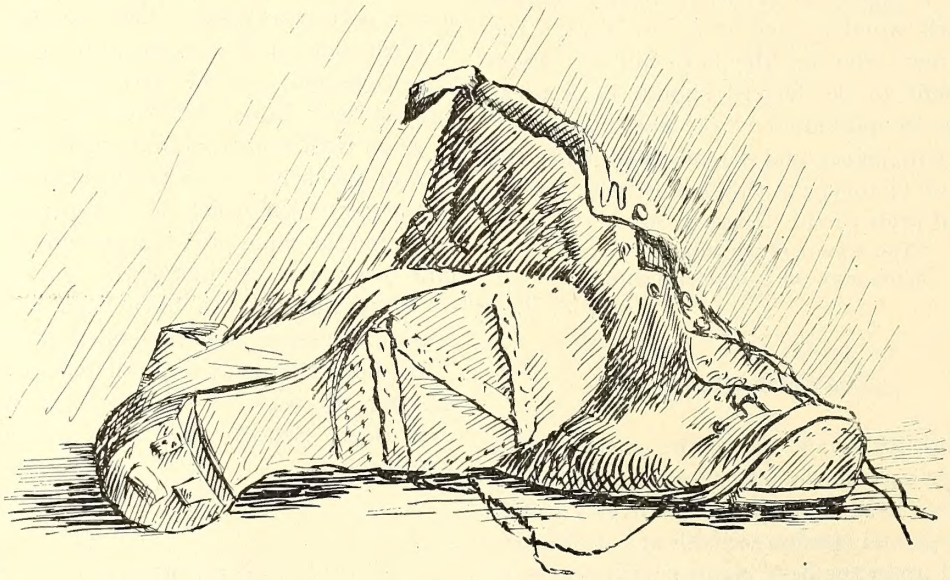
BASE BALL.

The base ball team has met with excellent success this year, in spite of an unusual

amount of bad luck. Rinehart, our crack pitcher, was unable to play in but three of the nine games played, and sprained backs and broken fingers conspired largely to our defeats. At the first of the season but little encouragement was felt, but some splendid talent saw developed and then progress was rapid. A subscription was started, and uniforms were purchased. R. Newhall was elected captain and O. M. Mothershead manager. The first game was with the Indianapolis Academy, whom we defeated by a score of 15 to 13. We secured six victories out of nine games played. The closest game was with a team composed principally of Industrial Training School players. The I H. S. boys made a batting rally in the ninth inning that overcame a lead of eight runs and won the game by a score of 14 to 13. The team's victory over Butler is one of which we are justly proud, as it is the first time the High School team ever defeated the above college on the diamond. We had but little hopes, as Crosby, their famous pitcher, the man who held Wabash down to seven hits, was placed in the box. We had no trouble with his famous inshoots however, and easily won, 16 to 8. Our outfield is undoubtedly the best among the amateur teams of the city, and otherwise the team is nothing to be ashamed of. The players and their positions:

R. Rinehart, p.	R. Bosler, 3 b.
H. Churchman, p.	R. Newhall, s. s. (capt.)
P. Azbill, c.	F. Kelley, r. f.
R. Douglas, 1 b.	M. Talbot, c. f.
O. M. Mothershead, 2 b. (manager.)	D. Morris, l. f.

ROBERTS NEWHALL, '97, Captain.



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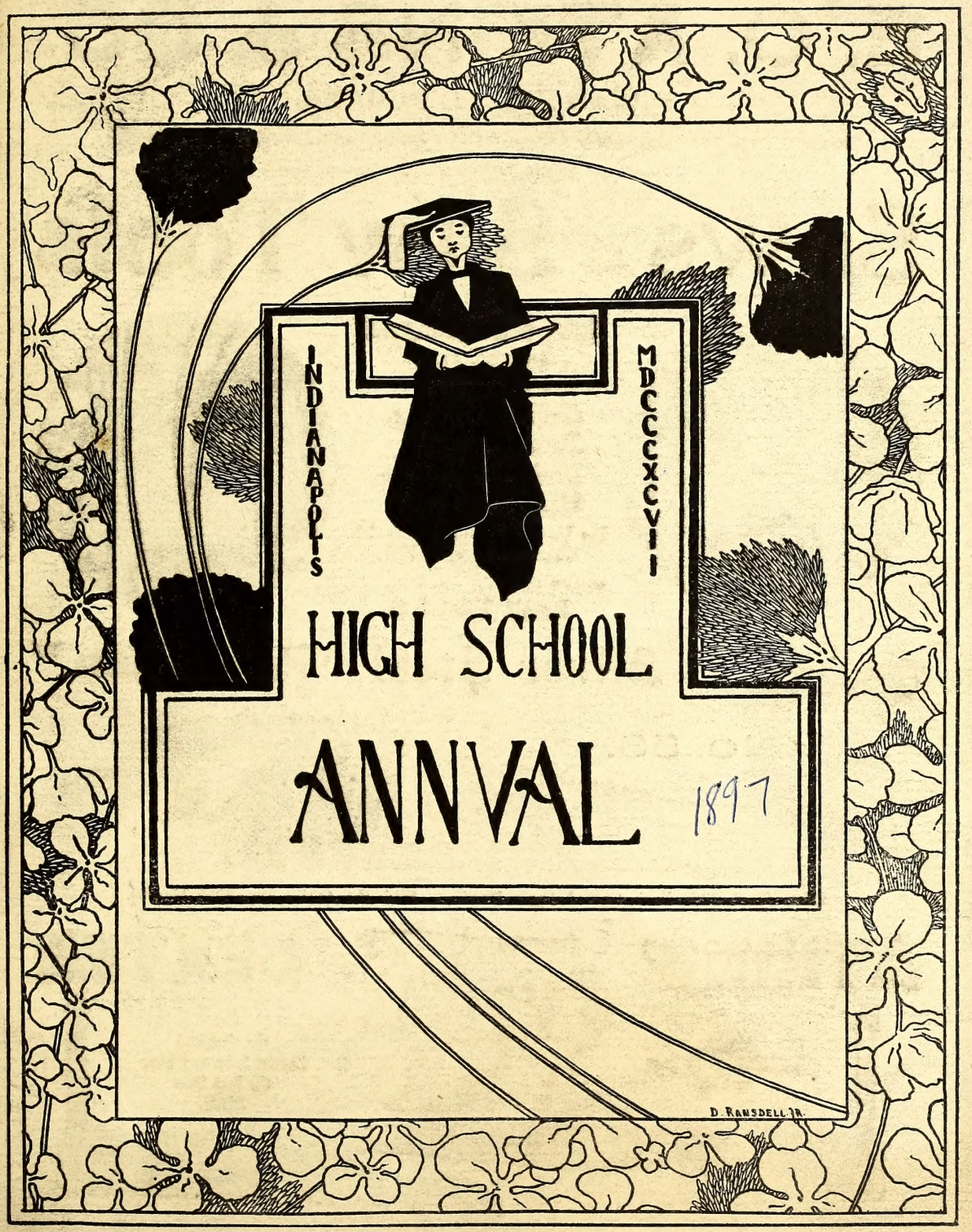

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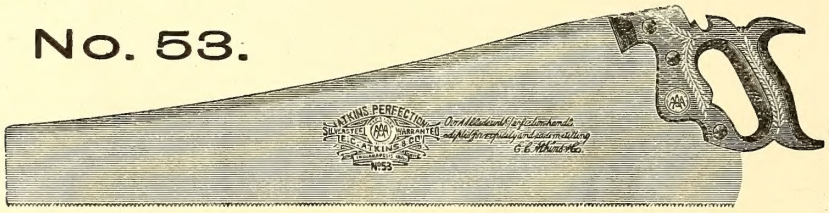

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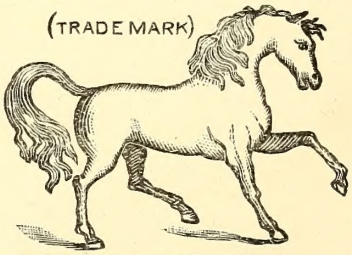

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Continued experience shows the fitness of the new building occupied for the past two sessions, on the corner of Market Street and Senate Avenue North, and its adaptation to the constantly increasing requirements of advanced education. There were in attendance during the last session graduates from nearly every Literary and Normal School in the State. In the future, as heretofore, students completing pre-medical courses in the various colleges will be granted advanced standing, according to the rules of the Association of American Medical Colleges. Women are admitted to this school on the same terms as men, and their attendance will be rendered as pleasant as possible.

Notwithstanding the establishment of a compulsory four years' course, and the prevailing financial stringency, the attendance for the past year did not fall below the usual standard. This is regarded as very encouraging, and it is believed that with the improvement now taking place in the business of the country the class will continue to increase in the same ratio as has been shown hitherto.

The twenty-eighth session will begin on the 28th of September, 1897. The new catalogue will be issued about June 1. For all information concerning catalogues, rates of tuition, course of study, etc., address the Dean,

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Leading to the Degree of *Bachelor of Science.*

V. A School of Science.
Including:
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(*b*) Chemistry.
(*c*) Physics.
(*d*) Industrial Art.
(*e*) Sanitary Science.
Leading to the Degree of *Bachelor of Science.*

VI. A School of Pharmacy.
Including:
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(*e*) Botany.
Leading to the Degree of *Graduate in Pharmacy.*

George W. Hufford.

Indianapolis High School.

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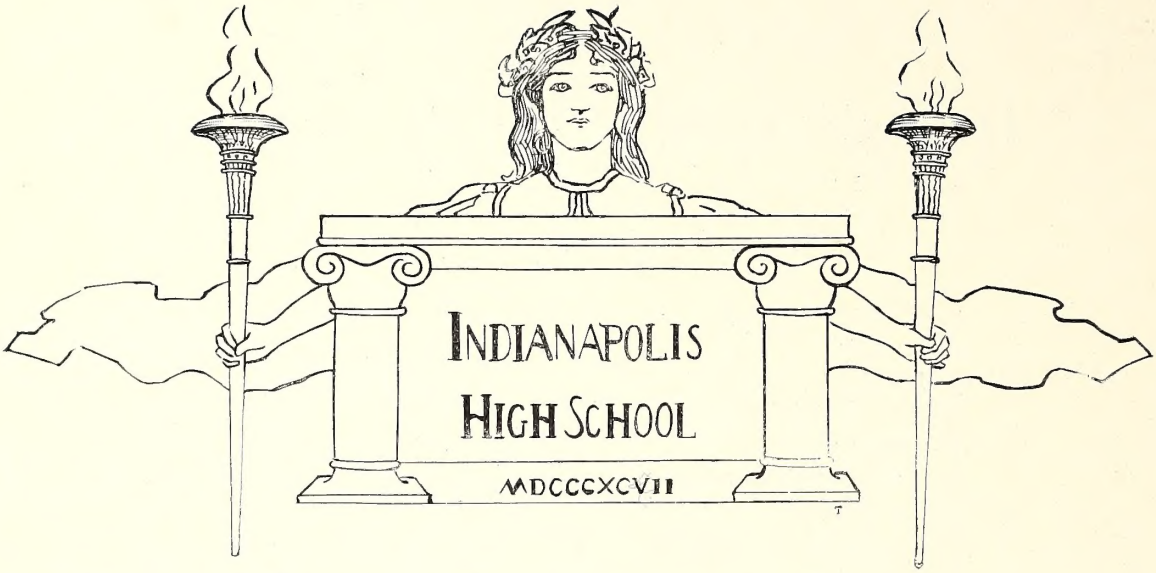

THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more."

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SOMETHING ABOUT GERMAN UNIVERSITY MEN.

LIKE everything else, based on national character, German student life is not easily understood. It is as many sided and as difficult of appreciation as the German character itself. Americans, at least in their native wilds, are apt to ignore national characteristics. We may notice, for example, certain peculiarities common to our German-American friends; but we seldom realize that there is a compact German nation, conscious of its own power, thinking its own thoughts, and looking at all questions from a standpoint different from our own. Contact with other nations, in their native lands, alone can awaken a realization of differences in national characteristics; so in reading this short account of such impressions of German student life, as I happen to remember, I merely hope you will bear in mind that German ways are not our ways, and German views are not our views. Judge them simply for themselves; they are neither to be blindly condemned nor blindly imitated.

In the first place, the German student has an altogether different preparation from the American student. From his sixth to his eighteenth year he attends a day school called a "Gymnasium." Here he is under strict surveillance, and forced to work much harder than American boys do in the grammar or high school. Girls are of course excluded from the Gymnasia*; they attend a girls' school, do not learn Latin or Greek, and their education ends ordinarily when they are confirmed, *i. e.*, at about the sixteenth year. The Germans think that a woman's place is in the nursery and kitchen. So the boys and the girls go to separate schools and each receives a different preparation for life.

*There is now, I believe, but one "Gymnasium" for girls in Germany, that at Cassel.

When a boy has struggled through the "Gymnasium" and passed his "abiturienten" examination, he is almost as old as an American sophomore, knows Latin and Greek thoroughly, has a smattering of the natural sciences and of religion (*i e.*, Bible knowledge) and knows something of Hebrew, English, and French. His German history he knows pretty well. He can fence and he understands the rudiments of beer-drinking. His teachers have been for the most part university men, and he knows by hearsay, all about university life. And so he comes up to the university as a "little fox," or "Fuechslein," as a student in the first semester is called, and finds himself for the first time in his life a free man—and absolutely free. He is even exempt from arrest, and for minor offenses his only punishment is imprisonment in the university "Carcer," a punishment, which in the smaller universities is considered by the more boisterous as a good "lark," to be indulged in at least once in one's university life. A student smashes a policeman's helmet, gets three days in the "Carcer" and makes himself immortal by painting his silhouette, his name, and his offense on the ceiling of his cell.

But to return to the point, the German students are relieved entirely from all outside restraint, and, as might be expected, plunge into all sorts of excesses, the most common of which is undue indulgence in beer. It is not fitting here to describe all their interesting drinking customs and wonderful drinking feats. It is enough to say that beer drinking is an essential part of all meetings—public and private—and that it is not regarded as immoral or injurious. A man does not feel that he is doing wrong in becoming intoxicated, and therefore does not commit the moral crime against himself, of which an American under the same circumstances is guilty.

In the German university, there are no class organizations, and there is, therefore, no class feeling. There is not even any university feeling, at least among the students. Nor is this possible where the students circulate freely from one university to another, and each has a separate little commencement of his own when he takes his degree. But the students are grouped into duelling corps, which are social organizations; into "Burschenschaften," which are primarily political, and secondarily social, and into a number of other societies, social and scientific. Seldom, except for temporary political purposes, or for some demonstration or celebration, do the students act together, and even then, they take part as members of their respective societies. Each society has its monogram, its motto, its cap, its parade uniform, and its banner. And a great sight it is to see the students of a large university assembled in a "Kommerz," as it is called, as I saw them on the Kaiser's birthday last year in Berlin. The banners were grouped around the platform; below, clothed in the gayest of uniforms, sat the presidents of the participating societies. The long tables in the hall were assigned to the different organizations—two tables were reserved for members of the faculty. At the end of each table was stationed a student officer in parade costume. Of a sudden, the presiding officers stood up and drew their swords, the table officers followed, all rapped three times on the tables to command silence. Then came a short speech from the chief president and a "hoch" (cheer) for His Majesty the Emperor. And the hall shook with the roar of a thousand voices; the beer glasses were emptied at a draught and pounded on the tables to prove it. Then they sang:

> "Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles,
> Ueber alles in der Welt."

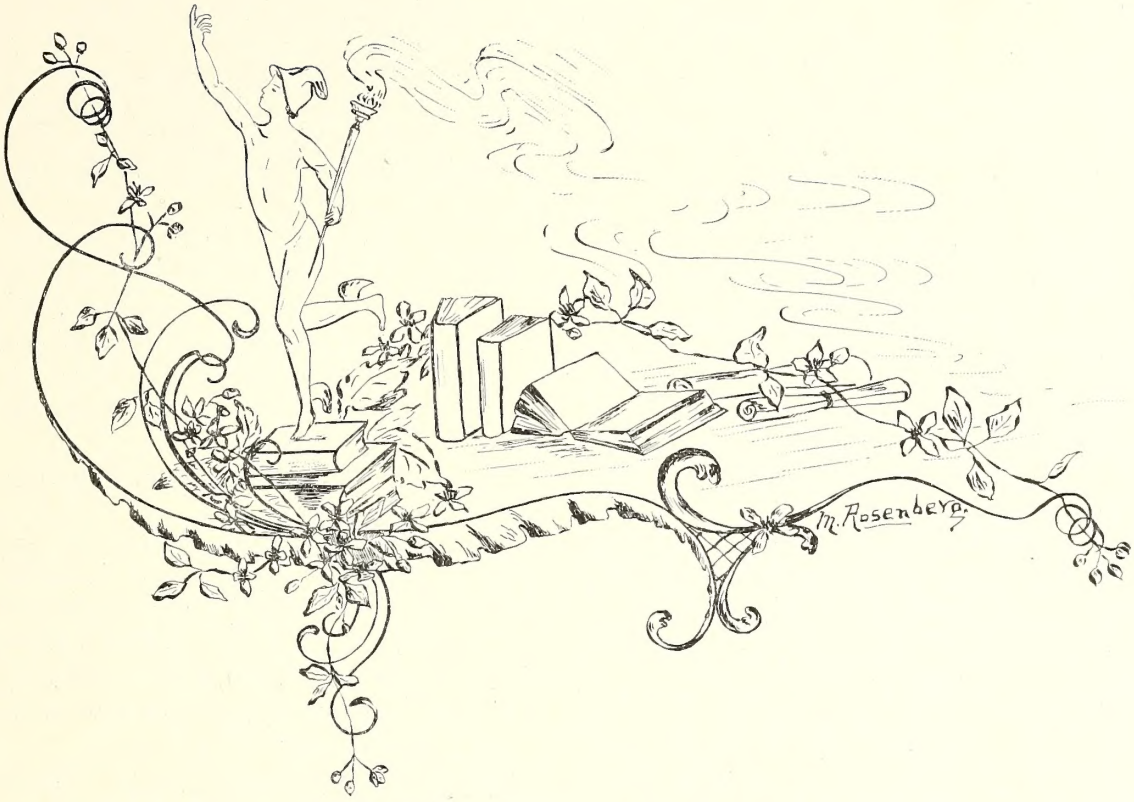
And so they went on until early morning, speech-making, cheering, and singing

in turn, and drinking beer the whole time. How they got home I did not stay to see, but they were doubtless thinking that the Hohenzollerns were the greatest men that ever drew sword, that they themselves would give their last drop of blood for "Deutschland" and the "Kaiser," and that Deutschland, "the land where iron grows," was the greatest and most beautiful empire in the world. But next morning the student body had broken up into separate units again. And such celebrations, which bring the different cliques together, occur only a few times a year.

What is, then, the unifying force which makes the German University what it is? The students are only typical Germans, jolly, pleasure-loving young fellows, fond of their beer and yet possessed of the keenest appreciation for the beauties of nature. They are not organized. They shift around from one university to another. The students drift along without fear of examination until they realize the seriousness of life and begin to study of their own accord. And yet there is a something which you feel is common to all German universities. You find it among the students, among the young Doctors and "Privat Docenten" and among the full Professors. It is, in fact, the university idea. A university should be a group of scholars representing every field of learning and each actively at work adding to the knowledge of the world—a big society for the investigation of truth and its promulgation. Every one who is sufficiently prepared is made welcome; if he wishes it, but not otherwise, he is helped on to become himself an original investigator, *i. e.*, a "Doctor." There is no forcing any one —that is left to the "Gymnasium." The ability to create coupled with the desire, that is the test of a man's value; and the desire to create is the very living soul of the German University—the desire of creating clearness of knowledge where before was only ignorance and miserable, blundering blindness. That is the inward fire which makes the German University man struggle along year after year—clothes shabby, pocket-book empty, no hope of family life, practically nothing but the companionship of a few fellow students. I have seen it. But he knows he is fighting in the front rank for truth and culture. It is a little thing, perhaps, to throw down your pen and say: "There! that is a new truth. No one ever knew that before." You publish it next month, and a few other scholars nod their heads and say: "Ah! that is what we wanted to know. Now we can understand this other thing that has puzzled us so long." It is a little thing; it does not earn any money; the world—the fat infant for whom it all is—never knows; but it is creating. And it is the sort of work that has revealed to us the story of civilization, what men were thinking 4,000 years before Christ, and how their thoughts have grown into our thoughts. It is the work that makes us free men to-day—free from superstition, free from traditional ignorance, free from the hunger and the discomfort of the old days of the spinning wheel and the stage coach. And it is the work that makes us wise in the things that are to be.

The creative impulse is then the great merit of the German student body, students and professors, and is that which has made German culture and German art respected and honored of men. Of course, there are counter currents, little human jealousies and miserable bickerings here and there—and some forget the search for truth in their desire to make a career for themselves. But the ideal is never entirely lost—that ideal of ideals that a man should take a work and give his life to it—for the work's sake.

George Reisner, '85.



No. 216. A SUCCESS.

"YOUR mail, Monsieur."

"Yes, Cecile. Put it down at the door. I will come for it."

Old Cecile bent with difficulty and thrust the letter under the door into the bare French studio. The shabby young fellow at the easel put down his brushes and came to pick up the epistle.

"It is from Nora," he said, wiping his hands on his painting blouse and turning the envelope over tenderly. Nora was his sister in America. She wrote:

CRAGSTOWN, IND., August 21, 1851.

"MY DEAR BROTHER—When this reaches you, your picture will be finished, perhaps boxed and sent to the Salon. I hope not, for I want you to slip my best wishes inside. O, my dearest boy! It will be a success, I know. As sure as your name is Scott Baird and mine is Eleanora, "Rest" will not be rejected nor skied like the others, but hung on the line. I know it! I know it! To be sure, I've never seen the picture. I haven't seen you for seven years, but I'll never take back the wager I made when you went away—that you would some day be famous.

Now, good-bye and good luck! Aunt Fidge is calling to say that the sun's in her eyes, a fly on her nose, her book fallen on the floor, and Rover trying to bury his bone in the flower-pot. What an unfortunate I am to be a favorite of invalids! Yours,

NORA."

Scott laid down the letter and turned to look at the picture on the easel. It was the figure of a French peasant sitting under a flowering apple tree. It was an exquisite scene, exquisitely painted, and Scott's face glowed, for he recognized his own success, and that this picture was the culmination of his ten years of labor.

The picture was boxed and sent to the committee of the Salon, and the young artist walked the streets until two o'clock that night. Then he went home and wrote to Nora.

The painting, dauntless, met next day the eyes of the judges for acceptance. It was accepted, after some hesitation, for the

artificiality of the French school of art had not been entirely eradicated, and the criterion of French artists elevated to the standard of Millet. Then the hanging committee took it in hand, and pondered long and silently. M. Chatereaux was a man of great influence (the influence of money and position) on this board, and it was to him that the others, when in doubt, were wont to turn. They did so now, and Chatereaux, blind to the picture's merit, assigned it an inferior position. "Rest" was "skied."

It was the day of the First View. Chatereaux was everywhere. The galleries were crowded, the critics swarming, the artists anxious. Among the first to arrive was a little man, with a white delicate face. It was Scott Baird, come to view his picture. Then commenced an eager search, and at last he found it, No. 216. High over a doorway in an ill-lighted corner hung "Rest." Scott stood, nervously fingering his catalogue, his sensitive face twitching, his eyes raised to see the masterpiece.

Chatereaux, hurrying past, saw him there, and following the direction of his eyes, saw the picture and guessed that he was the artist.

"Well, well," he said, "I wonder if I have made a mistake. Can there be merit in that picture which I failed to recognize. Nonsense! I grow nervous as a woman. Hundreds of men have stood just as he does. Yet his is a pathetic figure on my faith. But here comes Daurot and he is late again. He always is. He hates the crowd. I believe he is the only critic who comes to the first view to criticise. I hope, on my soul, he'll find no mistakes in the hanging to rail about. A fine opening, Daurot. How are you?"

"Good evening, Chatereaux."

"Have you had time to look around you?"

"But a few moments ——"

"Ah! The Salon is something to be proud of this year, I flatter myself," and Chatereaux surveyed the gallery with satisfaction written on his stupid, gentlemanly features.

"I was about to say, when you interrupted," went on Daurot, calmly rumpling his hair, "that I have been here but a few moments, yet long enough to discover one good picture that will never be seen by the fools who glue their eyes to those on the line."

"A mistake then of ours in the hanging, you think?"

"A mistake! A bull of scarcely less atrocity than the year you mixed the great Corton Madonna with the first effort of a little English upstart who gained a day's notoriety thereby. A few more blunders of this kind, Chatereaux, and even your ——"

"But this picture! What is it?"

"Ah! This picture. A bit of French rural life. A masterpiece hung at an Alpine height over a doorway in a dark corner."

"My life! and you mean No. 216. A mistake, Daurot, but not ours. A bull, as you call it, but of the workmen. It will be rectified to-morrow, I assure you. The committee will be too glad to rectify it. I am glad you mentioned it. It is, as you say, a masterpiece. And Bourne's latest? What of that?"

But Daurot, at that moment, was captured and borne away by a young artist to tear to pieces the work of some struggling student, for Daurot was the greatest critic in Paris and ruled with a high hand in affairs of art, wisely though severely, as his power lay in knowledge.

Scott had left the gallery long before. His frail figure looked more shabby and out of place than ever as he passed along the lighted streets.

"Nora will be so disappointed! Nora

will be so disappointed! It will almost break her heart. Now, of course, I'm a man and can bear up under misfortune, but Nora, she's different," he murmured to himself. He was very chilly, for he had sold his overcoat to buy the gilt frame for his picture. When he reached his studio, he lit his lamp. It was very late and he had had no supper.

"I think I will write to Nora," he said, "she will be so anxious, but I mustn't let her see how—how I feel about it. I'll be very gay and careless." And he wrote:

"DEAR NORA—I am consuming the midnight oil to write you that the great French nation has made a fearful mistake. It has laid bare its ignorance by skying my picture. How I pitied the people, falling into ecstasies over simpering Madonnas and cherubs having convulsions. I knew they were missing half the show. I, myself, was enabled to gaze on my masterpiece with the assistance of a step-ladder and a telescope.

"Write me soon:

"SCOTT."

It was after one o'clock, but he decided to go out and mail the letter. He crept from his room and down the stairs. Old Cecile, who had been up all night with her sick daughter, saw him opening the front door.

"Monsieur," she whispered, "Is it you?"

He turned and she saw his white drawn face.

"It is a ghost," she murmured, shuddering and crossing herself, and she scuttled down the narrow hall.

Scott paused a moment on the threshold and then stepped out into the night and closed the door behind him.

* * * * * * * *

There was a crowd around a picture in the Salon; a picture hung in the best light; that of a peasant girl resting under an apple tree. Critics were extravagant in their praise; "such color;" "such treatment;" "such repose." Would-be purchasers were numerous. Chatereaux was in his glory.

"Yes," he said, beaming complacently on the painting, "I have, as you say, discovered a new light. I was struck with this picture from the first. The artist? An American—Scott Baird. A student of rare promise." Daurot said nothing, but rumpled his hair and chewed the corners of his catalogue.

As for the artist, where was he? He had become a lion. Why did he not appear on the scene to be lionized? Chatereaux had written him, had invited him to dine but received no answer. Finally he went to see him. He found old Cecile scrubbing the stairs.

"Baird?" she said, "Oh, Monsieur! It is for the young American artist you ask. Holy Virgin! It was but three days ago that I identified his body in the morgue. Found drowned, Monsieur, and so kind and young! His poor sister in America! Alas! alas! And his picture? You say it will take the medal?"

MYLA JO CLOSSER, '99.

THE GENESIS OF JOURNALISM.

PROMINENT among the features that distinguish the New from the Old World is the power wielded by the press. The wealthiest metropolis as well as the poorest and most obscure hamlet boasts of the products of its journalism. Its seeds have been wafted into our institutions of learning, and daily college papers are issued that are models of their kind. As the high school feels itself bound to adopt the manners and methods of the higher institutions, we find that nearly every high school, and occasionally a prominent grammar school, possesses its magazine or newspaper. Few Americans to-day do not receive at least a high school education, so

it is not extravagant to say that nearly all Americans have had an interest in newspaper publication, whether as a publisher or as an occasional correspondent dignified by the title of room-reporter. Thus in the high schools is planted the seed of journalism, which, when rooted by education and watered by experience, develops into our metropolitan newspaper. Truly, we may re-christen the high school as the Genesis of Journalism. Let us examine into the forces that are all-powerful in the creation of this genesis.

The tendency of the old school of pedagogy is to create a yawning chasm between teacher and pupil. The teacher is to be looked upon by the pupil as one infinitely superior. The old order changeth, yielding place to the new. With the advent of the new school, the chasm is being rapidly closed. It is the teacher's constant aim to gain the good will of the pupil, and between the two a bond of friendship is woven that is greatly strengthened by the high school paper. It is the force that has been influential in bridging over the chasm between the teacher and pupil. In the paper, the teacher and pupil see each other in a light never observed before. A better understanding results in a firmer friendship.

The teacher studies the pupil through his paper and sees in him characteristics never exhibited in class. The pupil thinks he loses his individuality in that of his paper, so he expresses his desires with a force of argument that could never be brought out without the medium of the paper.

Any critical observer, by means of the school paper, can form a fair idea of the students' ability. The ability of the student only reflects that of his teacher. So a well regulated school paper is a fair thermometer of the ability of the school.

However, it must not be forgotten that, in the paper, the pupil is not aided by the strong arm of the teacher. He is thrown on his own resources, and his ability is tested to the utmost.

After the faculty, the school paper is most influential in establishing the renown of the school. By means of its out-of-town subscribers and exchange list it makes its Alma Mater known and respected in every prominent city and institution of learning.

Chief among the good results is the touch of practical business life it gives the student. Without the paper the pupil swallows a vast amount of theory, but misses the thorough digestion of application. But the paper compels the pupil to bring into practical use all of his theories. He comes in contact with a world of business, infinitely larger than that in which he lately moved. This training gives the pupil a preparation for after life that can not be too highly estimated. The advertiser, printer, exchange, contributor and subscriber—all bring before him a bewildering world, which will give him a training of vast importance when he formally enrolls in the battle of life.

Journalism should be encouraged and fostered in our institutions of learning, for in them arises the genesis. The youth, inspired by the influence of the national press, enters the school with an ambition to be a journalist. In him the journalistic seed is sown—the genesis has been created. Nourish this seed; enable it to grow until it is able to stand unsupported.

Such is the duty of the public school, the grandest of the institutions of liberty, towards the press, the noblest of the forces of freedom. LAWRENCE B. DAVIS, '97.

A GLIMPSE.

A stretch of meadow clad in golden green,
  A winding stream that ripples gaily by,
A bit of daisied field, a few white clouds
  Low nestled 'gainst the wide encircling sky.

But sunlit waters, and the breeze-blown leaf,
  The peaceful blue, and each delicious part
Of this sweet roadside view, reveal afresh
  Th' eternal love that dwells in Nature's heart.

S. M., '98.

BILL'S RISE.

ONE evening, when all of us railroad fellows were gathered in the roundhouse for a smoke, I requested McDonald, engineer of No. 20, to tell us one of his many thrilling adventures. The old man took his pipe from his mouth, spat, and inquired, "Have any of you fellows ever heard of Bill Whipple, and how he saved the Moorland excursion?" Upon receiving a negative reply, without any ceremony, he began:

"It's more'n twenty years ago, when I was a fireman, that Bill came to the Valley. I remember now the first time I ever saw him, standin' there on the platform, with his carpet-bag on one arm an' M'lissy on the other. M'lissy was his sister, a little mite of a thing, not more'n fifteen, an' the way she clung to him was pitiful. That was what first made me take to him, an' I must say he was the truest chum a man ever had. I liked him from the very first, though he was just a clumsy country boy, an' somehow he seemed to take to me. I used to be ruther a wild chap till he came, but after I got to droppin' in of an evenin' the old ways seemed to pall on me. I can't remember when I ever had a home of my own, an' my evenin's at the little cottage became the most precious thing on earth, an' not for anything would I have willin'ly given up the right to look M'lissy in the eyes an' say, 'Good evenin'.

"Bill had taken a cottage on the Embankment, above the new cut, where she could see his train ev'ry day at exactly 11:45. He had a signal that he used only fer the cut, to let her know he was comin' —two short toots an' a long one. An' soon's she hears the whistle, out she runs an' waves her aprun. An' that cottage *was* fixed up purty; mornin' glories an' sweet peas planted all over the porch, an' flowerbeds all round the house.

"Bill got her a carpet fer the settin' room, an' he an' me put it down, an' tacked up the curtains in the parlor, an' papered it. M'lissy was the best housekeeper I ever saw; not a speck on anything; pans bright as a dollar, an' windows an' floor clean as a pin. An' sing! she'd sing from mornin' to dark, an' beat any music I ever heard. Perhaps you fellows don't understand why I'm philanderin' along this a'way 'bout Bill an' the cottage an' M'lissy, but you wouldn't see the point of my yarn if I didn't. However, I set out to tell about Bill, and I better be doin' it.

"Bill's greatest ambition was to be a conductor, havin' engineered for three year an' more, an' he used to tell me all about his hopes, an' chances, and disappintments. He was the most deservin' engineer on the road; tended old 432 as if she was a baby; alluz kept a sharp eye ahead on the track, an' I don't believe anybody livin' to-day deserves promotion more'n he did. He was chuckful of ambition, but awfully despondent. He'd worked three year steady an' faithful, an' not a shadow of advancement at the end of it. I've often heard him say, in that slow, patient way of his, "M'lissy, there don't seem to be much show fer me, somehow." But M'lissy would answer with a smile, "Oh, Bill, you're bound to rise; they ain't no two ways to it." An' then she'd talk to him till he brightened up, or sometimes she'd read to him out of a book

of poems. His favorite was one called "Excelsior," an' he said it suited him exactly; that it meant the same as risin'. Sometimes when we were enterin' the cut an' watchin' for M'lissy, I'd see his lips movin', an' knew he was sayin' it over to himself.

"Well, you may just imagine what a blow it was to him when M'lissy died. She hadn't been sick more'n a week, an' it nigh drove Bill crazy. When we'd come flyin' through the cut, an' see the little house standin' so lonely an' forsaken, with no wavin' figure in the doorway, I tell you it gave me a turn. Bill warn't the same after that; more moody-like, but he clung to me all the closer.

"Well, to come to the point—one day we were sent out with the long, heavily-loaded Moorland Excursion. Prob'bly you boys don't remember when they used to run this train once ev'ry week from Moorland to Cambridge and back? No, of course, you don't. Directors found it didn't pay, an' closed it up nigh fifteen years ago. That day there must have been fully nine hundred people behind us as Bill opened up the throttle an' pulled out of the station.

"I remember that run as if it was yesterday. The day was a 'tarnal hot one, an' the grasshoppers were singin' fit to split. A kind of a blue haze hung over the distant hills 'n' forests; an occasional buzzard swung round an' round in lazy spirals; now an' again a busy gopher, underminin' the track in the interest of the section gang, would glide into his hole as we roared by. It's queer how such little things stick in one's memory.

"At last Bill's voice broke the silence, "Whistle fer the cut, Mack." We both looked out of the window to where the little house stood, high on the bluff. It was empty now, an' the windows stared out at us as we passed. In place of the little figure with the aprun, only the mornin' glories an' sweet peas nodded to us; the flower-beds, overgrown with weeds, the windows curtainless an' empty, almost brought the tears to my eyes. Bill was leanin' far out o' the cab, lookin' eagerly back. Then he came and took his seat by the throttle. As we rattled over trestles an' through swamps, an' dived into a bit o' forest an' then out into the hot sunshine ag'in, I seemed to see things that were not, an' to fancy I heard M'lissy's voice sayin', "Bill, you've got to rise," and Bill answerin', "You bet, M'lissy." Way out ahead of us stretched the two iron rails; the great engine throbbed an' quivered; the 'klank, klank' of the piston began to sound monotonous in my ears, an' over all came the shrill whiz of the grasshoppers.

"I was jest stoopin' to fill the furnace, when—what is that? With one bound I was on my feet an' peerin' through my window. Bill's face was rigid as stone, listenin'. There it is agin, a faint, long whistle. Boys, I really don't think it took us two seconds to reverse that lever an' whistle down brakes, an' then we went whirlin' round the curve, air-brakes screechin', wheels grindin', an' the whistle goin' like mad.

"An' there, not half a mile away, so far an' yet so terribly near, came a heavy freight, roarin' an' hissin' down the grade. I saw Bill's face flare white. I knew that we could stop in time, but not the freight. It was thunderin' down a steep grade; it seemed 's if no power on earth could stop it jest then. I thought of our helpless passengers an' hid my face; then I thought of our danger, an' looked ahead, an' as I did so, several flyin' figures told me the freight was deserted. An' oh! it was so terribly near! Suddenly Bill's voice aroused me, 'Jump, Mack, jump!' Boys, I swear to you I thought Bill would fol-

low, an' I jumped. Even as I whirled in mid-air I heard him wrench the lever open an' like a wild thing engine No. 432 tore itself loose from its couplin's an' went boundin' down the rails.

"Oh! the agony of that moment! I saw in a second that he'd seized the only possible chance of savin' the souls entrusted to his care, an' I shivered when I realized what it meant. The rails sung as the engines lurched toward each other. Suddenly a wild, despairin' wail rent the stillness like a knife. Bill's head appeared at the window, an' he waved his hand. Again the whistle sounded; there was a crash, a hiss of escaping steam, a loud explosion, an' all was still again, save for the frightened cries of the passengers an' the gentle purrin' of the steam.

"Well, we got him out alive an' laid him on the grass 'longside the right of way, an' I took his head in my lap. He was unconscious. Women an' even men were sobbin' 'round us, but I didn't feel anything but jest a dry tightness in my throat, as I gently stroked his forehead. Suddenly he opened his eyes an' smiled, an' looked up in my face, an' moved his lips. 'M'lissy,' he said, 'M'lissy, I'm going to—;" and then his head fell back on my arm. An' I knew that Bill had risen at last."

D. M. Ransdell, Jr., '99.

THE ROSE.

"Sweet Rose, in air whose odors wave,
And color charms the eye,
Thy root is ever in the grave,
And thou, alas! must die."

So many are the classical legends and poetical associations connected with the rose, that they crowd almost too thickly on the memory, baffling it by their very profusion. By common consent, in every clime and in every age, the rose has been held the queen of flowers. It has been the poet's theme from time immemorial, and vain would be the attempt to transcribe even the hundredth part of the beautiful things which have been said or sung to it.

It is in summer, when the garden is in its glory, and not a blossom seems wanting, that the rose, "at length apparent queen," comes forth as if to receive the homage of all other flowers; not haughtily, but with most winning grace, as if afraid to claim her full authority.

Her fragrance, too, is equal to her beauty, that of other flowers may be more spicy, more luscious, more powerful, but the fragrance of the rose is unique.

For the benefit of those who wish to be acquainted with the classical legends relating to this flower, I give the following:

The ancients tell us that roses were originally white, but were changed to red by the blood of Venus. Another fable states that Cupid overthrew a bowl of nectar, which, falling to the earth, stained the rose.

The rose was given by Cupid as a bribe to Harpocrates, the god of Silence, from whence, we should suppose, originated the custom, which prevailed among the northern nations of Europe, of suspending a rose from the ceiling over the upper end of their tables, when it was intended that the conversation which took place should be secret; and it is this custom that undoubtedly gave rise to the common expression, "Under the Rose."

A golden rose was considered so honorable a present that none but crowned heads were thought worthy either to give or to receive it. Roses of this kind were sometimes consecrated by the popes on Good Friday and given to such potentates as they most wished to propitiate. The flower

itself they considered an emblem of the mortality of the body, and the metal of which it was composed of the immortality of the soul. Boethius says that William, King of Scotland, received a present of this sort from Pope Alexander III, and Henry VIII a similar gift from Alexander VI.

The seal of Luther, which is a rose, is supposed to be symbolical of the same things as those golden presents.

Roses were also employed by Roman emperors as a means of conferring honors upon their most famous generals, whom they allowed to add a rose to the ornaments of their shields—a custom which continued long after the Roman Empire had passed away, and the vestiges of which may yet be traced in the armorial bearings of many of the ancient noble families of Europe.

ALICE R. BOYER, '97.

CICERO, THE ORATOR.

IN the days when Cicero played upon the passions of his fellow men, and moved vast audiences by the magic of his silvery speech, oratory was even more an art and a study than it is to-day. On one occasion, we find Cicero, the scholar, propounding unanswerable questions, setting forth strong facts and employing the most polished language in the establishment of some favorite theory. Again he is a Roman, pleading the cause of his native country in terms whose deep patriotism thrills even the hearts of his nineteenth century readers, for love of country is a bond which unites all nations and all ages.

But he is most wonderful—most terrible, indeed, in his scorn and anger, hurling forth the scathing language which has caused him to be known as the master of invective. We can almost fancy his enemies cowering under the force of his words; we can not help picturing Catiline as trembling and shrinking from the torrent of abuse flowing from the lips of the great Cicero.

Even in his harshest moods, however, Cicero took care to temper his wrath to the taste of his audience. A subtle difference may be noted between the first and second orations against Catiline. The first is addressed to the Senate, and, although famed as an example of invective, yet an undertone of pleading runs all through it, at times coming to the surface to give zest to his defiance. "How long, Catiline, will you abuse our patience?" is a cry for suffering Rome, an angry protest in the name of her citizens.

Cicero continues, exhibiting Catiline in the character of traitor, over-zealous demagogue, and blood-thirsty parasite. He lays bare plans which were thought to be well concealed, unearths murderous conspiracies and plots of deep-dyed villainy. He deals with the personal vices of the culprit only to that extent in which they directly or indirectly influence Rome or her interests. His oration is a plea for Rome, an accusation of himself and others in power, and a fierce denunciation of Catiline and his purposes. By such a skillful commingling of rage and pleading, of curse and prayer, Cicero moved the Senate to action, and caused the proud Catiline to leave the city.

In the second oration, however, he pursues different tactics; he exults in the departure of the public enemy, and urges the constituents of that one to follow in order that the city may be rid of the defilement of their presence. He refers to them in very forcible language, employing descriptive terms verging upon the vulgar, to effect his purpose. He enters into the details of Catiline's life and opens to view the mire of vice in which the traitor had

wallowed. He shows the harm which the spendthrift had brought about by his practices. He paints all Catiline's vices in words which only a mob would tolerate, but this was necessary in order to move those already accustomed to crime. This Cicero accomplished, however, and caused the most hardened to shudder at the blackness of Catiline's deeds. He showed them Rome, laid waste by hands of the conspirators; he held up to their mental view their own homes, wrapped in flames, and their wives and children slain.

This well-calculated address was as effective as the first in its way; the populace was maddened, strong feeling roused, and the way well prepared for the two following addresses and the final execution of the conspirators.

And so, wherever we find Cicero, we see him bending to the requirements of the occasion, fitting both words and manner to the audience which confronted him, even suiting himself to the place in which he was speaking, until he became, as it seemed, a part of the place, of the time, and of the people, and so won his way to success.

ADELAIDE LECKLIDER, '97.

FOR HER COUNTRY.

"GIVE me the papers. You can not take them; I will." She said this in a tone of part command, part entreaty.

"You do not understand. It is mere folly for you even to think of undertaking such a ride. In doing so, you would have to pass through the Southern line, and doubtless would be seen and pursued, and that might mean death. No, I will not consent. I shall surely be strong enough to start in an hour," and the man's head dropped weakly back upon the pillow.

"No, you will not be strong enough to start in an hour, or even in twenty-four, were there that time to spare."

"Colonel trusts me to take the dispatches. The General must have them before midnight, and I will take them," said the soldier decisively.

The girl thought soberly for several moments. She was brave. And now that the North and South were fighting so bitterly, it was a source of great dissatisfaction to her that she was not able to do something for her country—her fair, beautiful North. Now her opportunity had come. The soldier, who had volunteered to carry dispatches from his Colonel to his General, had become exhausted with heat, hunger, and hard riding, and had stopped at her father's farm for food and rest. She knew the way perfectly, and though the ride was a long, perilous one, was determined to undertake it.

It is not necessary to describe in detail how she ordered Nelly, her own fast little horse, saddled, or how she slipped the dispatches from the ragged blue army coat while the soldier, the flush of fever creeping stealthily into his cheeks, stirred uneasily in the stupor that had sunk over him.

After donning the old blue army suit her father had left behind when he went to the front, with the precious dispatches hidden in an inner pocket of the coat, she mounted Nelly and rode away.

The sun was just setting when they came in sight of the Southern line. The Northern camp was just two miles beyond.

The girl stooped and patted the horse's neck. "Nelly, dear," she whispered, "do your best, old friend, for, oh! Nelly, it means so much if we are beaten. There is only the one place in the road, Nelly—down there by the turn—where the pickets

will surely see us. But we must ride hard then. We must get well by before they have time to give the alarm."

Then she scanned the fields and woods breathlessly, and waited. They were nearing the turn. She touched Nelly lightly with her hand. The horse leaped forward. They were at the turn! They were past!

There was a sudden sharp crack of musketry; a bullet whizzed by the girl's head, simultaneously with a stern command, "Halt!"

For several moments the girl did not dare to look behind her. When she did, three flying figures, enveloped in a cloud of dust, told her the tale. She was pursued!

She looked again. They were—oh, no! it could not be!—but yes, it was! They were gaining on her steadily! She bent far forward over the horse's neck. "Faster! Faster! Nelly," she whispered brokenly. "It is only a mile more!"

The girl, with paling cheeks and compressed lips; the horse, with dilating nostrils and flashing eyes! On and on they dashed! A quarter of a mile; half a mile; but now the bullets began to fall thick and fast around them! A quarter of a mile more! And now the girl raised herself in her stirrups and leaned far forward.

"On, on, Nelly! Faster! They will not, they can not, dare to come much nearer."

Suddenly, from the dark woods in front of her, several bullets whizzed by on their deadly errands. Several dark-blue figures leaped into the road.

They had reached the picket line of the Northern army!

And the General, after he had read the dispatches, turned to the girl and said:

"Child, you have done a brave deed. You have offered and risked your life for your country. More, no man can do!"

LILIAN MITCHELL, '00.

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTERS.

ONE winter in an Eastern manufacturing town many men were on a strike. The sympathy of people was with the strikers and their families, and help had been rendered them from many sources. Every one had given something except Nathan Strong, the weaver, who was called the stingiest man in town. He lived alone, at the edge of town, making neither friends nor enemies, but weaving the best carpet in that part of the country, and being constantly crowded with orders, had accumulated some wealth. About two months after the beginning of the strike, there began coming to the postoffice every Wednesday and Saturday a letter addressed to the postmaster, containing ten dollars for the strikers, which caused considerable speculation. After some debate on the question, it was decided that Max Fairfield, a pretentious fellow of some means, was the donor, instead of Harry Winter, of somewhat the same character.

One evening some strikers and their wives, on their way to thank Mr. Fairfield, found the dead body of Nathan Strong near a letter-box. In his hand was one of the strange letters, addressed to the postmaster. Immediately the letters stopped, and the townsmen regretted they had considered him so stingy, when he was really generous.

IDA RODIBAUGH, '00.

Nature beats in perfect tune.
And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
Whether she work in land or sea,
Or hide underground her alchemy.
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.

EMERSON

The Golden Age.

ADAPTED FROM OVID.

I.

Once in the memoried ages, when man, by Prometheus created,
Was by his wisdom endued with the fire which he stole from immortals,
Entered the first of the Ages, the Golden Age, pure, uncorrupted,
Spotless and glorious it passed through the light of Earth's radiant portals.

II.

Lo! see the god-giv'n Utopia, longed-for in dreams beatific;
Love of the true, of the good, and the beautiful shaping their manhood,
Never did criminals dread to behold an avenger's stern features;
Man without need of a judge was master of sin and of falsehood.

III.

Never a suppliant throng feared justice nor quailed at the letters
Graven on tablets of bronze. No law save the promptings of conscience
Governed the spirits of men who were lovers of peace and uprightness.
Hid in oblivion's shades, yet unborn, lurked all evil and vengeance.

IV.

High on the mountains the pine trees, Nature-crowned kings of the woodland,
Ruled o'er their virginal forests, untouched in imperial splendor;
Never had man's ruthless hand base sacrilege done to their honor;
Shaping their sinewy limbs into ships ever restless to wander.

V.

Men had no longing to view other lands, but dwelt in contentment,
Heeding the will of the wise-ruling gods who forbade navigation;
Still they continued in peace, unstained by luxurious living,
Pure and unblemished by wealth, which occasions the downfall of nations.

VI.

Earth, with her emerald waves, unscarred by deep moats round her cities,
Lay like the lands of the gods in ethereal realms of Olympus.
War, with the brazen-voiced bugles and shrieking of trumpets, was needless;
Men without helmets or swords were blessed with a concord harmonious.

VII.

Beautiful in her perfection, the Earth, undespoiled by the plow-share,
Yielded to man all the wealth of her bountiful treasure.
Never a vulture-clawed mattock unfeelingly wounded or harmed her;
Earth unsolicited gave gracious gifts for man's innocent pleasure.

VIII.

Man, with his wants all supplied by the freely giv'n products about him,
Gathered from mountain and plain the strawberries sweet, and collected
Fruit from the stout cornel bushes and blackberries clinging 'mid brambles,
Garnered the acorns that fell from the arms of the oak, Zeus-protected.

IX.

Soft sighing zephyrs were touching with gentle and loving caresses
Rainbow-winged flowers, unsown, but fallen from Love's radiant garlands;
Earth, though unplowed, was yielding the fruits of a bountiful nature;
Grain heads like silver hoar frost lay glistening over the lowlands.

X.

Filled with rich Bacchanal wine and milk flowed the wandering rivers;
Honey in golden-hued beads was distilled from the trees and hung pendent;
Under the sweet, serene shadows the Springtime with beauty and gladness
Held her perpetual sway, while Earth lay in Love's rare enchantment.

XI.

Thus in the memoried ages did man, by Prometheus created,
Live in the beauty of holiness, perfect in form and in being;
Lived undisturbed by all strife, enjoying the peace of Olympus,
Proving the wisdom of him who created the race, all foreseeing.

MARY FITCH SEWALL, '97.

SPRING.

All hail once more the joyous spring
When wild flowers bloom and song birds sing,
When every blade and every sprout
Waves nature's emblems round about.

Now brooklets through the meadows glide,
And violets spring up side by side
Where Mother Nature laid her hand
And bade them beautify the land.

Sweet sunshine fills the balmy air
And birds are flying everywhere,
Breaking to all the happy song
That spring has come and winter gone.

Each morning, with its clear blue skies,
Looks down on many flowery eyes
That twinkle as the stars of night,
And play hide-and-seek with the rays of light.

WALTER WALL, '00.

AN EXERCISE IN PSYCHOLOGY.

THERE is, as is being realized more and more, a great lack of sense-training in our public schools, and a great deal of time and mental energy wasted which might be utilized in their cultivation.

This is quite evident in business life, and gives rise to the idea that a college graduate is less able to fill a certain position than one whose sole educator has been experience, simply because the former has undergone a system of cramming, accompanied by no lessons in the practical application of text-book facts.

It is quite easy to understand why this inability of the pupil to apply his knowledge exists if we but look at the present mode of instruction. For example—a pupil spends years in the study of grammar learning to diagram sentences and distinguish between the cases. Yet the majority of students entering High School, not to mention graduating from it, make such gross and inexcusable errors as "Who have you got in this subject?" or, "It was her I saw." In pursuing some of the higher subjects, such as geology, the pupils are well versed in the definition of such common terms as stratification, yet, doubtless, a third of the class would be unable to recognize it if they saw it in nature.

Practical knowledge should be as necessary to the pupil's promotion as a satisfactory test paper. How is this evil in our schools to be remedied? The first step has already been taken. That is—the evil is fully realized in educational circles. The second step is rapidly being pushed forward.

It is true that high schools are, to a great extent, a system of cramming. We have not nearly enough time to do justice to each subject. But the fault lies not in an over amount of work, but in the manner of its arrangement. A small amount of the time wasted in the grades would easily suffice to relieve the superficial high school student.

Repetition is one of the important factors in the grades. The child is taken successively through a little and a big geography, and a high and a low grammar and arithmetic. Once thoroughly mastered (for nothing is gained by their monotonous repetition), should these subjects not be dropped for some of the present high school subjects? Is there anything in later reading we remember so well as the unprofitable little reader stories and fairy tales of our youth? Just at that time the child's mind is most impressionable. The stories of mythology and history which are presented in the most simple, entertaining, and instructive manner should compose the modern reader.

A few of these changes are already on foot, but their rapid increase will do much for the present excellence of our standard and the thoroughness of our pupils.

SUSIE HOWE.

SAND WAIFS.

[Written on Virginia coast, '96.]

Let me lie here so, with the sands of centuries whirled
round me,
Let me dream in the wind
Of a time beyond all times ere the white sands were sifted
Swept ashore by the sea.

Let me dream—age follows age 'mid a whirl of suns,
And stars and moons;
Voices of strange men sound, and race after race goes by,
To journey the path of souls.

Let me lie here, so—I fain would dream alway
On these white eternal hills,
Gold-dripping suns and dead sands swirled
Sifted, and swept, and swirled.

A WALK WITH BRYANT.

IT was one of those bright, sunny days of early April, and, as I walked along the country road, and over the bridge into the woods, it seemed that May had loaned her balmy breezes and fleecy skies in return for April's careful nursing of the May flowers.

When you find yourself away from the ceaseless panorama of the town and out of reach of care, you are very apt to wander in mind as well as in body. And so I wandered.

For a time all was silent, except for the gurgling of the creek and the sound of bursting buds, which formed an accompaniment for the still voice that seemed to come from the air.

It whispered:

"When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene."

It paused, and then continued,—

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms,
She speaks a
Various language."

In sympathy with the surroundings I did not ask, "From whence comes this mysterious voice? but questioned—I know not whether in words or only in my mind—"Does Nature never lead one to think of glad and happy things?"

In the same soft, soothing sounds came my answer:

"For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty.
And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away."

And when I did as I was bidden, the playful clouds veiled the face of our sunny friend, and April stopped in her merry-making to water her protegés.

As I walked home, I realized that I had been taking a stroll with Bryant, and had seen the world, for a little time, through his eyes.

FRANCES M. GREGORY, '00.

A MEETING IN MID-OCEAN.

WE were on board the "Paris," and as the great ocean steamer ploughed her way through the water, we could hear the throbbing of the engines, like the steady beat of a pendulum. Every one was up on the promenade deck, some wrapped in shawls and sitting in the comfortable steamer chairs, while others, who wished exercise, walked round the deck.

It was one of those perfect October days, which are so rare on the ocean. The sky was clear, the air bracing, and the broad expanse of water seemed to change, as if by magic, from a deep green to a delicate blue, and then back to its original color.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, the captain came down from the bridge and

said that there was a steamer in sight away to the south. The field-glasses were in great demand, and every one watched the boat with breathless interest. It soon began to assume a definite shape, and a long line of smoke from the funnels followed it.

By five o'clock, the two ships had come near enough together to signal to each other, and there was great excitement on board the "Paris." The boat proved to be the "Teutonic," of the White Star Line, three days out from New York and bound for Liverpool. After the "Paris" had given her reply to the signals of the "Teutonic," the two steamers saluted each other by dipping their colors, and then went on their way.

Far across the water came the distant notes of the band playing "The Star-Spangled Banner," and I think every American on board felt a patriotic thrill. The music grew fainter and farther away; the sun sank beneath the horizon a great red disk, and gradually the darkness came on. We were alone on the ocean.

MURIEL HITT, '99.

THE FROZEN MILL.

SOMBRE, silent and black, an ill-omen of bygone usefulness, an old wind-battered mill raises its huge bulk of shrunken, time-worn rafters, in vain endeavor to keep the bright, phosphorescent rays of the mid-winter's moon from piercing its weather-beaten sides. But, like gentle Contentment gliding into the dark places of life, even so do these soft rays penetrate the awe-inspiring blackness, and gleam with a tender light in the shadow of the mill.

At its side, cowed and silenced by the mighty powers of the Frost King, the giant water-wheel glistens with a greenish light as though ready to burst its icy fetters. And gently dripping, dripping, dripping over its sparkling rainment, the ice-narrowed stream wraps it in a shroud of purest white.

On the opposite side, to the right of the mill, two long, gaunt trees, bereft of every spring-born leaf, stretch their naked, lean arms heavenward, grim reminders of winter's victory over spring. They slant their loftiness in long, dark, tapering shadows upon the wide waste of the meadows.

These extend in unbroken whiteness as far back as the eye can reach, and seem to join the stream in its course to the mill-wheel.

Here and there, in the darkness of the shadow of the mill, the frost covered grass-tips emit tiny, uncanny glints, like grinning imps reveling in their unholy deeds.

But far up in the heavens, throwing the dismal scene below into bold relief against its own brightness, is the benign, peaceful countenance of the full, winter's moon. Having leaped from a bank of misty gray clouds, and dropped its haze before it, it pours a flood of light over all.

SARA MESSING, '98.

PRAISE FOR OUR SCHOOLS.

"A PROPHET is not without honor save in his own country," is applicable more or less to our High School, for I fear that many of us fail to appreciate the excellence of our Indianapolis school system, and in particular the advantages of our own institution.

Dr. Rice, a writer in *The Forum*, pronounced our schools the best in the land and held them up as a model for all others.

Lately, their superiority has been especially emphasized by many of the superintendents who visited our city and were very much delighted with all that they had seen and heard here.

Their reports were filled with praise for our schools. One man from Massachusetts, in the course of his report said: "The schools of Indianapolis, in the opinion of several observers competent to judge, are among the best, if not the very best, of the country. Their manifest superiority, in my opinion, is mainly due to three things—close supervision, unity of purpose, aim and effort, and, growing out of these two, a remarkably strong professional spirit among the teachers."

Many of the visitors even wrote to our superintendent expressing their great satisfaction with the schools. Despite the many lectures received daily by the pupils, even the venerable seniors, about their "disgraceful conduct," one letter from West Virginia said: "I was pleased with the lack of effort and restraint; also with the ease of expression of the pupils and their uniform good behavior."

One man from Ohio was so delighted with what he saw here that he wrote, asking the privilege of bringing a party of teachers "upon a pilgrimage to the Indianapolis shrine."

HELEN ERNESTINOFF, '97.

THE ROOTER AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

WHAT was the score yesterday, anybody know? Six to nothing in our favor? A whitewash. That's fine—we've lost only one game so far. That makes our per cent. .833. We're still a good distance in the lead. Who pitched, do you know? Phillips? He has been pitching a good game this season, but I wish we had kept Damman. Heard how he has been comporting himself with Cincinnati? Been carrying off all the laurels. I'll take another cup of coffee, if you please. What did you say? Yes, it does seem funny. To think of Columbus, always one of the tail-enders, holding second place. How they must be hugging themselves! Poor old Grand Rapids hasn't won a game yet. We go to Detroit tomorrow, don't we? I'll bet we take three out of the four, unless it rains. I hear Detroit's entered a kick for that game Ebright forfeited to us. Another roll, please.

ROBERT RANSDELL, '99.

THE STENOGRAPHER AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

(Being shorthand notes of the breakfast talk of a happy family.)

Paterfamilias and Doctor Oldboy discussing politics. Materfamilias, Dot and Lou (just out) talking millinery and the latest styles. Tommy (base ball fiend) gorging himself unobserved.

PATER: Yes, as I was saying, Doctor, if Greece could send one gunboat past the cordon she'd end the war.

Doctor (abstractedly): Very true, very true.

Mater: Really, Dot, I think you ought to wear your blue. You don't know how much more becoming it is.

Pater: As Lew Wallace says, Turkey can't put up a vessel to oppose them. What's the matter, girls?

Dot: Oh, papa, we've got to go to that horrid dinner to-morrow!

Lou: Yes, and we haven't a thing to wear.

Doctor: Very appropriate, I'm sure.

Dot: I don't know what we'll do.

Pater: Do? Why, do what you did yesterday; I think you were out at a ball or something.

Lou: Oh, but that was a luncheon, and you can't wear the same things to a dinner that you do to a luncheon, you know.

Pater. Ah! I see. But who were there yesterday?

Dot: Well, Mrs. Markham was one, then Janey and—

Pater: Begin at the beginning, my dear, and tell me how you sat at table.

Tommy (at the top of his voice): Yes, here's yer only official score card; position an' battin' order of each an' ev'ry player!

Lou: Tom, do be quiet; go on, Dot.

Dot: Well, Georgette sat next to me on my right, then came Janey Dare, then—let me see; I forget who sat next to Janey. Oh, yes; Mrs Perry Mason.

Mater: What did *she* have on?

Dot: Nothing pretty. That reminds me, mother, what shall we wear to-morrow?

Mater: Well, your organdie dosen't look bad; with a little pressing, don't you think it might do?

Lou: Oh! by no means. None of the girls are going to wear light things.

Pater (to the Doctor): Still, if Greece is patriotic—

Mater: You might fix it, Dot.

Pater: They might stand some show with their Krupp guns and their navy. Don't you think so, Doctor?

Doctor (bewildered): Oh, certainly, certainly, if they get their gowns in time.

Dot: And that blue shirt waist would match with—

Pater: The Turks are perfectly capable—

Lou: Oh! I saw the sweetest gown—

Tommy: And when he knocked the home run and brought in—

Pater: Besides which, new levies are being made—

Dot: Let's get them at Wasson's.

(Here the stenographer fainted, and this is what the rest sounded like):

I still think your blue would match with—The gunboats sent out by Prince George—And he caught him out dead easy, and got the ball in home in time for —The dance at the Patterson's, who—Were terribly emaciated on account of frontier duty—And she had the dearest little hat—Doctor you know I always said —He's the best man on the nine.

(And so on for three-quarters of an hour.)

A BREAKFAST CONVERSATION.

ONE dark and gloomy morning in May, I was aroused from a deep sleep by the impatient command of my father "to arise," that breakfast was ready. I did not stir, pretending not to hear; but the call was repeated, which he emphasized by the throwing of a shoe

I reluctantly arose, and likewise dressed. Going down stairs, I found the rest of the family already eating.

"What have you got to eat?" I asked in no kind tone.

"Oh, we have eggs, coffee, ham and biscuits," my mother replied.

"You know I don't like ham; and don't you suppose a fellow gets tired of eggs sometimes?" I hotly answered back, having got out the wrong side of bed.

"Let him go without," my father said, knowing well enough that I would not do that.

"I don't want any breakfast, anyway," I stubbornly declared, getting a little angry.

Nothing was said for a time, everybody eating but me, and seeming unconscious of my presence, making me feel more hungry than I really was.

"O well, you can go and cook me one of those old eggs," I sheepishly said to my mother.

"If you want them cooked, you will do it yourself. I offered to do it once for you," she replied.

So I went to the kitchen and began the novel experiment. While in the midst of my work, the cries of my baby brother rose above the noise I was making.

"Oh! now you have gone and awakened that baby," my mother provokingly exclaimed, rushing upstairs. But I did not care. I had obtained my revenge.

As to the egg, it was a decided success; and I resolved in the future to be a bachelor and cook my own eggs.

PAUL WININGS, '00.

A CHINESE FUNERAL.

THE City of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is a favorite one of the Chinese, who show their thrift by going to a place where their prosperity is insured. Pittsburgh is known as the "Smoky City," and among the most thriving and prosperous of its industries is the laundry business, which is largely under the control of the Chinese.

These worthy "washees" have organized a mutual benefit society, which, in some respects, resembles the Odd Fellows or Knights Templar. When any member of this lodge goes to join his revered ancestors, the whole body turn out to aid him in his last journey, their one aim being to appease the wrath of malignant deities. I, like others, led by American curiosity, once attended the funeral of a Chinaman who held an important position in the order. There were at this funeral Chinese personages from all parts of the country. Their procession, which, with its bright colored banners and streamers, resembled an American patriotic parade, was led by a distinguished Chinaman on horseback. He was followed by carriages containing the mourners, each of whom wore a white band of cloth across his breast, white being the mourning color of the Celestials. Each man seemed to be the counterpart of every other one. To our eyes there seemed to be no individuality in their yellow complexions, the sloping eyes, and the long queues wound around the back of the head Each was clad in a loose jacket and another garment which was a cross between trousers and petticoat.

Our attention was first attracted by the little pieces of red printed paper which were pasted on the carriages and scattered with profusion along the route. On inquiry, we found these to be bills on the bank of Heaven, intended to tempt His Satanic Majesty from pursuing the spirit of the defunct Chinaman. We were impressed by the lack of silence and apparent solemnity, for the incessant cries and directions of those who were superintending the funeral sounded, to our unaccustomed ears, like the confusion of Babel.

When the grave was reached, the dead was laid to rest amidst those discordant noises that constitute Chinese music. A fire was then built near the grave, on which were laid all the possessions of the deceased, and provisions enough to last him on his journey. These latter consisted of several boxes of oranges and quantities of rice. At this part of the ceremony, the Chinese funeral directors were interrupted by an unlooked-for disturbance. Some American boys, who were among the spectators, did not believe in sacrificing to the dead things that were so acceptable to the living, and attempted to rescue the fruit from the fire. It was only with the aid of several policemen that the ceremony was

allowed to proceed. All the banners that were carried in the parade and some mock money were then consumed.

In seven years from the time of his burial the friends of the dead man will gather all that is mortal of him and send it to China, for, in accordance with an old Chinese superstition, the Celestials believe that his spirit will not rest unless his dust is under the sod of his native country near the ashes of his revered ancestors.

META SEEGMILLER, '99.

THE BURIAL OF A GYPSY QUEEN.

IN the United States at present there are three tribes of gypsies, the Romayo, Exeter and Tuxedo, of which the Ramayo is the most powerful. They are governed by a king or queen, as the case may be, and they possess a code of laws. One of their rules is that on the first of April in every year, all the tribes shall meet at some place of rendezvous in order to plan the line of march for the following year. Growing out of this law another one has been established, which requires that in case the king or some other member of the royal family dies, he shall be buried in the presence of the whole tribe on the first day of April, which they call "Judgment Day."

The gypsies were brought into public notice in the year '95, by the death of the queen of the Romayos, Mrs. Anderson, who was an old woman sixty-five years of age. Immediately upon her death, which occurred in November, she was conveyed to Evansville, her nominal home. By some skillful process, the gypsies managed to keep her body in a fair state of preservation until the day of burial, which, according to gypsy law, would be the first of April, 1896.

As early as February, the gypsies began to assemble in Evansvi le from all directions; and when the burial day arrived, the town was thronged with people—not only gypsies, but also strangers, who came attracted by the novel spectacle, as well as by excursion rates, by boat and by railway. Everywhere there was a bustling activity. The Exeter gypsies could be seen carrying on a thriving business telling fortunes and selling trinkets. The Romayos, a somewhat better class, do not engage in these trades, their sole occupation being horse-trading, which is the only thing in which they will cheat or steal.

About eleven o'clock in the morning, a crowd of us boys rode out to the Romayo camp whose hushed stillness presented a marked contrast to the busy activity of the Exeters. We found the entire campus surrounded by a rope fence. Greatly disappointed, we were about to return home when we met an obliging and intelligent gypsy boy who offered to show us the gypsy mode of living.

The camp, arranged in the form of a semi-circle, consisted of the ordinary canvas tents in front of each of which there was a flagstaff; however, the interior of these was far more inviting than the exterior. The walls were hung with silken draperies of bright red and yellow, and instead of chairs the floor was strewn with cushions. But, struck by an unpleasant odor which arose from the bear's fat, which the women used on their hair, we soon left the tents and were then shown to the horse-corral.

We found the horses to be fine thoroughbreds, well taken care of. We also observed that the wagons were quite roomy and comfortable. Having shown us these things, the gypsy boy, looking at the shadows of the sun, told us that it was twelve o'clock. Thanking him for his

kindness, we were about to return home to dinner when he invited us to stay and see the ceremonies which were soon to be performed.

We followed him to the middle of the camp, where the queen's possessions were. Here the gypsies congregated, and the women began to murmur and chant. The queen's son then came forward and offered up a prayer, after which he went to his mother's wagon and lighted a fire under it. The gypsy boy explained that it was customary to burn the possessions of the dead, and also to turn the horses loose upon the plain—a custom of which he did not approve. Meanwhile the women were chanting and beating their tambourines to drown the noise of the fire.

When we were leaving this scene, our gypsy friend told us to come to Oak Hill Cemetery at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to witness the burial services.

Accordingly, after dinner we went to the cemetery. Reaching it about 2 o'clock, we found that there were already several thousand people there. Some were sitting on tombstones, others were up in trees, and a great many were even standing on the graves. I noticed an old soldier perched upon a cannon. The crowd pressed on to the newly made grave, which was surrounded by thick ropes. Suddenly these ropes broke, and in the wild stampede which followed, a little boy was trampled upon by the crowd. He was lifted up and passed over the heads of the vast throng.

Finally, about 4 o'clock, the burial procession made its way to the grave. A minister then read a simple service, and a quartette from one of the city churches sang hymns. The queen being a Christian, had requested Christian ceremonies to be held. So that, aside from the gaudy dress of the gypsies, there was nothing different from an ordinary Christian burial. The crowd was greatly disappointed because its expectations of beholding something weird were frustrated.

As we left the cemetery, we saw the Exeter gypsies filed along both sides of the road, offering for sale pictures of the dead queen. After this, the gypsies packed all their belongings in the wagons and proceeded on their various journeys throughout the country.

VICTOR KEENE, '98.

THE SKATING MATCH.

I

"DUNCAN! Duncan 's the man," chorused several boys, members of the Fardale Military Academy. "He is the best skater in school and can not be beat." Felix Duncan had just entered the school the previous year, but was one of the most popular boys in the whole academy, though only a sophomore. He was a very fine athlete and took the lead in nearly all of the athletic sports, especially in skating.

The Fardale Military Academy had received a challenge that morning from the Pembrook High School, asking for a race between a representative of each school, the time and course to be the choice of the academy, only restricting them to the lake. The schools were situated upon the opposite banks of Lake Eagle in one of our northern States, and were about five miles distant from each other.

There had been a great and rather bitter rivalry between the two schools as long as Jamieson could remember, and he was the oldest member of the school, and was regarded by the other boys with a sort of reverence. It had existed when he entered the school, and seemingly grew more bitter

from year to year, and was in no manner lessened by the several victories gained by the Academy boys over their rivals in athletic contests. The High School now, seemingly wishing to repair their reputation and triumph over their former successful rival, had sent this challenge.

For this reason, the boys had been summoned by Jamieson to assemble immediately after school in the gymnasium to select their champion and make necessary arrangements. We have seen that Felix seemed to be the choice of the majority of the boys, and after a short discussion he was chosen to represent their school. They decided to have the course extend between the two schools, starting from the Academy and finishing in front of the High School, the time to be New Year's afternoon if the weather was favorable.

II

New Year's Day opened bright and clear, no wind blowing, but very cold and invigorating; an ideal day for a match. Everything was in a hubbub around the school, and confusion reigned everywhere.

Felix had spent an hour or so on the ice during the morning in going over the course. This was in an excellent condition, though he noticed a stretch of a hundred yards or so of rough ice about three-quarters of a mile from the goal.

The time for the race was drawing near and Fardale as a body had come out to cheer and urge their champion on to victory. The Pembrook boys had just driven up in their daily decorated cutters and had so collected around their champion that it was impossible to distinguish him from the others. However, when the schools were called to present their champions, the throng quickly separated and a tall, slim, but well-built young man, clad in knickerbockers and the long runner racing skate, and with the red and black colors pinned to the bosom of his sweater, glided gracefully up to the starting line. He was an entire stranger to all of the boys and a glance of doubt flashed from the eyes of several. However, Felix, who was clad similarly to his rival, but with the green and gold flying from his sweater, took his place by the side of the Pembrook champion. As the two skaters were bending over the starting line eagerly waiting for the pistol shot, they presented a pretty picture of youth. Eagerness and enthusiasm were stamped on their faces. Felix was the shorter of the two and a year or so younger. He was seemingly ill at ease, and did not handle himself as gracefully as his rival, though one would judge that he possessed the greater endurance. Both had poised themselves over the line ready for the report, at which they were off like arrows; the Pembrook champion taking the lead by a full yard. This called forth a ringing cheer from the Pembrook boys, who, with the Fardale boys, followed them up in their cutters, eagerly watching their progress and cheering their respective champions. During the first mile, Felix lost another yard and great was the consternation and fear of his fellow students. At the end of the third mile, however, he was only a yard and a half behind his rival, and during the fourth mile he came up within a half of a yard of him, and then could seemingly gain no more. During the fifth mile they entered the rough stretch which Felix had observed that morning. Here, to the great horror of the Fardale boys, he suddenly swerved from the direct path and took a passage which his keen eye had observed in going over before. Although longer and more devious than the direct route, it was much smoother and he could make better time. His rival, on striking this poor ice,

perceptibly slackened his pace, and upon emerging from it, the two skaters were neck to neck, but Felix having the greater momentum on emerging, gained a trifle.

The Fardale boys now saw into the trick of their champion and became wild from excitement, sending out cheer after cheer. The skaters were now doing their utmost, each striving to reach the goal first. The crowd was breathlessly watching their efforts. Felix was leading his rival by a quarter of a yard, and was gaining inch by inch, and as the two flew over the line, he was a full half yard in advance. The Fardale boys set up a great cheer, intensified, perhaps, from the fact that they had thought the race was lost when Felix had made the supposed blunder. Jamieson and some of the older boys caught him up and placed him on their shoulders, and three rousing cheers were given for Duncan. When he had been set down, the Pembrook champion skated up to him. "Allow me to congratulate you," he said, "for you have fairly and honorably beaten the state champion. My name is Henry Brafford." A small thrill of amazement broke out when the boys heard this name, for they had all heard of the mere youth who had won the state championship the preceding season. He had entered the Pembrook High School but a short time before, and as the students there wished to retrieve some of their former misfortunes, they had sent out this challenge and kept it secret that Brafford had joined their school, thinking that the Fardale boys would refuse to accept the challenge if they knew that they would have to skate against the state champion. Again an echoing cheer was sent out upon the clear air. Duncan was the hero of the hour, for he had not only brought another victory to the Academy, but also the golden cup which Brafford necessarily had to give up, as he had been fairly beaten in a challenge race.

The race was the talk for days, and if a student enters the Fardale Military Academy even now, although this happened a good many years ago, he is sure to hear very soon about "Felix Duncan and the Golden Cup."

CHAS. SCOTT, '97.

A WALK THROUGH THE HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR.

"THE surroundings influence the character." If this be true, those boys and girls who are fortunate enough to pass through the corridor of the High School so many times during their attendance there, should be better for it.

Let us visit it and see what we shall find. Through the west door, we enter a square hall, and on our right, the light reveals a copy of "The Shepherdess," by Millet. There are the sheep huddled together in a large field and guarded by a young girl in a peasant costume.

> "A single hay cart down the dusty road
> Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep
> On the load's top."

We turn away from the beauty of nature, to view on the opposite wall the noble face of one who loved her passionately—Agassiz!

> "All who gazed upon him saw
> How his face was still uplift
> By the old sweet look of it;
> Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer,
> And the love that casts out fear."

Turning to the left, we now enter the main hall. The bust of Charles Darwin occupies one of the most conspicuous places in the corridor. How appropriate that one should turn from the face of the naturalist and meet that of the equally great scientist.

It seems as if those who placed his bust here thought it was enough for that side of the hall, or they are waiting for some other genius to take the vacant place and help light the future generations. Who shall say?

On one side of the library door is the bust of Franklin. How near Fate has placed it to the very books he coveted when living.

On the other side, is the bust of Lincoln, and what pen can portray the light of the cheery disposition which plays over his rugged features? The whole face shows strength and purpose. Of his glorious work we have all read, and there is no place in the school that is too conspicuous for this bust, and no school is complete without it.

A little farther down is the bust of Webster.

"Thou
Whom the rich heavens did so endow
With eyes of power and Jove's own brow,
With all the massive strength that fills
Thy home horizon's granite hills,
New England's stateliest type of man,
In port and speech Olympian;
Sweet with persuasion, eloquent
In passion, cool in argument."

Those who have read Emerson's works with such keen delight will be glad to meet his face next. How well the subtle nature has been carved, and that head shows him to be a profound thinker.

But our list is not complete without this fresh young face to which we now turn. Hamilton! The face is full of bright, animated life, and there is a noble expression on it which shows that its owner would scorn to do a mean deed or speak an untrue word.

And now, our visit over, we turn away, feeling well repaid and wishing the boys and girls of this school every success.

EDNA F. B. GILMORE, '00.

A WALK THROUGH THE CORRIDOR

IT is not in the beauty of architecture that the charm of our corridor lies. Its walls are extremely plain, but the gray monotony is broken here and there by a bust or portrait of some renowned man, whose memory arouses in the mind thoughts both pleasant and profitable. I can not look upon these works of art without thinking how they came here. We owe these pleasures to the generosity and public spirit of pupils and teachers of our own school.

There is the gift of the June class of '97, Millet's beautiful picture "The Shepherdess," that meets our eye immediately on entering. We next come upon a gift of the class of '96, a bust of Ralph Waldo Emerson, which calls back the memory of his worthy life. The faces of Agassiz and Darwin are as yet slightly familiar to me, but their presence has awakened in me a desire to become acquainted with the works of men so highly honored. The portrait of Hamilton and the busts of Franklin, Webster and Lincoln, gifts of the civil government classes, are also here. The thoughts and feelings they arouse are quite different from the others. Their presence calls to my mind the different conditions of our country, in which they all took a prominent part,—the war of the Revolution, which brought with it our freedom, and the civil war, which blotted out the disgraceful institution of slavery. The memory of their noble, active lives gives us a feeling of patriotism and pride, pride in our country that produced these great men, and pride in our high school that gives so much attention to their memory.

DOROTHEA MAY, '00.

APRIL.

[Adapted from the Prologue to "The Canterbury Tales."]

When April with her dewy smiles
  Has routed grim and blustering March,
And Zephyr, using all her wiles,
  Her silvery voice, her glances arch,
Has summoned forth on hill and vale
  A tender, fresh luxuriance;
And when the sun in gleaming mail
  Shines with a youthful radiance,
When starting sap has mounted high,
  And songbirds make the welkin ring,
Feeling in earth and sea and sky
  A thrilling pulse, the life of Spring;
Then hopes to man the season brings
For higher, truer, nobler things.

ANDREA FERGUSON, '98.

THE CATASTROPHE OF MR. I. C. STARS.

TEMPLETON was a neat little village of about two thousand inhabitants in the central part of Illinois. It was in a rich section of the country, and was, all in all, a prosperous town. It was within this little hamlet that the subject of this serio-comic epistle dwelt.

Mr. Stars was the owner of a small grocery, from which he gained his only means of livelihood. He was a selfish, quick-tempered and deceitful man, but he was not a bad man, for he belonged to the Honorable Town Board, and was a great and mighty man in his sphere (but the truth of the matter was, his sphere was very small).

Mr. Stars was not in good standing with the boys of the village. They looked upon him with hatred and contempt, but they were not ahead of him on this point, for the feeling was mutual, and was likely to remain so for some time.

The Christmas holidays had come and the boys were free. By their actions it could be judged that they were making the most of their freedom.

On the last day of the year, the boys were, as usual, in Mr. Stars' grocery, and, in some manner, accidentally overturned a barrel of apples. The groceryman was angry, and he took each boy by the coat collar, shook him and put him out of the store. Mr. Stars went at this work systematically, taking the boy nearest him and shaking him until he reached the door. The farther a boy was from the door, the more shakes he received, and consequently when he got to the last of the boys they were pretty near the door.

Yet he was not satisfied, but went home and said to his wife:

"Martha, I have again been troubled greatly by the boys. Now, I am going to stop this nuisance."

"You go and state the case to their parents, and let them decide the matter," answered his wife.

"I have already consulted their parents, and it does not have any effect. I must begin a regular war, and immediately, too," replied her husband.

Now, that being the last day of the year, the groceryman knew the boys would, by custom, ring out the old and ring in the new year with the village church bell.

There had been a funeral in the church that day, so Mr. Stars decided to scare the boys by placing a ghost in the church.

He succeeded, after some difficulty, in fixing a very respectable looking ghost that was enough to frighten any one in broad day, still more, of in a country church at midnight.

About eleven o'clock, he took the ghost to the church, crawled in at a window and set it near the door. As he went to get out, he slipped from the window and fell to the floor. He found he was so badly hurt he could not rise. He cried for help, but

in vain, for no one was near, so he decided to wait until the boys came. He would then state the case to them and they would take him home. He wondered how they would get in, but this need not have worried him, for they, not being as stupid as he was, had procured a key.

He was suffering intense pain and it seemed a week before he heard the key in the door, and the voices of the boys on the outside. Finally the door was thrown open and the boys stepped in. His pain was so great that he could not refrain from uttering a groan, and about that time the boys caught sight of the ghost and, with a terrified shriek, rushed out of the church and down the street.

His wife, after awhile, became frightened about him and had a searching party to hunt her husband. They found him where he had fallen, unconscious and nearly dead from the injury and exposure.

He was taken home, and, after a lingering illness, died. And still the boys gather in that little grocery and still they ring out the old and ring in the new year with the old church bell, but they have never before or since met the gaze of such a ghostly apparition as they met that new year's night.

CLEO HUNT, '00.

HIS SISTER'S WEDDING.

THERE was once a little boy who was very mischievous, and was always teasing his sister. Now, Jimmie's sister, Susan, had been engaged to marry a Mr. Travers for about three years. Every time something turned up to prevent the wedding.

One day Susan called Jimmie to her and said: "Jimmie, Mr. Travers and I are going to be married next week, and you will have to deliver the invitations."

Susan and her mother studied over it and considered who they should invite.

"I'll not invite the Maloney family, because the girls made fun of me, nor I won't invite old Mr. Wilkinson, because you know, mamma, he came here once with one boot and one slipper on. But let us invite every one else we know. Let me see; that will make about three hundred invitations for Jimmie to carry," said Susan.

Jimmie had a printing press, and thought the matter all over very carefully at school and decided to print invitations himself. "Now, I've got some of that new paper; I'll just print on that; Susan will be awful glad."

So Jimmie, without ever asking Susan, went to work to print some bills. He posted them up in conspicuous places over the village. Jimmie went home, but forgot to tell Susan about them.

No wonder she fainted when her father came home and showed her one of the bills.

"Susan," he said, "What does this mean, these things posted up all over the village? Everybody is stopping to read them."

Jimmie skipped out to the postoffice. Susan read the bills. They read this way:

"Miss Susan Brown announces that she will marry Mr. James Travers at church next Thursday, at half-past seven (7:30) sharp.

"All the friends of the family, with the exception of the Maloney tribe and old Mr. Wilkinson, are invited.

"Come early and bring lots of flowers."

Well, Jimmie could not imagine why Susan would not speak to him—why she wouldn't even look at him. Mr. Travers, too, always said Jimmie could live with them, but since printing those bills he hadn't mentioned it to him.

Jimmie was sent off to boarding school. He has studied and studied, and he can't imagine why they were all so mad about

those bills. "I know," said Jimmie, "that every word was spelled right, and the only thing that was the matter was I couldn't spell the name of the church, and I left that out purposely. But Susan! She's like all the rest of the girls. Girls never do appreciate what us boys try to do for 'em. Never mind, her and old Jim Travers 'ill be sorry for the way they've treated me when I'm dead."

Susan could not bear to think of being married there after Jimmie's conduct, so she and her betrothed went to New York and were married. LIZZIE MALEY, '00.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

Published each June, in the interests of the Indianapolis High School, by the members of the Senior Class.

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THE High School Annual of '97 is now prepared to embark in the vast sea of literary productions. The Annual being a paper not unknown to the people who are interested in the progress of our schools, we will state that this number has the same general plan as its predecessors. Its purpose is to represent the work done in each department of the school so that it may give a fair general idea of the whole. The task of selecting the best representative is a difficult one because limited space makes it necessary to exclude many excellent articles.

In order that you may not get the erroneous idea that the Annual consists of dry school exercises, we will inform you that it represents the school on a gala day when every one is at his best; the contributions are purely voluntarly, thereby allowing free scope of imagination, originality and, in some cases, real talent. The High School paper is a great factor in unifying the school, because it gives to all grades a common interest and thus a closer connection with each other; they learn to feel a pride in the institution which can produce essayists, poets, humorists, scientists and artists.

We feel that this number of the Annual has been very fortunate in several respects, especially in obtaining artistic designs; but, in striving to make it as attractive as possible the expenses incurred have been greater than those of any previous Annual; therefore we trust that the public will, in a substantial way, show its appreciation of our efforts and not permit so valuable a paper to succumb to a hard fate because of a lack of generous patrons. Hoping that "its charms will strike the sight and its merit win the soul," we now present to you the annual of 1897.

THE same spirit of organization which has animated men through all successive ages has brought to life in our school many clubs and societies worthy of our consideration. Consideration—yes. For each numbers on its roll stars—students whose bright futures may soon be seen in the lofty constellations of a now dimmed heaven. The artillery of criticism has been brought into the field and, from its superior position on the hills of authority, its charges have been hurled against the so-called "organization craze." But all in vain—and why?

Organization necessarily implies contact with others, a sort of measuring one by another. If sometimes there is a rub in the meeting; if, perhaps, one can easily fill another's shoes, still there is no harm done. As a result of organization, there is an appreciation of one's own position and a rivalry intense enough to fan to flames the slumbering coals of latent ambition. The best and brightest students in the class-room are those who take active part in the proceedings of our high school organizations. The self-reliance and experience gained in those clubs and societies places them head and shoulders above their more slothful fellow-students—it makes leaders of them. The organization gives the student a chance to train and prepare himself in the company of a band of fellow-students, each of whom is his critic, his associate, his friend. It has been said that the best education is that derived from contact with the world. In this school-world of ours, little as it seems, broad as it is, what could be better than the contact of the student with persons whose work and aims are so similar to his own, but whose character, habits, and ideas are so different? And it is membership in the organizations which opens for him the road to leadership.

The only objection of importance ever brought against organizations is that too much time is consumed in matters not strictly pertaining to the work of the school—that the student's attention is drawn from his studies. To a certain extent, the time spent on some clubs and societies is seemingly of no direct advantage to the school. Yet, the debating clubs and the literary societies have been the "ironsides" of the army of organization. No one has ever denied their benefits, not only to the members but to the school. Athletics are now a part of the school life of every young American, and their influence in widening the road to education is evidently felt if not recognized. The musical organizations are potent factors in refining the embryo tastes of students with unaccountable dislikes to classical compositions. They all do their work—for the school, for the pupil—some silently and unseen, others with no little noise and on the public stage. The influence of all is beneficial to the whole student-body. No time can be termed wasted which is consumed in building stronger the very foundations of the school, for such the organizations are rightly named. The bare ground might alone have supported the building, but several clubs and societies similar in purpose to the ones just mentioned add strength and stability as well as attractiveness.

THE longed-for dignity of being a senior has been reached at last! And on that lofty pinnacle the triumphant student plumes himself in all his glory, to be gazed upon by the admiring eyes of freshmen and juniors. But with that dignity come crowding many conflicting thoughts of which he never dreamed; he realizes that life is first beginning for him, and his school days, which seemed interminable, are now regret-

ted as "happy days gone by;" the future stares him in the face with appalling nearness —his *excelsior* is by no means *excelsissimus*. Heretofore the years had no unusual importance for him—each successive one was but another turn of study. Secure in that thought, his going out into the world seemed far distant, but now it comes to him with a shock, as it were, and he begins to wonder what his school life has been to him and what it will be in the future.

Some people have the idea that an advanced education is of no value unless one intends to enter upon a professional life, but in a great republic like ours, where everything depends upon the citizen, it is essential that that citizen be capable of performing the great responsibilities resting upon him, and these he can only perform intelligently by having received an education.

Probably the greatest good which knowledge imparts is the abolition of bigotry and narrow-mindedness, which has been the cause of so many persecutions, sufferings and wrongs. A knowledge of the great things which have been said and done in the world, so opens one's views to the vast truths that he loses sight of prejudice, localism, sectarianism, and fanaticism. The study of literature and history both tend to this broadening influence; literature introduces us to the different types of human nature as individuals—history, as nations. In studying the great movements in history and their results, one learns what has been a benefit to humanity and what has been detrimental. Thus, the citizen who possesses this knowledge of the past experience of the world will profit by it and save his country from again committing the same errors. If a new difficulty—a new crisis should present itself, then the citizen whose intellect has been developed, will have the power of reasoning a way through it; he will remember how he overcame an algebra problem, or a difficult passage in Latin or Greek. The passage would lie before him, seeming nothing but "words, words, words;" in vain he would pore and pore over it—suddenly one little word would present a clue, and then the difficulty unraveled as if by magic. After this, there would be a sense of mastery and a feeling that the next danger would be easier to grapple with.

Finally, education inspires one with a love for the beautiful, and this will lead a citizen to be anxious that his country should possess works of art, beautiful buildings, magnificent parks and well-paved streets. He will desire his country to advance with lofty and noble aims. Such citizens will place their nation in the van.

IT HAS been said by those who doubtless know, that when a student has once attained unto that enviable and exalted state of dignity and superiority termed Seniorship, he very hastily and conveniently loses all recollection of those former unhappy days of total obscurity, ignorance, and despised puerility that make life such a burden to the Freshman. But however true this may be found to a certain degree, it may be safely said of those of us present Seniors whose good fortune it was to sit in Miss Dye's room the first year, that they will never forget one incident at least that marked that period, which was the time when that dear, sociable spirit undertook to make the shy and backward Freshmen acquainted with one another.

"Dear children," said she, with that refreshing little laugh of hers, "I hardly believe you know even the names of your near neighbors!" and she thereupon originated an ingenious little plan for promoting happy acquaintanceship among them, in which she arranged that the occupants of every seat in each alternate row should move forward one place at a time, and, after introducing themselves to those opposite them, should engage in conversation until she should give the signal to move again.

That was, indeed, a memorable morning when the room for fifteen minutes resounded with the incessant babble of voices, and "soft eyes" looked, all confusion and dismay, "to eyes which spake again."

However, we who have so easily and readily learned all the languages and sciences that have been afforded us, were certainly not slow to learn the beautiful lesson of sociability and good fellowship taught us by her who also impressed it upon our minds that

> "Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood,"

And that our progressive conversation party was merely the first of the many sociable times that we as a class have enjoyed in the short and happy period we have been together. Our course through High School has been a remarkably smooth and pleasant one. We naturally have had our little trials and vexations; there have been some dark days, when our horizon has been dimmed by small clouds of discouragement and discontent, days when we have felt somewhat inclined to grumble and remark upon the hardness of our lot; but they have been few, and we forget them when we look back upon the many glad, bright days which have marked our course. We remember, especially, with pure delight, those occasions when we turned aside from the usual routine of school work and, forgetting that there existed anything half so serious as algebra, Latin or Greek, assembled in the hall, teachers and students alike, to while away an afternoon in congenial entertainment; in conversation, music, dancing and merry laughter. These entertainments did not divert our minds from our studies. We would return to our duties on the following Monday with earnest and thoughtful faces again, apparently as though nothing had happened; and yet there lurked a warmer spirit of goodfellowship in each heart and all felt the bond of sympathy and friendship existing between teachers and students to be a stronger and a firmer one. We are now about to turn our backs upon the school which has been the scene of our gladdest days of youth, and our faces toward the world to seek new spheres. Our course of life now changes; but as we bid farewell to our Alma Mater, it is with a spirit of gratitude for the many rare advantages we have received, for the kind, patient forbearance of our instructors, and also with a feeling of thankful appreciation for the many privileges we have been afforded and the good times we have enjoyed. We say farewell with hearts full of good-will to all our classmates and with fond memories of I. H. S. that will never die.

Organizations

THE SENIOR DEBATING CLUB.

THE Senior Debating Club of the I. H. S. was reorganized September 24, 1896. From the first there has been unusual interest and enthusiasm shown by all the members. Every Friday afternoon for more than seven months, we Seniors have been accustomed to meet together to discuss the current topics of the day, and to hear from our silver-tongued orators the orations of Demosthenes, Webster, Pitt, and Burke. We have found no subject beyond the comprehension of our immature and undeveloped minds. With the greatest assurance, we have solved the most difficult political problems of our age, discussed important educational questions, and have reached satisfactory conclusions concerning moral ethics. Not only have the leaders in the debate responded generously to their duty, but the general discussions have been both interesting and spirited, and have elicited great praise from our able and conscientious critic, Mrs. Hufford.

"The Budget," our far-famed paper read by one of the members before the club once a month, has been the source of untold good in bringing out the literary merits of its contributors, and in raising, if only for a short time, the minds of those present above the common plane of thought into realms truly sublime. The several editors have, with but little difficulty, been able to keep up the standard of the paper, it being a strictly literary production. We are all grateful to the members of the club who at so early an age, realize that they should allow their ingenuity to display itself, and should give to the world thoughts of such universal value. But more grateful are we for the immortal verses and never-to-be forgotten witticisms. The club has not only been a benefit in bringing to light politicians, philosophers, and orators by its debates, and poets, humorists and prose writers by the paper, but has been the source of much pleasure and friendly intercourse. And we trust that the club will hold as fond memories for the succeeding classes as it does for the Seniors of '97.

THE HIGH SCHOOL SENATE.

LIKE Tennyson's "Brook," organizations may come and may go, but the H. S. Senate goes on forever. Many clubs and societies have appeared on the H. S. horizon, to be swallowed up in the gloom of oblivion, but the H. S. Senate has been a tower of strength to the goddess of organization. Like a giant oak, she has sent forth twigs which have developed into mighty branches, but which still bear a filial love to their mother. Truly, the Senate is the Gibraltar of High School organizations.

Never has the H. S. Senate enjoyed a more prosperous year than that of 1896-'97. Interesting bills have been introduced, thrilling speeches have been made, debates and oratorical contests have been successfully conducted.

The year began by the election of Senator Davis (L. B. Davis) as President, and Senator Palmer (F. Olsen) as Secretary. A bill repealing Sunday laws was introduced by Senator Perkins (R. Spohr). Without hesitation, it may be said that it aroused more interest and called forth more oratorical effort than any other bill in the Senate's history. A Government railroad-purchase bill was defeated.

At the second election, Senator Davis was re-elected President, and Senator Nelson (E. Brown) Secretary.

Many minor bills were either passed or defeated. After many heart-rending appeals from Senator Pettigrew (M. Sayles), the Sunday bill was overwhelmingly defeated.

Senator Perkins was the third President, and Senator Mantle (G. Hooker) Secretary. An attempt was made to impeach the President, but through the efforts of the President's counsel, Senators Platt (P. Hibben), Chandler and Davis, he was acquitted on constitutional grounds. The Chief Justice (Miss Donnan) presided, and the trial was noticeable for the numerous references to Blackstone, Cooley, and Hare.

The fourth President was Senator Hill (F. W. Spencer) and the Secretary was Senator Mantle. An amendment to the Constitution, providing for the election of the President for a long term of years, was buried under an avalanche of votes.

Senator Chandler (C. G. Bowers) and Senator Palmer were fifth and sixth Presidents; Senators Hill and Bate (H. Swain) Secretaries. Senator Davis' resolution, recognizing the independence of Cuba, was unanimously passed. A closely written, forty-page protective tariff bill was introduced by Senator Platt, and after considerable thoughtful discussion on the part of Senator Platt and others, was passed by a large majority.

The first annual inter-scholastic debate between the High and Industrial Training School was originated by the H. S. Senate. Senators Chandler, Tillman, Lodge and Davis represented the High School. The great enthusiasm aroused by the H. S. victory is described in another column.

Great praise is due to Miss Donnan, whose painstaking and thoughtful criticisms have made the Senate what it is.

Among the pleasant memories, the '97 Class will carry with it, none will be more pleasant than those of the Senate. As we pause on the threshold of the old school we can not help recalling the many pleasant afternoons spent in the Senate. In after years, we shall look back upon the H. S. Senate as being one of the most potent forces in shaping the devious and winding paths of our lives.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

DURING the publication of the "Silent Spectator," the editors suggested the advisability of organizing a High School State Oratorical Association similar to that existing among the different colleges of the State. The hearty approbation of most prominent schools led to the appointment of F. W. Spencer as president of a temporary organization, and throwing himself into the work with his characteristic energy, he soon brought Richmond, Portland, Madison, Indianapolis and Plainfield into the association. The first contest was held in this city at Plymouth Church on the evening of May 21. The greatest possible enthusiasm prevailed throughout the evening, and yet no ill-feeling was engendered in consequence.

The first speaker was Forest Cartwright, of Portland, who spoke on "Wendell Phillips." His earnestness, great reserve force and impressive personality had an excellent effect upon the audience. He was followed by Miss Juliette Hollingsworth, of Richmond, who, speaking upon "The Sick Man of Europe," captivated her hearers by her attractive personality and excellence of her production. Arthur E. Wooden, of Madison, spoke on "The Need of the Hour." Mr. Wooden was followed by W. O. Trueblood, of Plainfield, whose delivery failed to do justice to his speech

upon "The Power of the Extremist." Indianapolis was represented by Lawrence B. Davis, whose eloquent tribute to the memory of our great martyr was listened to with the closest attention. His delivery was impressive and forcible, and by the judges on delivery he was given first place. The High School has no cause for complaint, nor has Mr. Davis any reason for discouragement. The first place was given to Portland, the second to Richmond, and the third to Indianapolis. C. G. B.

THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY ASSOCIATION.

ABOUT a year and a half ago Gen. Harrison, in one of his articles in the Ladies' Home Journal, said concerning the Fourth of July that the old-time spirit of patriotism was fast dying out. The people of the present time regard the Fourth simply as a cessation from labor and a day for fun, and do not consider its full significance.

Acting upon this thought, Miss Donnan set out to form a society in the High School whose purpose should be to celebrate our Nation's Birthday. A committee was chosen from the Civil Government classes to draw up the constitution. The society was then organized and the first business meeting held February, 1896. Although only those who had taken Civil Government were eligible to membership, yet a large number attended. Mabel P. Schmidt was elected President for the year, and Elmer E. Scott, Secretary. At the business meeting this year, William A. Atkins was elected President and Mr. Scott reelected as Secretary.

The society held its first, and so far its only public meeting in Plymouth Church on last Fourth of July. Gen. Harrison had been asked to speak since it was his article which suggested such an organization, but as he was too busy, Mr. Charles F. Coffin made the address instead. All the music, both vocal and instrumental, was patriotic. The programme ended with "America," sung by the audience, and I am sure that every one felt his heart thrill for his country as he heard those stirring exercises and saw his flag, the symbol of the Republic of Freedom and of Law, floating peacefully overhead. The officers of the society are at present engaged in arranging a programme for the celebration on the coming Fourth, and though it can not yet be announced they promise a good meeting.

THE MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.

IT has long been a source of regret to the instructors and to such of the students as are really interested in geometry, that the present course in that study affords but little time for the solution of problems. From casual remarks let fall by some who are struggling through the course in required mathematics, it would not seem, however, that many tears are shed on this account. But, it was from the feeling that at least a few would become interested that the Mathematical Club was organized. Its roll of members is not large and its average attendance still less, but those who have attended regularly have derived much pleasure and profit thereby. The work undertaken by the Club may be divided into four divisions: the solution of original problems; the history of mathematics; some more advanced subject not included in the curriculum of the school; a series of lectures by prominent mathematicians. The Club

has taken up the study of Determinants as the advanced work and has brought Professor Waldo, of Purdue, to the school to lecture on "The Origin of Some of Our Common Mathematical Ideas." Professor Gregg, of Brazil, also visited the Club.

The members have also made some attempt to secure recognition from the various mathematicians of the State by sending problems and solutions to the "Indiana School Journal."

Surely, among nearly nine hundred students, there lies hidden a wealth of latent mathematical genius. We hope that in the future many more persons will avail themselves of the privilege of becoming members of the Society. Who knows whether they may not be some undiscovered Newton among the throng of under-graduates?

HEBBERT K. WILEY, '97.

HIGH SCHOOL CHESS CLUB.

FOR the last two years the High School has had a Chess Club, composed for the most part of members of the June Class of '97. Both in the spring of '96 and the spring of '97 a club tournament has been held. In '96 Mr. H. K. Fatout, of the February '97 Class, won the championship, with a percentage of over 82 per cent. to his credit. This year his percentage will be still higher, and he has already won the '97 championship, although closely followed by several other players.

That the game is carefully studied is clearly demonstrated by the fact that Mr. Edward Dashiell, who won fourth place in the '96 tournament, succeeded in getting his name on the rolls of the Purdue University Chess Club, and in due course of time, won for himself a good position in their tournament.

The club meets every Saturday evening, and after a few rounds at chess, the evening is given over to social amusements. That expression, few rounds, means little to those who have never attended the sessions, but in the case of several members it implies about two to three hours of active mental attention.

A special feature of this year's work was the tournament held with the Training School Chess Club. The players who contested in behalf of the High School were: H. K. Fatout, F. W. Spencer, A. B. Chambers and Leonard Cook. The contestants from the Training School were: W. Ballard, Felix Ballard, K. Lawrence and W. Noelke. A total of thirty-two games were played, eight at a session. At the end of the first half of the tournament, the High School had nine out of sixteen games, a lead of two over their opponents. At the third session, the Training School got six out of eight, and as a result of continuous practice and close application, they succeeded in repeating their success in the last session, making the final score credit the Training School with nineteen games and the High School with thirteen. W. Ballard won all eight of his games, and to his fine playing and mastery of the science of the game the High School in the main attributes its defeat. The other players, however, were all good players and the contest was close and well fought. Visitors from each school attended the sessions and took great pleasure in watching the progress of the contest.

The Chess Club is now a thing of the past, the last meeting having occurred on May 22. It was the first organization of its kind in the school, and it is to be hoped that the chess players of the other classes will recognize its benefits and reorganize it next year. Upon them falls the duty of restoring to the High School the chess championship of the Public Schools.

The Joint Debate.

THE idea of a joint debate between the H. S. and I. T. S. Senates originated in the fertile minds of S. W. Mansfield, F. W. Spencer and L. B. Davis, who visited the South Side institution and delivered the challenge, which was unanimously and enthusiastically accepted. The subject decided upon was: "Are We Ready for the Dismemberment of Armies and for Submitting All International Questions to a Permanent Board of Arbitration?" The judges selected, who were to base their decision upon general impression, were W. P. Fishback, H. U. Brown and C. F. Coffin. Owing to the splendid auditorium of the Training School, it was thought best to hold the contest in the enemy's country, and to offset any disadvantages that might otherwise have arisen in consequence, tickets of admission were printed and equally divided between the two schools. The affirmative was represented bythe H. S. through its representatives, Lawrence Davis, G. L. Langsdale, C. G. Bowers and E. L. Talbert, while the negative was ably represented by the T. S. Speakers, H. Gwim, F. Ballard, A. Meng and H. O. Stechan. Supt. D. K. Goss presided. The speakers, arriving a short time before the debate, took their seats at tables on the platform and were greeted with partisan applause. The artistic surroundings evidently lent their influence to the respective efforts of the two schools. Emerging from behind the Venus de Medici, the H. S. orators, ever susceptible to the harmonious beauty of their environment, had their oratory tinged with the various hues of the upper heavens, whence the inspiring vision had transported them, while from the other side, the T. S. champions under the athletic influence of the discus thrower, impassionately sawed the air with their far-famed and brawny arms. During the debate, both sides were given the most courteous attention, and the *conclusion* of each speech was greeted on both sides by the most generous applause. In short, everything was harmonious and sweet.

The speeches concluded, the judges retired, and after about fifteen minutes, Mr. Fishback, returning, whispered into the chairman's ear the result of their deliberations — so fraught with awful meaning to all concerned. At once the humming, buzzing hall assumed all the gravity and stillness of a tomb. The chairman rose slowly, as if burdened with some terrible secret — then came the words: "To the H. S., unanimously," and the storm burst. All the H. S. was on its feet in an instant, giving vent to such nerve-grating yells of triumph as would have put thunder-voiced Niagara to shame. The first spasmodic outburst over, the H. S. filed slowly out to the tune of that inspiring strain:

> "Oh, you must be a member of the I. H. S.,
> Or you won't go to heaven when you die."

The I. T. S had a banquet that night. Rumor says that things tasted bitter. The extemporaneous speeches they had so carefully prepared were not delivered. Will they dardon us one quiet smile?

C. G. B.

Musical
Organizations.
Charlotte F. Paddock

THE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

IT was a generally prevailing opinion last September that it would be practically impossible to gather together enough musicians to represent and revive the musical interests of the High School. Every year had seen its players strive through individual efforts to maintain the standard that had been established by their predecessors, but this year a joint trial was made, and under the excellent leadership of Prof. A. J. Taylor, the Orchestra developed into an organization which was not only a credit to itself, but an honor to our High School. All its efforts were crowned with success, and although the number of its members was limited, still the results obtained were a gratification to all, and far exceeded the most hopeful expectations.

Throughout the entire year the Orchestra and Mandolin Club have entertained the High School every Thursday morning in a most enjoyable manner, playing selec-selections of a difficult nature, and at other times those which appealed more to the every-day life of a student.

The Orchestra has most certainly been a grand success, and it is hoped that in future years the following classes will still cherish the love of music, and make its sweet strains again echo through the lonely coridors, awakening all their dormant spirits.

The members of the Orchestra are:

PROF. A. J. TAYLOR, Leader.
WILLIAM A. ATKINS, First Violin.
JOSEPHINE MCDOWELL, First Violin.
MARY CHARLOTTE PORTERFIELD, Second Violin.
NETTIE ETHEL LEIST, Second Violin.
ARTHUR DANNER, Cornet.
EDWIN R. PILLET, Cornet.
HERMAN A. GOTH, Trombone.
EDGAR W. DANNER, Bass.
ELMER E. ECKHOUSE, Flute.
HERMAN HIRSCHING, Clarinet.
ADELAIDE L. GOETZ, Piano.

THE HIGH SCHOOL MANDOLIN CLUB.

THE High School Mandolin Club was organized during the last of the month of September, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-six. It at first consisted of but four members—Mr. Harry Wilson, Mr. Chas. Johnson, Mr. Ray Newcomb, and Mr. Arnold Spencer, accompanist.

The Club rapidly increased in size and ability. Three new members were added. Mr. Spencer resigned his position as accompanist, but his place was ably filled by Miss Edna Kuhn.

The Club played on Thursdays in the High School Hall and many times was requested to play in the different rooms and was very often invited to assist at concerts and socials given by the various churches of the city. Excellent progress was made without the aid of a director and in accordance with the maxim, "Practice makes perfect," the weekly rehearsals on Wednesdays greatly improved the playing of the individual members as well as of the whole Club. The technique and "ensemble" are excellent and the precision and accuracy of the "tempo" are especially noticeable in the marches and waltzes.

The repertoire of the Club is varied. From the inspiring and familiar strains of the Midway to the slow, dignified, and beautiful compositions of Rubinstein, Handel and Mendelssohn the selections have shifted. The popular pieces by Sousa were perhaps more favorably received than the classical selections.

The Club at present consists of:
Miss Mary Sayles.
Miss Margaret Shover.
Miss Edna Kuhn (accompanist)
Mr. Harry Wilson.
Mr. Victor Keene.
Mr. Ray Newcomb.
Mr. Chas. Johnston.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

NO ONE can tell, I suppose, how many times or under what circumstances, Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice" has been produced, nor do we care to know. But I think it never was produced with as much pleasure to both the performers and the audience as on the night of the twenty-third of January, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, when the senior classes of ninety-seven played it in the Grand Opera House.

High School had known that she numbered in her ranks poets and artists, and scientists and philosophers and orators, but it remained for that evening to demonstrate the fact that High School has also in her ranks actors and actresses of great ability, and to place them proudly in the front, and to mark a red-letter day in the historic annals of the famous class of ninety-seven. In past years various plays have been given by the classes, but never before in the history of High School has a play as difficult as "The Merchant of Venice," and one in its entirety, with such fine performers, such magnificent costumes, such beautiful scenery, been placed upon the stage and acted with such consummate ease and grace. It eclipsed all previous records, and the seating capacity of the Opera House was taxed to its utmost by the many friends of the performers who had come to witness their brilliant success.

It seemed strange that we had all been together for almost four bright and happy years, and never had discovered this latent talent in each other before; but there is an old saying, you know, that "You never really know what you can do until you try." Early in December rehearsals were begun under the careful direction of Mrs. Marguerite Kinselle Leppelman, and the brilliant production, and the charmingly artistic manner in which the cast acquitted itself on the eventful night, certainly reflected great credit both to her and to itself. An extremely sympathetic and appreciative audience was present. They despised Shylock for his avarice and cruelty; they admired Portia's philosophy and beauty; Bassanio's light heartedness; Antonio's kindness and love, and they laughed at Launcelot's nonsense.

When the play was first chosen, great excitement prevailed as to "who should be who," but the following cast was finally selected:

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

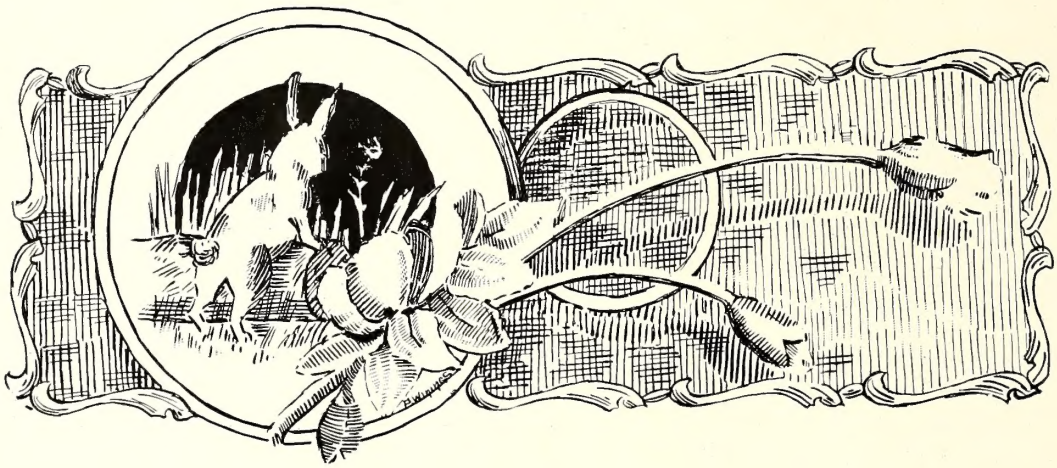
Duke of Venice	Harvey Elam.
Antonio	David F. Smith.
Bassanio	William A. Atkins.
Salarino	William D. McCarty.
Salanio	J. Will Ruef.
Gratiano	Edgar A. Eckhouse.
Lorenzo	Elmer E. Scott.
Shylock	Lawrence B. Davis.
Tubal	Fletcher Hodges.
Old Gobbo	Edgar W. Danner.
Launcelot	Fred Olsen.
Stephano	Elmer S. Keay.
Salerio	Gilbert J. Hurty.
Portia	Mary Josephine Griffin.
Nerissa	Helen Tarkington Crum.
Jessica	Nellie M. Holmes.
Magnificoes	Percy W. Lander. Harry Wilson.

It is rather a novel sensation to find yourself on the stage for the first time, facing a vast audience, and with the orchestra playing and lights blazing. We all remember

the time in our childhood days when our proud mothers called us forth and bade us take our dress and make the old-fashioned curtsy, and say the piece which we had learned for auntie. But this is different. Before the curtain goes up, the first notes of the music make your heart give a little leap and your blood seems to tingle, and in a few minutes more you hear the voices of Antonio and Salanio and Salarino ringing forth, and you know that it will soon be time for you to make your debut before the hushed audience, and you wonder if that terribly distracting demon, stage fright, will seize you just as you enter, and then a moment more and you are there, and it doesn't seem strange at all. It is just as though you were at home, and some one has come to see you, and you were talking.

To give a play seemed only a fitting climax to our glorious career. All during our course we have thought beautiful thoughts for ourselves, we have learned them from others, we have spoken them, and it seemed only natural then that at the end we should act them, and no play could have been found which has so many noble and beautiful characters, in which so many different phases of human nature are seen, or one so remarkable for depth of thought and beauty of expression as "The Merchant of Venice."

JUNE, '97.



Jokes
And
Grinds
Charlotte Paddock

THE SENIOR WANTS TO KNOW

If it pays to be a class politician?
If Bowers ever saw Mulhall?
If Scott wore "symmetricals?"
If "Yellow Kid" Olsen has a permanent position with the dog show?
If any one thinks that Hodges is really funny?
If Dotey really has a case?
If Miss Donnan don't want to leave with "The Boys of '97."
How many years it will take the I. T. S. to learn how to speak?
How many couples really were on the floor at the first annual reception?
If Portia really prefers a church man?
If M. H. S. was really disappointed after the class elections?
Why Atkins nominated Mansfield for editor?
How many years it took Alex. Chambers to select his company for the 28th?
Over what precipice "the machine" tumbled?
If Talbert has yet purchased a "reduced-rate class pin?"
Why A. L.'s mother is coming to Commencement?
Who said the door-jambs would have to be taken out to allow "Demagogue" Davis's head to pass out of the High School?
If Deacon Smith is really an "ecce hobo?"
Why Bassanio did not embrace a golden opportunity?
Where Pansy gets the cash to go to Europe?

Whether Pussy (Lander) is going to Bryn Mawr or Vassar?

Whether M. J. G. really has "the fatal gift of beauty?"

What Spencer got out of the machine?

How long High School will last after June '97 leaves its corridors alone and deserted save by Spohrs and Hibbens?

ROLL OF HONOR.

Lady Pansy Lucretia Borg'a Mansfield, of Garbagehurst by the River.

Miss Pussy Mehitable Lander, dressmaker.

Right Reverend Bishop Oleo-Margerine Smith, of the Diocese of Bucktown and Irish Hill, Guardian of the Home for Depraved Chinese Laundrymen, and "Chaper-OOOOOOOOn" for parties, balls, etc.

Frank Warkington S-p-c r, essayist.

J. Sancho Panza Louisa Hermes Hermius Harmless Hercules Hobo Hurty, ladies' man.

Innocence Rotten Row Goo-Goo Hodges, dog catcher.

Leo Hen(ery) Lay——man, poultry fancier.

Fred Crosar Tabienus Celarno Gobo Olsen, "Yaller Kid."

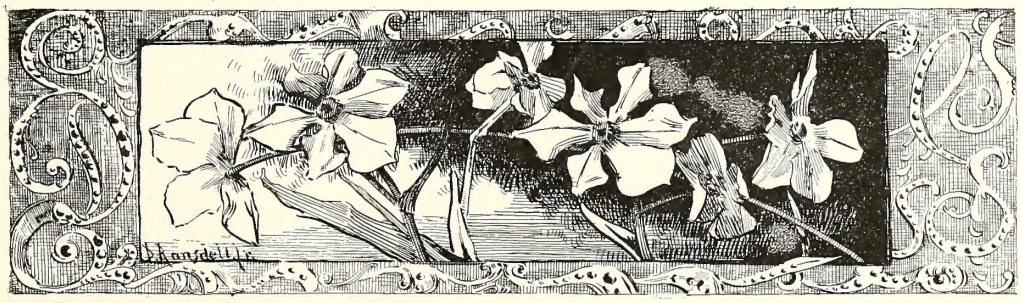
Bantie Barry, walking encyclopedia.

Wandering Weary Waggles Attrius Avery Atkins, turnkey.

Windy Ego Wiley, an honor to the class (?).

Eva Durability Davis, sage of I. H. S.

Elmer Procrastination Keay, actor.



Observations from

The Book of Wisdom.

FACULTY.

"Some are wise, and some are otherwise."

Prof. Hufford:
"Altogether too good for this wicked world."

Mrs. Hufford:
"When found make a note of."

Prof. Higdon:
"How long, O Lord! how long?"

Prof. Newland:
"Modest and simple and sweet; the very type of Priscilla."

Mrs. Carey:
"This is little—but, oh my!"

Prof. Dotey and ——:
"Like a pair of turtle doves that could not live asunder."

Prof. Burrell:
"Time, himself, is bald, and to the world's end will have bald followers."

Miss Dye:
"A self-devoted victim."

Prof. Benton:
"A fine and famous Professor is he."

Prof. (?) Kendall:
"A man can not cultivate his talent and his mustache impartially."

CLASS OF '97.

Griffin:
"Thou hast the fatal gift of beauty."

Hodges:
"If he had been forgot it had left no gap in nature."

Lecklider:
"Studious she is, but in stature small; a dumpy woman."

Spencer:
"A poor, mistreated democratic beast."

Atkins:
"He was a mortal of the careless kind,
With no great love for learning or the learned."

Jones:
"He is not wise, but fair and sweet."

Stevenson:
"'Twould be a pity if learned virgins e'er should wed."

Mansfield:
"A modern Samson, whose weakness is beneath his hair."

Davidson:
"Too fresh, too unadvised, too sudden."

Wiley:
"A most fine figure."

Barry:
"Sixty per cent. off."

Selig:
"Oh, God! a beast that wants discourse of reason."

Lander:
"You would doubt his sex, and take him for a girl."

Talbert:
"Dreaming of genius, which he ne'er has had."

Swain:
"A woman who has red hair will have it till she dyes."

Smith:
"Thriftless ambition for office that will even up
Thy life's own purpose."

Langenberg:
"She has many nameless virtues."

Hurty:
"Such love is harmless,
As love may be in school, when both are young(?)."

Sayles:
"I have only a woman's reason. I think him so because I think him so."

Lehman:
"Not Hercules could have knocked out his brains, for he had none."

Kelly:
"I will leave large foot-prints in the sands of time."

Davis:
"Lo! the great stump orator!"

OTHER CLASSES.

White:

"I'm but a stranger here below,
Heaven is my home."

Hibben:

"Cheerless as the desert is the life of man unblessed by woman's love."

Eckhouse:

"Love seldom haunts the breast where learning (?) lies."

Tousey:

"I want to be tough."

Bowers:

"He gives to airy nothing a habitation and a name."

Newcomb:

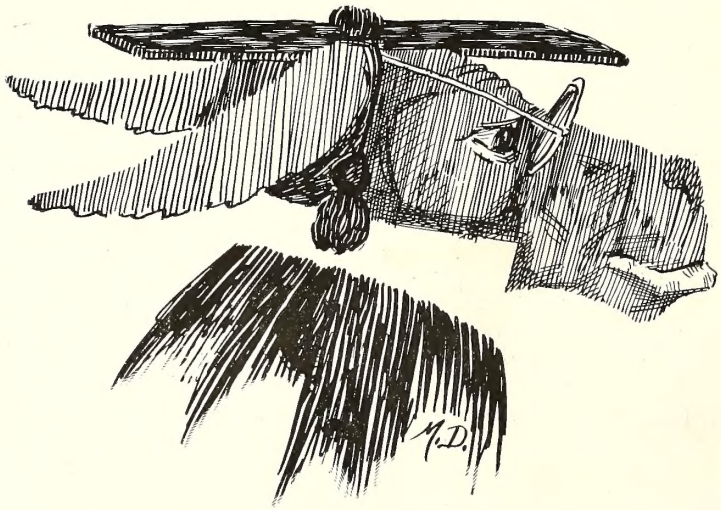
"Pretty, but not old enough to go with the girls."

Langsdale:

"Nature has formed strange things in her time."

Spohr:

"On athletics a fiend, in politics a fool."



Officers of '97, June.

President,	DAVID F. SMITH.
Vice-President,	ELMER S. KEAY.
Secretary,	BERTHA LANGENBERG.
Treasurer,	PERCY W. LANDER.
Historian,	KATHERINE STEVENSON.
Prophet,	ADELAIDE LECKLIDER.
Poet,	MARY FITCH SEWALL.

MOTTO.—"Within thine own sphere accomplish what thou canst."

FLOWER.—Violet. COLORS.—Lavender and White.

....Class Roll....

Oda Adams.
Rosalind Albert.
Daisy Amick.
Wm. A. Atkins.
Chas. Barry.
Joseph Barry.
Alice Boyer.
Myrtle Bundy.
Milton Cash.
Bessie Charpie.
Alma Colden.
Attie Cook.
Helen Davidson.
Lawrence Davis.
Thos. Dugan.
Harriet Eitel.
Helen Ernestinoff.
Chas. Fant.
Pearl Fatout.
Gertrude Feibleman.
Adele Ferree.
Margaret Foster.
Mary Fournace.
Adelaide Goetz.
Mary Griffin.
Grace Haines.
Katherine Haxton.
Grace Hooker.
Mabel Hopkins.
Gilbert Hurty.
Myrtle Jerman.
Robert Jones.
Fletcher Hodges.
Emma Kalb.
Elmer Keay.
Lizzie Kellogg.
Frank Kelly.
Anna Kight.
Lucien King.
Minnie Kirshbaum.
Emma Klanke.
Percy Lander.
Bertha Langenberg.
Adelaide Lecklider.
Della Lefeber.
Leo. Lehman.
Lulu Lloyd.
Carl Ludwig.
Nettie Leist.
Jessie Lockhart.
Mabelle MacAlpine.
Wm. McCarty.
Anne McCoy.
Agnes McCulloch.
Sampsel Mansfield.
Mary May.
Lucy Montgomery.
Edna Mullins.
Fred Olsen.
Leonore Peden.
Zerelda Pierce.
Bessie Potter.
Pearl Power.
Margaret Raschbacher.
Carl Resoner.
Maude Roach.
May Rutledge.
Pearl Salisbury.
Mary Sayles.
Florence Sargent.
Mamie Sewall.
Samuel Selig.
David Smith.
Frank Spencer.
Katherine Stevenson.
Ethel Stubbs.
Chas. C. Scott.
Helen Swain.
Mona Taggart.
Ernest Talbert.
Lulu Taurman.
Fay Thompson.
Elsie Tilley.
May Vestal.
Geo. Warren.
Harry Wells.
Ada Wheeler.
Herbert Wiley.
Beatrice Williams.
Harry Wilson.

Class Song.

Restless years, O' Ninety-seven,
  Have by mystic, winding way,
Led thee on through storm and sunshine
  To the goal ye now survey.
Far behind thee in the valley
  Lies the path of yesterday,
While the mountains of the future
  Loom before thee stern and gray.

Fear them not, but persevering,
  Scale the heights which will repay
Thousandfold thy many struggles
  If thy heart feel no dismay.
Let thy banner, cloud-encircled,
  Rouse a "love of truth" alway;
Let it gleam and lead thee onward,
  Cheer and strengthen thee for aye.

Hail to thee, O' Ninety-seven!
  Let the years thy power display;
Place thy motto, truth-ennobled,
  In the heavens where it may
Shine upon thee, and, all watchful,
  Never let thee go astray;
Gaze with steadfast eyes upon it,
  Learn it, love it, and obey.

MARY F. SEWALL, June, '97.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

YEAR ONE OF THE ADVENT OF THE JUNE CLASS OF '97 AT HIGH SCHOOL.

THREE years ago in April, 1894, the "craze of class organization" (so they called it then) went through the High School, and touched the spirit of life and loyalty in the boys and girls who then had but one short year in High School to look back on, and three long ones to look forward to. Although it was within two months of the close of the school year, we organized, drew up a constitution, elected officers, chose our flower, the white carnation, and spread to the breeze our class colors, lavender and white. Many meetings and a class picnic helped to establish the organization, so that in the fall we were prepared for work without loss of time in becoming settled. Not only did we enjoy lively discussions in our class meetings and one or two social gatherings, but we entered heart and soul into work for the school. Permission was granted us, the first class below the junior year, to edit the DAWN. Fresh from the study of Bryant, his was the name we saw most clearly, and by the kind help of some of his more distinguished friends, we presented the Bryant Centennial number. In recognition of the debt we owed the school, we hung a copy of Millet's Shepherdess in the corridor, and inspired by our beginning, passed on to fuller enjoyment of organization.

YEAR TWO.

Although the Junior Year in our course brought greater demands on our time and strength, class zeal was no whit diminished. Two "Dawns" passed from our hands—a Lowell number and a Nineteenth of April number. In the second half of the year, we procured our class pins, which were designed by a member of the class. We are glad to wear a pin bearing so prominently the letters I. H. S., and we hope that the lavender laurel wreath and white bow are true symbols of our victory and purity. A painting by Mr. Gruelle was also presented to Miss Dye. One of the most interesting features of the year was the growth of a crop of pennies. Our ingenious teacher planted in the hand of each of her room pupils a penny, with the instruction that it was to be returned at the end of the year increased many fold; or, if we wished to follow the example of the wicked servant in the parable, we might wrap it in a napkin, and return it blacker and older. Nearly all of the pennies grew, and many were returned increased a hundred fold and more. The crop procured for Room E a large picture of Tennyson, and our little experience furnished material for an article in our paper.

YEAR THREE.

It is with pride that we say year *three*, for ours alone is a class history of three years. Our endeavor this year has been to have a two-fold record, one in the classroom, which, of course, means only the final supreme effort of a long struggle, and another in a gift to the school, which we hope to complete in a manner befitting the love we feel for the institution. Some of the outside work of the class has been seen in the presentation of the "Merchant of Venice" by the February and June classes. Several of our members also took part in the "Pirates of Penzance." Although our social life has been limited, we greatly enjoyed a Saturday afternoon in High School Hall with the February graduates. We have also found most enjoyable the monthly receptions at the home of Mr. and Mrs.

Hufford, where we have gained better acquaintance with teachers and classmates. As our last work, we join with the February Class in the editing of the Annual for 1897. It is with pride that we look upon three years of class life. Yes, joy and sorrow, too. It may have been a "craze" or "fad" that brought our organization into being, but it has been neither which has carried on our life. We are glad to remember our fellowship in working for a common end, and only sorry that so soon we must pass from under the bond that has held us all together as nothing else could have done.

KATHERINE STEVENSON,
Class Historian.

CLASS PROPHECY, JUNE, '97.

IT was midnight. The spring air breathed softly through my room, and the grass-green moonlight gleamed with ghastly clearness on my writing table. All was silence, and I in vain strove to think what I might prophesy. Suddenly came a sharp, mysterious rapping and a tapping, and my pencil, slipping from my hand, glided rapidly over the paper, moved by some strange, mysterious agency. Shuddering, I watched its progress, and saw grow in pale letters this date, —— June, 1920, and below it this marvelous epistle:

UNFORTUNATE SEERESS—With all compassion for you and your endeavors, I, the Spirit of the Future, looking back from my dim station will enlighten you as to what is, at the above date, the fortune of your classmates of '97.

Of those who awakened your enthusiasm by their dramatic genius, few have become successful actors. Mary Griffin remains a shining exception, however, and lately wrote a series of articles on "Romance in Real Life," taken from her own adventures on the stage. Helen Davidson, too, has become so great an operatic star that she has abbreviated her name and is known as the great "Nellie David." Fred Olsen, the greatest actor of them all, snaps his mischievous eyes at large audiences and shows himself greatly superior to the clown that he was painted at his first appearance.

Lawrence Davis, the promising Shylock, has a modest little sign over a down-town door, reading, "Attorney at Law, Actor and Machinist. Also practical jokes made to order and delivered with effect."

As for Sampsell Mansfield, the last time he was seen he was balanced proudly on the top round of the ladder of success and wildly beating the air with his long arms because there was no more room to climb. As this was "positively his last appearance," it is supposed he has gone up.

Elmer Keay has become a champion sprinter, and crowds gather daily at the race tracks to see him "go with all convenient speed." His chief backer is capitalist Gilbert Hurty, who, being entirely heart-whole, has given his undivided attention to the accumulation of wealth.

Will Atkins is still debating whether to enter the regular saw-works or content himself with sawing on his violin, and, like Orpheus, entrancing men with melody divine.

Adelaide Goetz has rings on her fingers and plenty of beaux, and she makes music wherever she goes.

Maude Roach and pretty "Del." Feree are in the far west, making the prairie blossom with lilies and the roses in their cheeks.

The Barry brothers have a fruit market, where "elderberries" and peaches are the chief stock in trade.

Elsie Tilley has gone to Japan, where

she is writing up the ancient history of that country, and Ada Wheeler has a bureau of information, where slow pupils may have Latin poetry well translated at a moment's notice.

Pearl Fatout has written a successful *sensational* novel entitled "The Adventures of My Cousin's Friends," and Frank Spencer has proved both literary and musical, and composes songs with which Apollo quartets and owl clubs can make night hideous. These Leo Lehman sings in the deep, rich bass whose solos once delighted the English classes in Room B.

David Smith, who was the "unhappy subject of so many quarrels" in his school days, is saddened with regret and poses at the wax figure show as "the man who never smiled again." His great beauty and artistic melancholy attract many admirers.

Margaret Foster grows sweeter every day, and her latest benevolence is a private school for post-graduates where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Robert Jones gives boxing lessons, including his famous patent double embrace without extra charge.

Percy Lander keeps bachelor's hall, and on his wall hang scores of portraits, each inscribed—"The Only Girl I Ever Loved."

This gallery, Harry Wells, the man of small experience, visits daily and comes away a wiser man.

Herbert Wiley has a prosperous school in Yankeedom, where he teaches pious children hymns "entuned ful semely in the nose."

Ernest Talbert visited England and was made a lord because of his astounding braininess, but in spite of this, some unhappily-minded members of June, '97, persist in regarding him as a most be *knighted* individual.

Oda Adams is married, which is remarkable, when you consider the loneliness of her early life. In a Paris gallery hangs a picture of her friend, Alice Boyer, by an unknown artist. Passersby call it "a little girl in red."

Mamie Sewall dwells in Maine, but has a long distance telephone to Mona Taggart's New York mansion, and the telephone girl who listens to their whispered confidences sometimes is Mary Sayles—*really*.

Helen Ernestinoff went in an air ship to see whether there really was a man in the moon and what sort of a fellow he was. She has not yet returned from this scientific (?) quest.

Florence Sargent and Kate Stevenson are new women. Florence is a lawyer, and our brilliant Kate a preacher. It was necessary to have one preacher in the class and the boys were not qualified.

Of all the girls the class loved, Bertha Langenberg has remained the most popular and made the greatest success of life. For awhile she taught school, and gentleness with it, but at present she is abroad enjoying the large fortune of the lucky man who won her heart.

Anne McCoy found her mission—to make people laugh. But, sad fate! she choked to death on one of Fletcher Hodges' jokes. Her friend, Agnes McCulloch, was so overcome that she entered a nunnery, and Fletcher, in his remorse, got him to the nearest monkery. There they pay vows to Helen Swain, who has been placed on the calendar as the patron saint of laughter and all good things that are.

* * * * * * *

The writing stopped as suddenly as it began, and my own fate, among others, was left unsolved and ever shall be, unless the Spirit of the Future may again visit me in dreams.

CLASS PROPHET, '97.

Officers of February Class, '97.

President, ELMER SCOTT. *Vice-President*, JESSIE BOWMAN. *Secretary*, ETHEL BROWN. *Treasurer*, DONALD MORRIS.

Historian, HARVEY ELAM. *Prophet*, LOUISA VAN DYKE. *Poet*, HELEN CRUM.

February Class, '97.

COLORS—RED AND WHITE.

1. Lulu M. Adams.
2. Olive Aughinbaugh.
3. Bessie S. Barry.
4. Elizabeth Bodine.
5. Jessie F. Bowman.
6. Emma Browder.
7. Ethel L. Brown.
8. Frank F. Burns.
9. Abbie Bushnell.
10. Elizabeth Chipman.
11. Alice H. Christian.
12. Maple Churchill.
13. Grace Clifford.
14. Kate T. Cofer.
15. Harry Cohen.
16. Helen T. Crum.
17. Edgar W. Danner.
18. Frances M. DeFrees.
19. Edgar A. Eckhouse.
20. Harvey J. Elam.
21. Herbert Fatout.
22. Leonore L. Gastineau.
23. Grace F. Gookin.
24. Dove E. Hall.
25. Laurel Hisey.
26. Georgia G. Holland.
27. Nellie M. Holmes.
28. Myra Kellogg.
29. Frieda Krull.
30. Mary J. Minor.
31. Belle T. Moon.
32. Mercy Moore.
33. Donald S. Morris.
34. Caroline B. Norton.
35. Edith Osborne.
36. Mary Pierson.
37. Ida Pingpank.
38. Mary Quinn.
39. Bertha Ranney.
40. J. William Ruef.
41. Olga Schellschmidt.
42. Elmer E. Scott.
43. Lesta Sebrell.
44. Gertrude Selig.
45. Deborah Shipman.
56. Hannah Sonnenberger.
47. Bertha Steinhauer.
48. Georgia Stevenson.
49. Anne D. Todd.
50. Walter Twiname.
51. Louisa A. Van Dyke.
52. Alice Vincent.
53. Opal Voris.

HISTORY OF THE FEBRUARY CLASS OF '97.

WE always have been an unusually meritorious class, and we are still. We have never made it our policy to tell everybody that we are great. We have always thought that people with ordinary intellects could not fail to perceive our merits. We are, nevertheless, an exceedingly warm class. This is proven by the fact that, after we had graduated and had ceased coming together and radiating our heat, the thermometer dropped to twenty below zero, the coldest weather of the season. But for the fact that many of us stayed as post-graduates, the steam would have frozen in the radiators.

The effect of the class on the teachers has also been noticeable. Miss Edson was the first to succumb. She did not appreciate what we really were until she organized us. But when she saw us all together it was too much for her, and so she married. We gave her some free silver spoons in celebration of the event. The next teacher to go down was Mr. Hill, who strove in vain to teach us Latin. He endured us for six months and then was forced to leave. Miss Donnan then took up the task, but we gave her nervous prostration within four months.

Our effect on our presidents has been almost as great. First came Baker. He stayed with us until he found he was not equal to the task. Next came Mothershead. His presidential labors were so great that he found his health in danger; so he resigned. Then Elam was chosen and he broke his arm within two months after his election. But after him the class met its master, Scott. He is the exception that proves the rule. He is the only one that has prospered in office. Behold the mighty form and sleek, well-fed appearance he has acquired.

Our first deed as a class was to give a reception. As we had no one else to receive we received ourselves This was our first triumph. Our next deed was, with the assistance of the June Class of '97, to give another reception, this time to the June Class of '96. This was the first time a June Class had been given a reception, and we hope the custom will continue. We have always been fond of receptions. The next event in our history was the presentation of the "Merchant of Venice," by the classes of '97. It was, beyond all question, the grandest performance ever presented by the High School, and will go down in the archives of the nation. The next page in our history is the reception tendered us by the June Class of '97. We all had a pleasant time, and thank our hosts accordingly.

Then came Class Day. On that occasion certain members of the June Class conceived the idea that they knew how to manage a Class Day better than we did, and they proceeded to try it. But they failed so ignominiously that we were forced to resume control. Indeed, they showed that their ideas on the subject were so crude that the authorities have concluded that said class is not competent to have a Class Day of their own. We concur with the authorities.

After this comes the last page in our history—graduation. But it would take too long to detail the splendors of that night. This history must close. It is the record of triumph after triumph. We leave the conquered field with regret. We hope the June Class may some time learn to fill our place, although we think it is beyond their powers; but this is for the future to disclose. It is my duty only to outline the glories that have been achieved by the Crimson and White. Here ends the task of

THE HISTORIAN.

PROPHECY OF THE FEBRUARY CLASS, '97.

PROPHESY! Prophesy! What shall I prophesy? How do I know but that there may be a future President of the United States, some great discoverers, teachers, or better still, those who will teach the fundamental principles of truth by the fireside? So like the fairies of yore, who wisdom would find, I betook myself to the bird of the wise. Sir Owl, thou dread bird of wisdom, tell me, I pray thee, what shall I prophesy for the Feb. Class of '97? He cocked his head first to one side, then to the other, and looking at me from those great eyes, went tou hou, tou, houte, tou houte, hou, hou. This interpeted means, prophesy great things for the Feb. Class of '97. Without any more ado than merely to tuck one foot up, he prophesied as follows:

Elmer Scott, though not a Scott, in the future will be greeted by the shouts of "Great Scott."

Bessie Berry has completed all arrangements to sail, as a foreign missionary, to Japan, next June. At the same time that she leaves, Alice Christian will also sail for China, to endeavor to christianize it.

Alice Vincent, Frieda Krull and Mercy Moore expect to make a tour of Europe on their wheels next year. After that they will write a book called, "The Adventures of the Three Bicyclists," which shall make them so famous that they will ever afterwards be known as "The Three Women Bicyclers of the World."

Georgia Stevenson is going to a finishing school in New York City for a week, and when she returns will make her début in society.

Ollie Aughinbaugh and Olga Schellschmidt are going to return to Germany soon. They will become governesses in order to teach the children how to speak English.

Bessie Bodine intends to be a nurse and by her gentle ministrations will prove herself a second Florence Nightingale.

Harvey Elam, who loves to talk to every one he can, had better watch or "The goblins will git him sure," and turn him into a windmill.

There will be a famous cook in this class, whose services will be in demand in all the largest cities in the United States, for a better pie, a better cake, or a better pudding no one can bake than Grace Gookin.

Edith Osborn will write a novel known as "The Martyred Hero," which will give her great renown.

Nellie Holmes is going to be an actress. She will make a special study of Shakespeare's Jessica.

Next fall Opal Voris will go to the Oratorical School at Boston. In a short time after graduation from there, her fame will become so great that when she speaks in Tomlinson Hall of Indianapolis, thousands will have to be turned away.

Mary Quinn will make her living by exhibits of free hand drawing, and annual poster sales.

Dame Fortune shall smile on Caroline Norton, and in two years Caroline will be an heiress of so vast wealth that its extent will be unknown.

You would not believe me, would you? But let me tell you, in this February Class of '97 there is to be a duchess! Bertha Ranney is going to Newport next summer. There she will meet the Duke Don O. Quinto du Ex O'Frere Ro, of the Kingdom of Espainia, whom she will wed next autumn.

Georgia Holland will never again allow the seas to flow through her dikes, for she intends to take Louisa Van Dyke to Holland with her to mend her dikes.

Lesta Sebrell and Myra Kellogg will become private kindergarten teachers. They will do so well that in a short time they will have the means to support a fresh-air kindergarten.

Herbert Fatout will be a civil engineer, for log-chains and surveying are his delight.

Gently the door of a poor hovel will be opened by two young ladies, each with a small basket, who will be greeted affectionately by the inmate, who will exclaim, "I am so glad to see you, for you seem to me like bright sunbeams!" 'Tis Laurel Hisey and Dove Hall.

Abbey Bushnell and Leonore Gastineau, with Will Ruef as escort, are going to France to study French. When they return all they will say will be: "Français est belle," or "Parlez vous Français?"

Debbie Shipman will become a bookkeeper in one of the banks in a short time.

Who did you say the Reporter was? "Bertha Steinhauer" will be the reply. She is the most trusted and most competent of all our reporters, and you may rest assured that your lecture will be reported correctly.

Hannah Sonnenberger will make a great invention, which will be called "The New Man." The device will be simple. A small box will be divided into three compartments. The first will have black and white paper and wires; the second, a battery; the third, an air bellows. When wanted for use, blow the air bellows and a man will jump out; then turn on the electricity, and he is ready for use. The only thing he lacks is a mind, but the great convenience of this man will balance that deficiency.

Hereafter the members of the February Class, '97, must purchase their candy from the candy kitchen of Bessie Chipman and Grace Clifford.

Charles Lamb was once asked by a schoolmarm what he would call her. He replied, "A murderer of innocents." Emma Browder a schoolmarm and a murderer of innocents will be.

Not far hence there will be an Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, which will become as famous as the Boston Symphony Orchestra through the help of Edgar Danner on his bass viol and Edgar Eckhouse on his violin.

Ida Pingpank will be a physician and show great skill in surgery.

Kate Cope will become a public speaker on woman's rights.

Mary Minor is going out west to seek her fortune. She will not take a pickax, but by good fortune she will discover a gold mine and also will find a minor awaiting her.

Walter Twiname will discover that matter exists out of nothing.

Gertrude Selig will seat herself beside a little girl at the piano and will say, "Now, dear, let me show you how it goes. One an, two an, one an, two an, one *an, two an.*"

Helen Crum a poet will be, but O, 'tis to be hoped her poetry won't crum.

Belle Moon is going away to a law school. After that she will practice law and order in keeping the home of some son.

We shall all go to the studio of Donald Morris, for he intends to be a sculptor, making a special study of dogs, as he manifested a great fondness, in the school days of yore, for them.

Mary Pierson has sent her business manager to New York City to rent a business office on Wall street, for she is going to enter the real estate business.

Maple Churchill will build a cold air tower several miles high, and will conduct air down in the summer, which will be piped to all the houses and sold at so much per foot.

With her bow and arrow Jessie Bowman German verbs doth slay, while in a hand to hand encounter, Fanny Defrees overcomes Latin declensions and conjugations. In the future, they will occupy chairs in the Indianapolis University and will be known as Prof. Jessie Fremont Bowman and Prof. Defrees, B. A., B. S., and Ph. D.

Frank Burns, who, by his diligent work, has proved that he fully deserves the name of Burns, intends to show that,

"As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

When women all vote in the United States and we elect a President, we shall elect Ethel Brown.

Great age and antiquity has this class. There is one member who is over five thousand years old. 'Tis true she has added an s to her name, but then what's an s more or less. Fair Lulu Adams, with her gentle ways, has won all our hearts, but some day Lulu A. will win another and lose hers.

Harry Cohen has completed all arrangements to bridge the Atlantic ocean.

Ah, me! If there isn't Nannie Todd. She will be like "Sweet Peggy in the Low-Backed Car":

"O, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forninst me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist.
While we drove in the low-backed car,
To be married by Father Mahar,
O, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh,—
Though it beat in a low-backed car!"

Sir Owl gave me strict charge to deliver all he had said, and briefly bade good-bye —Tou hout.

LOUISA AMELIA VAN DYKE.

Events Noted.

October—The school was addressed by Dr. George Reisner, I. H. S. '85, who spoke upon his impressions of life in Germany.

December 17—The Seniors gave dramatic selections from Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," in High School Hall.

January 23—The "Merchant of Venice" was given by the Seniors in the Grand Opera House."

January 30—Reception to the February class, given by the June class in High School Hall.

February 11—Mid-Year Commencement.

February 12—The debate between the H. S. and I. T. S. occurred at the Industrial Training School.

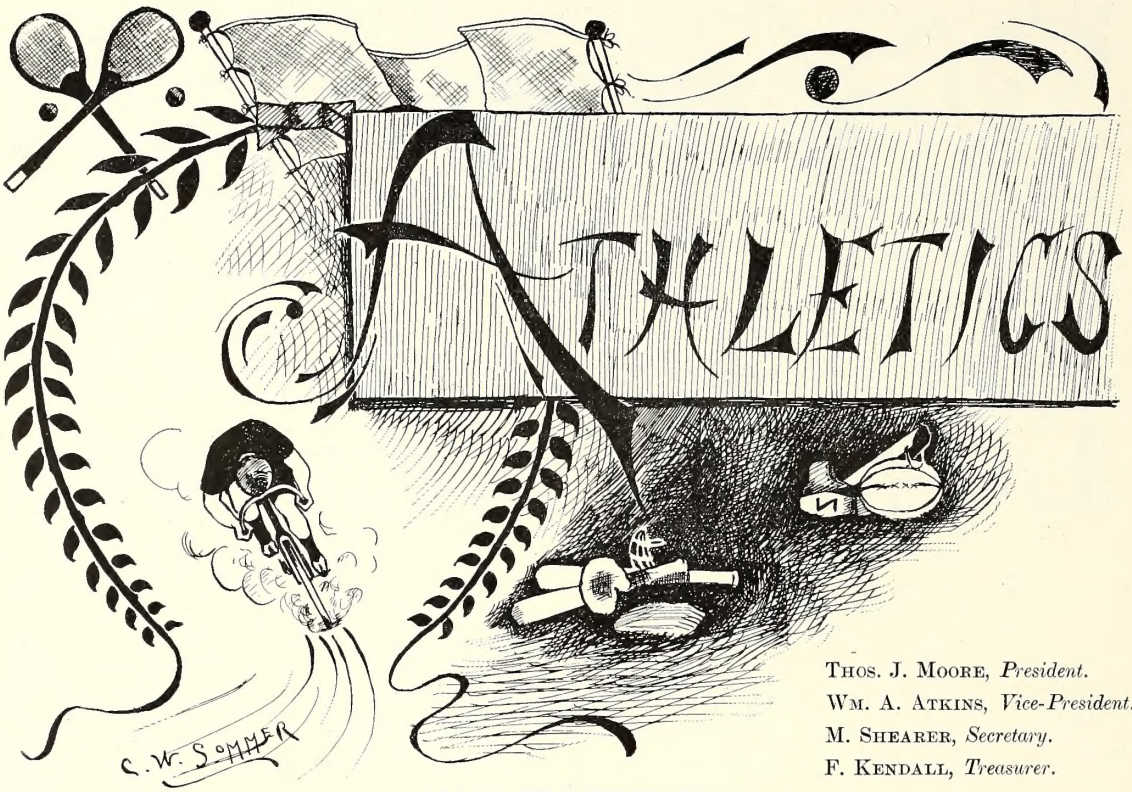
February—Dr. E. R. Lewis gave the school a very interesting talk upon Syria.

May 15—The classes of '98 gave a reception to the June '97 class in High School Hall.

May 21—High School oratorical contest at Plymouth Church. The schools of Richmond, Plainfield, Madison, Portland and Indianapolis participated.

June 16—Commencement.

June 19—Meeting of the High School Alumni Association in High School Hall.



THOS. J. MOORE, *President.*
WM. A. ATKINS, *Vice-President.*
M. SHEARER, *Secretary.*
F. KENDALL, *Treasurer.*

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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M. SHEARER, *Sec.*, PROF. DOTEY, PROF. TRENT, PROF. LAMAY, R. BOSLER.

THE Athletics of '97 have been for the most part on paper. At the opening of the football season, the Athletic Association was not organized, and the athletic spirit was fostered only by football enthusiasts. Profiting, however, by the experience of former years, the Athletic Association was awakened from its restless sleep by a new spirit, which greatly surprised the old, independent members. It first manifested itself in a new constitution, which struck the first blow that broke the old athletic machine into a thousand pieces, and temporarily numbed the athletic nervous system of the Indianapolis High School. The next remedy which was applied to our weak sufferers was the incorporation of the Athletic Association. It was deemed the proper thing to back up a body as a school athletic association with the strong arm of the law, as only such a power can deal out justice equally to all members. Another side of the subject of school athletics upon which much stress was made to bear was the early introduction of our freshmen into the athletic events. The freshman generally supposes that he must have at least two years' previous training before he is able to enter the school organizations, and another year to get in with the "push." The Athletic Association of '97 wishes to be put on record as being a promoter of the interests of all High School students, not excepting the freshman. It believes that athletics should be developed from the start of the student's High School life. The succeeding organizations should foster such a plan. THOS. J. MOORE.

....Field Day, '96....

SEVERAL hundred people were present at the fair grounds Saturday, June 6, to witness the third Annual Field Day of the Athletic Association. It was one of the noticeable features to have so large an attendance, and the interest manifested by the fair sex probably had a great deal of effect upon the efforts of the boys. Two of the former records were broken, the half mile bicycle race won by Wm. Atkins in 1:13 against the former record of T. David, 1:18 and the one mile bicycle race won by J Steinmetz in 2:39 against the former record of T. David, 2:50.

A new departure was added to the list of events, a faculty race, which excited much interest and furnished much amusement for the students of the school.

Officers of the Day.

Clerk of Course, JOHN SICKLER.
Referee, ERNEST RINEHART.
Starter, PROF. PEARL.
Field Judges, PROF. FOSS and PAUL MAVITY.
Timers, SAM PATTERSON and PROF. BENTON.
Scorer, PROF. PECK.
Judges of Finish, PROF. TAYLOR, and FRANK T. BAKER.
Announcer, BERT B. DOWNEY.

The list of events and records is as follows:

FACULTY RACE.—100-yard dash.

First, Prof. Taylor; second, Prof. Dotey; third, Prof. Trent. Last but not least, Prof. King. Time, 12½ seconds.

The other events of the day, with the score made, are as follows:

EVENT No. 1.—100-yard dash.

I. H. S. record, 10½ seconds. H. Churchman got first place in 10 4-5 seconds; O. Mothershead second and E. Tolliver third.

EVENT No. 2.—Putting 12-pound shot.

I. H. S. record, 36 feet. First, H. Churchman, 34½ feet; second, C. Tucker; third, F. Datesman.

EVENT No. 3.—Quarter-mile bicycle race.

I. H. S. record, 35 3-5 seconds. J. Steinmetz first; time 36¼ seconds. Wm. Atkins second, and Wm. McCarty third.

EVENT No. 4.—220-yard dash.

Record, 24 seconds. A. Mothershead first; time, 25 seconds. D. Ritter second, and D. Ketcham third.

EVENT No. 5.—Standing high jump.

Record, 4 feet 3 inches. G. Mahurin first; 4 feet 3 inches; R. Newhall second, and D. Ketcham third.

EVENT No. 6.—One-half mile bicycle race.

Record, 1:19. Wm. Atkins first; time, 1:13; William McCarty second, and J. Steinmetz third.

EVENT No. 7.—Standing broad jump.

Record, 10½ feet. First, E. Tolliver, 9 feet 11 inches; second, C. Tucker, and third, R. Douglass.

EVENT No. 8.—Three-legged race.

No record. First, H. Churchman and E. Dashiell; second, R. Newhall and O. Mothershead; third, J. McGee and C. Tucker.

EVENT No. 9.—One mile bicycle race.

Record, 2:50. First, J. Steinmetz; time, 2:39; second, Wm. Atkins; third, E. Steinmetz.

EVENT No. 10.—Running broad jump.

Record, 19 feet 4 inches. First, C. Tucker, 17 feet 2 inches; second, D. Ritter; third, R. Douglass.

EVENT No. 11.—High kick.

Record, 8 feet. First, H. Churchman, 7 feet 11¼ inches; second, R. Newhall.

EVENT No. 12.—One mile run.

Record, 5:38. First, E. Scott, 5:52; second, E. Dashiell.

EVENT No. 13.—Running high jump.

Record, 5 feet 9 inches. First, G. Mahurin, 5 feet; second, R. Newhall; third, C. Tucker.

EVENT No. 14.—440-yard dash.

Record, 58 seconds. First, E. Tolliver, 1:01; second, D. Ritter; third, C. Tucker.

EVENT No. 15.—One mile walk.

Record, 8:59. First, R. Hobbs, 9:04; second, A. Perrott.

EVENT No. 16.—Two-mile bicycle race.

Record, 5.09⅓. First, J. Steinmetz; second, Wm. Atkins; third, E. Steinmetz. Time not given.

FIELD DAY OF '97.

SHORTLY after the organization of the Athletic Association in March it was learned that the Industrial Training School wished to join us in the celebration of a Field Day. A committee was appointed to confer with a corresponding committee from the Training School in relation to conditions concerning a joint Field Day.

It seems that by the time the committees arranged a conference, the spirit had greatly changed in the athletic quarters of the Training School. Their committee dictated these absurd conditions to our members: "We will combine with the I. H. S. in the celebration of a Field Day if the I. H. S. will allow us all the money we make selling tickets at our school—I. H. S. doing the same; each sharing the gate receipts equally, and the expenses equally, and bar all post-graduates of more than six months standing." These conditions were vicious in every respect, far from promoting the spirit of friendly rivalry, and were consequently promptly refused by the High School. They would have turned the event into a ticket-selling contest and the athletic spirit would have been entirely smothered, permitting the almighty dollar, greed personified, to reign supreme. It seems that the prompt refusal of the Training School's terms, and the announcement that I. H. S. would have an independent Field Day, surprised our friends, but rather than accept unjust terms we decided to pursue such a course. Again, the portion of the conditions relating to post-graduates is very amusing. The athletic post-graduates of the Training School, Queisser, etc., are necessarily, on account of the age of the school, of not more than six months standing, while such is not the case in the I. H. S. It is very probable that in three years from date the Training School will be admitting post-graduates of four years' standing, if possible. "Circumstances vary."

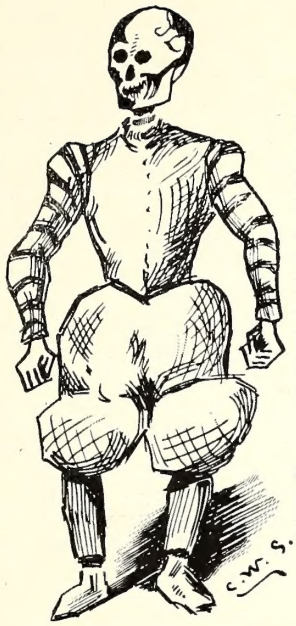
As soon as the Athletic Association felt assured of an independent Field Day, a prize committee was appointed and quite a number of prizes were procured. For some weeks enthusiasm decreased to such a point that the association finally decided to abandon the question of Field Day for '97. Among the reasons set forth for such action was the lack of interest and also injustice to the merchants who contributed prizes for our events. The I. H. S. wants each succeeding Field Day to eclipse the former, for it does not do justice to the reputation of the school to take prizes offered by merchants for a successful Field Day and virtually throw them away on an unworthy Field Day. Such is the opinion of Athletic Association of '97.

THOS. J. MOORE.

BONA FIDE STUDENTS.

UPON the adoption of the new Constitution of the '97 Athletic Association the question of who is a bona fide student of this school was brought up. At a meeting of the Board of Directors the following definition was drawn up: Any student in the Indianapolis High School who is doing passing work in subjects involving at least nine recitations per week shall be considered a bona fide member of this school, except those post-graduates whose graduation occurred more than two years previous.

FOOT-BALL.



THE ELEVEN.

Donald Morris, *l. h.* (Capt.)
Ray Newcomb, *quar.*
Chas. Bynum, *r. h.*
Roy Bosler, *f. b.*
Robert Newhall, *l. e.*
Alex. Chambers, *r. t.*
O. Kettenbach, *l. t.*
F. Merrill Talbott, *r. e.*
George Tousey, *r. g.*
Robert Jones, *l. g.*
Owen Pickens, *quar.*
Ralph Belcher, *c.*

SUBSTITUTES.

Sam Eckman.
Clifford Keeling.
M. Shearer.
Prof. John Lamay, *coach* and *manager*.

GAMES.

I. T. S.	14
I. H. S	0
I. T. S.	18
I. H. S	0
Lebanon	4
I. H. S	6

Professor Lamay, who has had some experience in foot-ball circles in Chicago University, graciously agreed to coach the boys and put them through some sharp training. Speed seemed to be his great point, and the boys went home from practice many times with that tired feeling which intrudes the system of one who has indulged in a cross-country run. But, as the team was very light, speed and accuracy of plays greatly helped it. In fact, the extreme lightness of the team seemed to be its only drawback. In the games with the I. T. S. the relative weights of the teams differed so widely that I. H. S. was not able to "hold the Training School down." The contests with I. T. S. furnished good examples of "clean" foot-ball. I. H. S. can offer no excuse for its defeat other than being outclassed by the representatives of the South Side school. In the second game, I. H. S. made a grand effort in the first half, but with the ball a few yards from I. T. S. goal, gradually lost ground, and our hopes were soon lost through the overweight of the I. T. S.

One victory was scored on Thanksgiving day at Lebanon, 6 to 4 in favor of I. H. S. The game was hotly contested from start to finish, and served as a grand finale for the season.

Donald Morris captained the team for the season, but was injured early in the season, and did not take active part in the last games. Professor Lamay most certainly deserves great credit for bringing the eleven into the condition that he did, notwithstanding the lack of material.

BASE BALL.

BASE BALL, like the other athletics of High School, met with little success this year, although not from the same cause as was the failure of the other athletic attempts. There was enough interest displayed to warrant the organization of a nine which would eclipse the famous team of '96, but the spirit of greed seemed to be too evident. There were plenty of candidates who wished to play ball, but they were not willing to help the Athletic Association supply them with base ball equipments by placing their names on the association roll and by paying the necessary dues. There were a few, however, who tried to set a good example by joining the Association, but the majority did not. The team in its infancy elected R. Newhall as Captain and D. Morris as Manager. An unofficial team, supposed to represent the Indianapolis High School defeated Franklin College, which fact shows what sort of a team might have been formed had it not been for the weak-mindedness of the majority of the players. T. J. M.

And
That's
All.
Charlotte Paddock

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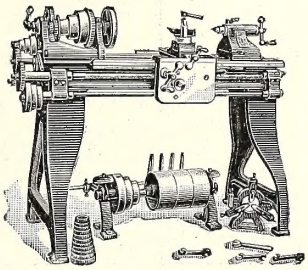

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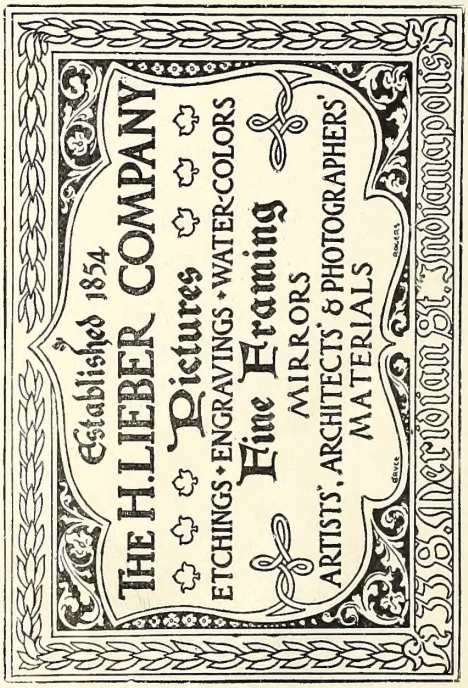

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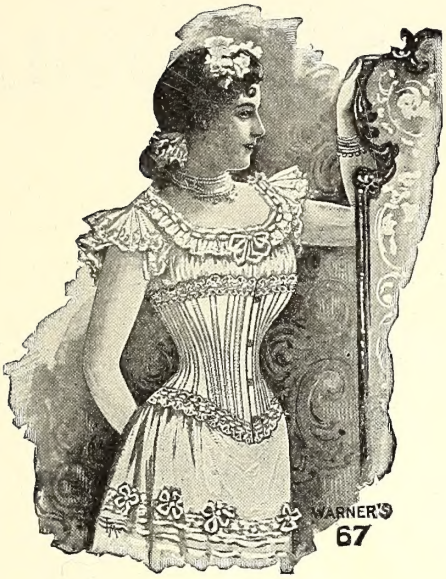

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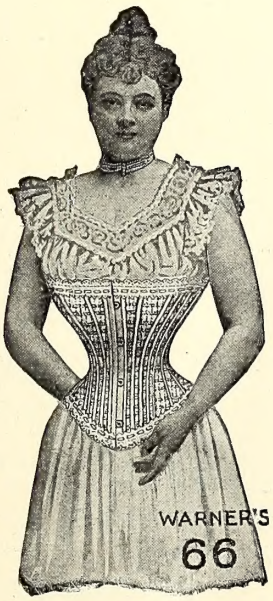

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AGNES R. RANKIN, English—Algebra.
A. ISAAC DOTEY, Latin.
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GEORGE W. MARTIN, Botany—Zoology—Geology.
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JANET P. SHAW, English—Algebra.
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FLORA E. DRAKE, Assistant in Botany.
BENJAMIN B. JENKINS, Assistant in Chemistry.
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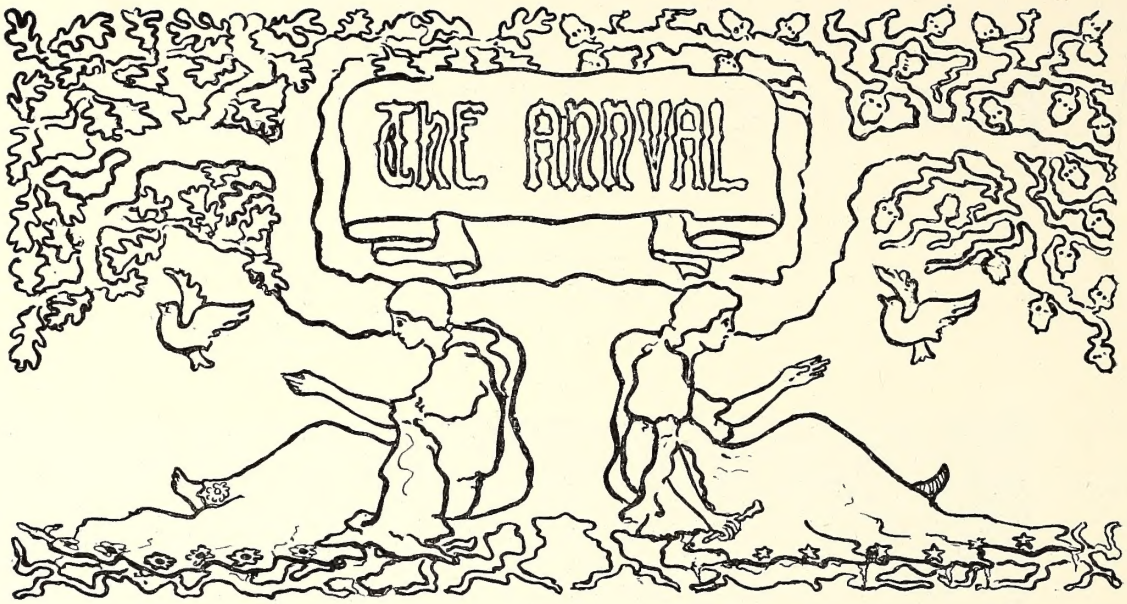
THOMAS A. SIMS, Assistant in Physics.



THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

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HAMILTON, THE CONSTRUCTIONIST.*

THE constructive statesman is the prime mover in civilized society. Mastering every situation, he lays open the future, applies the experience of the past, and, through his keen perception, molds the character of a nation. He is calm as Reason, calculating as Wisdom, stern as Truth. Ever keeping abreast of his time, he leads in the march of national development. His superior understanding settles the sediment of national disorder, and his penetrating genius makes clear as heavens' sunlight the duties and responsibilities of the hour. Such an heroic figure was demanded in the period of our national birth.

The humiliated sword of Cornwallis had conceded to the American people political liberty, but political order was as yet a dream. The horrors of revolution had but yielded to the uncertainty of reconstruction. Drunk with the intoxicating wine of a new-found freedom, the distorted vision mistook the phantom License for the fair form of Liberty. The law of the land was but a compromise with anarchy. Personal faction, born of individual dislike, usurped the seat of statesmanship; the sacred bandage was torn from the eyes of Justice. The statesmanship of 1787 humored the liberty of extremes, disclaimed moral responsibility, repudiated honest debts, and in the name of right committed wrong. Such laxity, unquestioned, grows with fearful rapidity, and Shay's rebellion was the natural consequence. Then Reason awoke, and Conservatism, the handmaid of true Democracy, struck off, from the experience of the past, the most perfect instrument of *constitutional* government that the world has ever seen. Now came

*This oration was awarded first place among those delivered at the State High School Oratorical Contest at Richmond, March 25, 1898.

the crucial test—would it be accepted, or would the strong men of Valley Forge and Yorktown surrender to the baseness of a local jealousy? Had the country but escaped the *despotism* of a monarchy to fall at last a victim at the feet of insane Democracy? Would the fight for national independence result in the triumph of license over law? New York, the pivot of political power, swayed by the intensity of local pride, threatened to yield to the sentiment of state sovereignty. To impede the national movement, powerful organizations sprang up in the city of New York like magic serpents, poisoning the purity of Reason with the red fangs of passion. Ah, how malignant Europe smiled at Democracy's terrible struggle for organization! With what malicious sneers did she gloat over the rapid progress of disintegration! Had all the precious blood of a fearful *revolution* been spilled in response to an idle whim?

But no; God rules the world! The great movements of political, social and moral progress have behind them the invincible legions of the eternal throne. The reformation was but God's purification of His church through the instrumentality of Martin Luther; the Pilgrim Fathers riding prayerfully upon the wintry wave were in search of that religious freedom which the glory of God makes necessary; for the lessening of man's inhumanity to man, God placed within the Virginia arsenal to fight for the redemption of a race John Brown, who had within his bosom the heart-beat of Divinity; and so, at this critical moment of our career, Providence sent us a leader.

A person, standing on the historic banks of the romantic Hudson during the summer of 1791, might have seen a little vessel moving languidly down its sleeping waters. The air was heavy with the sweetness of flowers and forests, and song birds mingled their melody with the sighing of the perfumed air. At a table, within the seclusion of the cabin, sat a man small in stature but intense in an earnest purpose. His deep-set and serious gray eyes were dark with determination. His noble forehead was seamed with thought. Taking up his pen, he began to write, and from that instant the clouds of prejudice began to scatter before the sunlight of Reason, for Alexander Hamilton had entered the lists in behalf of the constitution.

Born amid the luxuriant grandeur of a tropical isle, educated at Columbia University, he had early thrown himself into the revolutionary struggle with all the fervor of his ardent nature; he had by his majestic eloquence urged on the people to resistance of British tyranny; and, Victory having smiled upon our cause, he had written the call for the constitutional convention. Even during the stormy days of war, his prophetic and statesmanlike vision had penetrated the smoke of conflict, and his constructive faculties had builded for the future better than the present knew. From his well-ordered mind came the inspiration of a nationality based upon liberty and justice. With the seer's intuition, he realized the possibilities of the new civilization; with the confidence of a seer, he threw himself into the struggle for political unity. He understood that separated aggregations of men, divided in interests, and governed by jealousy, must terminate in degeneracy and dissolution. He knew that the American continent was ordained of God for purposes divine; he felt the thrill of latent energy in the American heart, and realized the potency of our liberty-laden atmosphere to create institutions for the uplifting of mankind. But he knew, too, that the most splendid army, without authoritative command, becomes an uncontrollable mob; knew that the American people must have a government powerful enough to compel obedience to

its national laws. Hence, a national congress he would clothe in the royal purple of unquestioned power. Crystallizing those comprehensive ideas of government which had received the vindication of a thousand years, he introduced a new era in the evolution of political science. *Constitutional* liberty became more firmly seated on her throne. The dark night of chaotic conflict drew rapidly to a close. The threatening murmurs of anarchistic intent were lulled into silence by the melody of universal concord, and New York, standing between the darkness and the dawn, gave way for the golden sunburst of that auspicious morn when chaos acknowledged the humanizing force of order.

The constitution was adopted—the Hamiltonian dream went on trial. Far, far from tranquil was the path that lay before the new republic. A monstrous debt loomed up before the new-born nation like some adamantine mountain, grim and awful. Against the outer wall of an empty treasury beat the discordant clamor for repudiation. Consequently Europe catalogued us midway between anarchists and thieves. Business men mistrusted us as a nation unable to meet our obligations with ready payment. In the maintenance of any form of government, the mere sanction and confidence of its citizens will not alone suffice; but behind this confidence, and supporting it, must stand the financial endorsement of the governed. Political and financial devotion are the twin necessities of nationality, and the financial world held aloof. Who could now obliterate this prejudice and unite every interest in support of the trembling government? Upon Hamilton, the constructionist, within whose nature political principle and morality dwelt not apart, rested the eyes of destiny. Despising repudiation, he plead with capital, in the persuasive language of honesty, for its friendship and support. He knew that friendship necessitates confidence; that confidence flees from all save integrity; knew that integrity demanded the payment of our debt, both foreign and domestic. Nor did he pause there while undivided sentiment sustained him; he resolved upon the assumption of our State debts and was greeted with the clash of angry swords as the local leaders sprang to arms again. In an instant the old fight was on—centralization or State's sovereignty? Federal or State supremacy? The opposition fought like despairing demons. "What," said they, "shall my State, free from debt, shoulder the obligations of these foreign States?" "What right," demanded they, "has this exterior thing called the Federal Government to impose upon one State the burdens of another?" Then Hamilton, supported by constitutional authority, made answer: "The States have been merged into a majestic Union, subject to one code of laws, and under the protecting folds of one flag. The nation will assume the debts, and the debts *will be paid.*" He had spoken, and the nation breathed. He spoke again, and up full armed it sprang to meet all emergencies. From that moment the nation possessed a vitality. With that action the great substantial business interests of the country began to rally to the government's support. The sentence of political leprosy fell unuttered from the lips of Europe and in the eyes of all mankind, we stood a regenerated people—the peer of the proudest that ever bore the banner of liberty.

We were now a nation—grander far, a reputable nation. Hamilton's policy had imparted strength to the national fabric, and the united country but awaited the further touch of his hand to make it glow with awakened energy. The wisdom of foresight and the power of execution he would unite as one. To his comprehensive understanding of political principles he

added a thorough knowledge of social and industrial laws, all of which he was anxious to apply to patriotic purposes. Casting his observing eye over the wide national domain he saw fertility in weeds, rushing streams unbridled, nature's matchless benefits ignored. He perceived capital in nature. In American muscle he beheld the power of labor. Through the implied constitutional powers, calling into play a protective tariff, he harnessed capital and labor by governmental methods, and, lo! the fires of industry began to glow in new-made furnaces; the unworked mountains to yield up their treasures; while in the sunny fields between, the verdant product of the plow danced and fluttered in the genial summer wind.

History can not overestimate the real magnitude of Hamilton's services in forming and riveting the bonds of union. His statesmanship made us one compact people, imparted the impetus of internal development, gave us a basis of legislation as broad as the nation, and lodged in a centralized authority the power to enforce the national laws.

Alexander Hamilton possessed the imperial power of a Pitt, without his selfishness; the majestic eloquence of a Fox, without his vices; a Sheridan's brilliancy, without his excesses; a Curran's forensic splendor, without his exaggerations, while within his wizard hand he held the organizing bond of a Richelieu, without abuse. Conservatism, foresight and understanding were the predominating features of his statesmanship, and owing to the force of his towering personality these are the features that have been everlastingly crystallized in our laws and precedents.

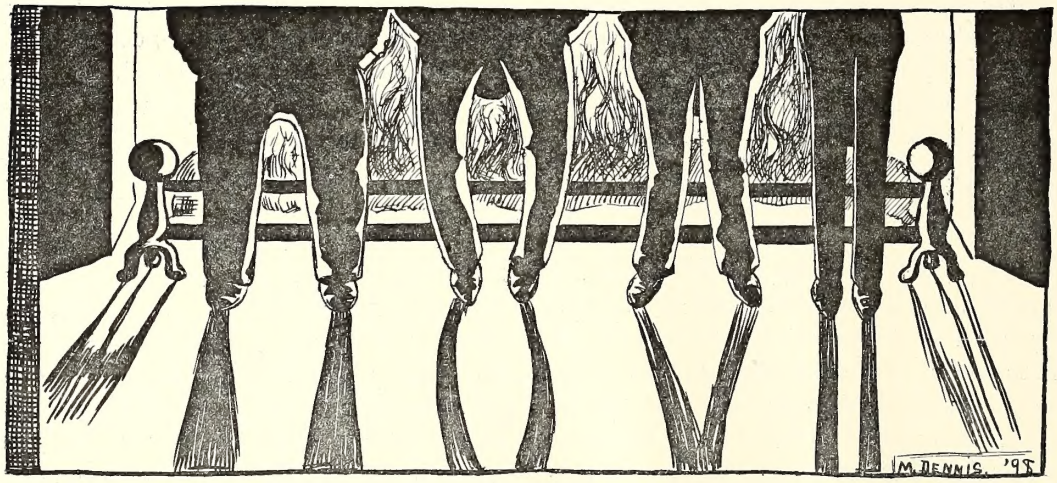
Now, what mean the public services of Hamilton after all? They mean, briefly, a national life, a national development, a national vitality. To-day, when treasonable designs are being hatched in the seething ferment of social unrest; to-day, when the vampire of pitiless poverty is driving honest men to unmeaning violations of the laws they themselves create; to-day, when the European proletariat is stirring up within the heart of American labor the smouldering fires of passionate resentment and insane hatred; aye, now that red-eyed anarchy threatens to break its chains and wrap our lives, liberties and industries in the heartless flames of social insanity, the stern, saving Hamiltonian powers of constitutional resistance stand forth, the stubborn Gibraltar of our national defense.

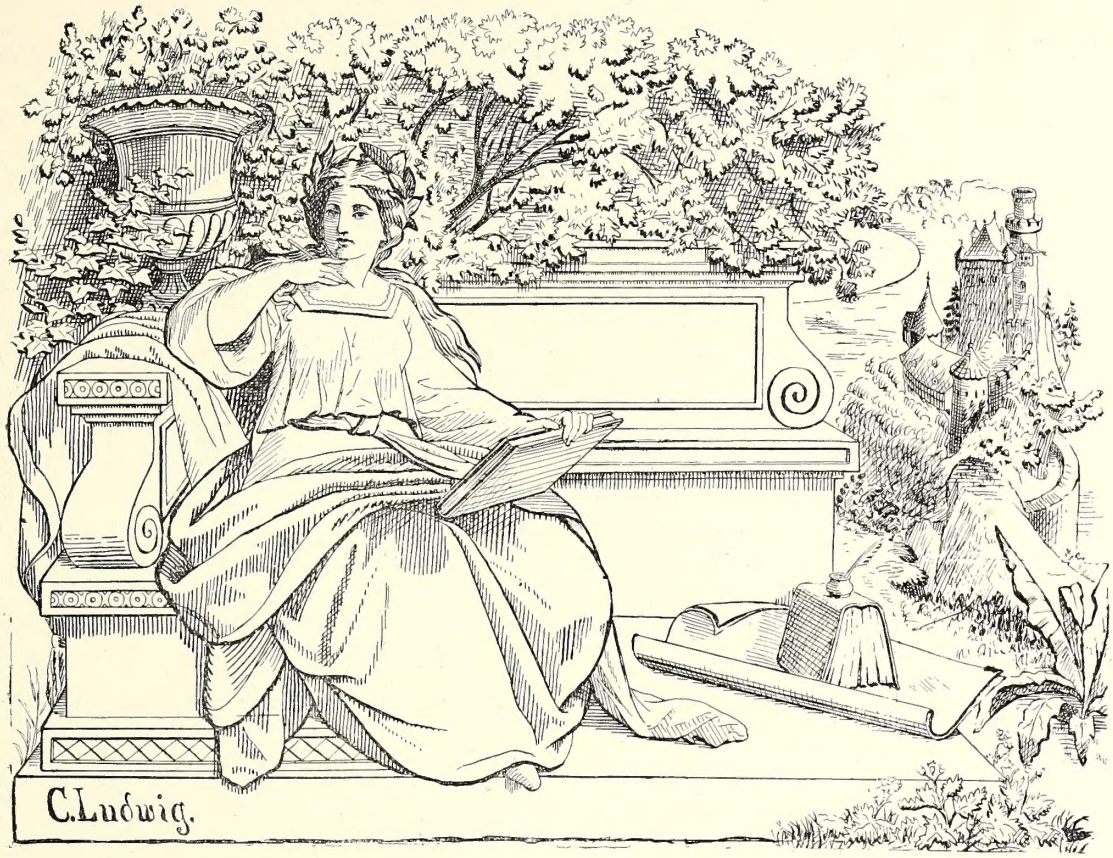
Necessary to the conservation of personal rights is the democracy of a Jefferson; but the clear, calm conservatism of a Hamilton is indispensable to organized society. Jeffersonian democracy means individual liberty; Hamiltonian conservatism stands for the majesty of recognized law. When the serpent head of treason was first upreared in New England, the constructive statesmanship of Hamilton cried "Down!" and it glided away for concealment into the jungles of the southland. When, in opposition to the lawful enforcement of the excise law, treason and anarchy combined for the destruction of law and order, Hamilton's provided powers steeled the arm of Federalism to a triumphant resistance. Hamiltonian precepts gave the impetus to the immortal Lincoln's stirring appeal to the God of battles; aye, and a Hamiltonian inspiration urged men over the hills and through the vales in stern response to that patriotic command. When of late, in the imperial city of Chicago, the element of lawlessness broke loose, defying the national Government, threatening the very existence of authority, Grover Cleveland, falling back upon the Hamiltonian powers of national supremacy, met it with the iron hand of Federalism, and disorder gave way once again to the benign influence of the law.

In the centuries to come, replete with rich prospects, the inquiring stranger, casting his eyes over happy and contented homes, may ask: "In whose majestic mind originated this splendid dream of liberty with law marching harmoniously down the centuries? Whose master hand touched the slumbering wheels of industry and set them to tune? The singing of the engine of commerce, sweeping with poetic rhythm from ocean to ocean and from lakes to gulf—whose brain could conceive it? Whose arm prepare the way? And this sublime union of the sovereign States—who so broad-minded, so far-seeing, as to have pierced the veil of futurity and bound them with a common interest?"

And then the voice of history may proudly make reply: "Alexander Hamilton was the nucleus of it all; his was the dream that linked liberty and law; the harmonious songs of industry going up from hill and valley but sing of his statesmanlike genius; the grand, intricate network of commerce is but the realization of his ideal; and the Union—the Union is but the crystallization of his logic and the everlasting monument to the memory of his immortal mind."

CLAUDE G. BOWERS, '98.





MR. PIPPIN'S RIVAL.

MRS. MULLIGAN was scrubbing the front steps (it was a semi-annual event and occasioned some excitement), when the postman's whistle was heard around the corner. At this sound, Mrs. Mulligan rose from her knees, wiping her hands, preparatory to taking the mail. The little seamstress, who occupied Mrs Mulligan's first floor front, rose too, and going to the window pushed open the mosquito-netting screen and began to trim her window garden. It was a very modest window garden—just a pot of geranium, with a single scarlet flower.

The seamstress had lived here for a long time, even before Mrs. Mulligan took that house in the brick row for the purpose of renting out rooms. She did fine sewing for a big dry goods store down town, and was looked upon by the people in the row as a person of some distinction. She was only a faded little Englishwoman, whose dream of heaven was the remembrance of her old English home with its cuckoos and its primroses.

"Good morning," said the postman, taking off his hat as he came up. The seamstress bowed and smiled.

"Any mail for me this morning?" she asked.

"None for you this morning," was his answer.

For more than fifteen years the seamstress had asked this question twice every day, and each time she received the same answer. Who, indeed, was there to write to her? Yet she always affected surprise and a little pique at his "None this morning, ma'am."

To-day the postman looked so genuinely disappointed, too, just as if she were accustomed to get a letter every day, that she broke off the red geranium and proffered the nose-gay to him across the railing.

"See," she said, "this is for you because it is the first day of summer."

"So it is," said the postman; "thank you," and he went down the street with the flower in the button-hole of his gray-blue coat. The seamstress returned to her work with two geraniums in her sunken cheeks in exchange for the one at the window. She was not left long in peace, for the children of the neighborhood, balanced on the railing outside her window, piped in eerie voices:

"Didche gitcher letter?" "Oh I say, ol' maid, didcher letter come?"

Her years of waiting for a letter was a standing joke.

"I don't care," she said, when she heard the children, and she jerked her needle with the nervous, hurt, little movement that showed so plainly that she did care. "But I wish I would get a letter, I do. What they must think of me! I don't care. He must think I'm an awful friendless sort of person. Pooh! What if he does? A poor, lorn old maid. Well, I can't help it. But I wish I would get a letter—some time."

"I will not go to the window this afternoon," she resolved, but when she heard the whistle she dropped her work and stood behind the forlorn flower-pot."

"But I will not speak to him," and as the postman came up the steps, there was the same old question—

"Nothing for me this afternoon, Mr. Pippin?" and the same old answer—

"Nothing this afternoon." The children ran and hooted in the streets, "Ol' maid, ol' maid, nothin' for you this afternoon."

The seamstress turned from the window with a despondent sigh. What must he think? Of course she did not care. Not she! But she did not like to be pitied, even by a postman. She wished again that she might get a letter for appearances' sake. *Why not write a letter to herself?* If it were only for the opinion of the neighbors and the postman that she cared, the outside of an epistle would be sufficient. They need never know the inside. The unique idea slowly forced itself upward in her brain. She opened her top bureau drawer and after a moment's search, produced a fly-specked sheet of gilt edge note paper and an envelope, sallow with age. She looked at it retrospectively. What should she *write?* Nothing, of course. She started, hastily, to fold the sheet and slip it into the envelope. What a wicked waste of material! And she had saved it so long. She poised a stubby pencil over the paper, lowered it rigidly and began—

"My Dearest One—"

She was writing her first love letter, and to herself.

Monday morning came and it was evident that the seamstress was excited. She came often to the window to look up the street. At last the postman's whistle was heard and his gray figure appeared at the corner. Promptly, too, appeared the little seamstress at her window. She was agitated, with a trembling smile anchored to her lips, lips trying to form the old question. The postman was proffering a letter to Mrs. Mulligan at the door.

"Miss Jane Amelia Smiley," he read. "Is she a newcomer?"

Mrs. Mulligan was literally dumb, but the seamstress stretched out her hand.

"That's me," she said; "it is for me. I am Miss Jane Amelia Smiley."

At last "Ol' maid Smiley's" letter had come.

It was but the beginning. Every day for three weeks a letter was brought for Jane Amelia Smiley. All the people

wondered. The postman was morosely reticent on the subject. He would not even tell from where the letters were. Mrs. Mulligan was ready to swear that they were from the same person, and that a man. Ah, Jane Amelia Smiley, to what depths of deceit have you fallen!

Every day she made a visit to a far-off mail box, and the pile of letters in her top bureau drawer steadily rose, tumbled over into two piles and a third was beginning—letters all signed by that mysterious "P." "P!" What an unsatisfactory initial! Pippin begins with a "P." So does postman. But that is a coincidence. The epistles grew more arduous. When the third pile in the top bureau drawer commenced, things had reached a crisis.

Mr. Pippin, in his bachelor apartments, sat solemnly on the Complete Works of Lorenzo Dow, between the leaves of whose Essay on Matrimony was a red geranium, and ruminated. That very evening Jane Amelia wrote what was destined to be the last of that voluminous but one-sided correspondence. It was, in fact, I blush to tell it, a proposal of marriage.

She went out to mail the letter at a late hour. The red post-box was conspicuous in the electric light and she lingered in the shadow, for there was a man at the box. A postman, she saw by his uniform, come to take up the mail. She was sorry that she had missed him. No, he was putting in a letter. How funny! He turned, and when she saw his face she fled precipitately homeward, dropping her letter in a box at the corner.

Next afternoon an event occurred second in importance only to the time that the seamstress's first epistle arrived, for Miss Jane Amelia Smiley received two letters. Mr. Pippin poked them into Mrs. Mulligan's hands and trotted hastily down the street.

"Two letters for you this morning," Mrs. Mulligan announced, appearing at the door.

"Two letters!" said Jane Amelia. Mrs. Mulligan was obliged to retire with curiosity unsatisfied; but no sooner had the gingham expanse of that worthy lady's back disappeared, than the seamstress grabbed the letters, *the* letter, and fell to laughing and crying.

"Some one," she sobbed, "some one has written to me. I have got a really letter. This ain't a pretend. Somebody has written to me. Oh, I am glad–glad."

She was more glad when she opened and read, wondering and incredulous, the contents of that brief note. Shortly after, Mrs. Mulligan, listening at her door, heard the scratch of a pen. The seamstress was writing her last love letter, and this not to herself. Then she emptied the drawer, and one by one burned all that budget of billet-doux.

"He shall never know," she vowed, tearfully smiling at the heap of gray ashes, "he shall never know."

Yet one day Mr. Pippin learned who his rival really was.

MYLA JO CLOSSER, '99.

A SCENE AT UNION STATION.

IT is 2:15 o'clock on a cold Saturday afternoon as I stand beneath the great train-shed of Union Station, near its eastern entrance. Far before me stretches the vast, oblong field of tracks which lie between the faultlessly clean and smooth platforms—platforms which, running from entrance to entrance of the doorless structure, are so uniformly level, that were it not for the beds of intervening rails, they would form one great extensive plane. The long series of sturdy iron girders arching high overhead, support a far-reaching,

smoke stained roof which tempers the protecting shade it spreads over the vast plane below with the blending light of a number of large translucent sky-lights. Extending from the spacious baggage department at the eastern extremity of the train-shed to the far-away baggage department at the western extremity, is a high iron picket fence, beside which may be seen the window-walled restaurant booths tempting hungry stragglers with their artistic display of toothsome edibles.

There is a lull at the present moment in the bustle and activity of the day. Passenger traffic is entirely suspended. Not so much as a car is to be seen within the train shed, save where near the western end of the depot a solitary dark brown dining-car broods forlorn and dejected in its lonely shadow, and where unconspicuously against the eastern baggage room there stupidly sulks a windowless baggage car, apparently embarrassed at being seen within that stately hall soon to be occupied by nobler types of railroad structure. Beyond the depot, as far as I can see in either direction, where the tracks, confusing and uniting themselves in intricate systems of switches, make their way among factories and foundries and warehouses that seem to have crowded aside in respectful deference to those iron bonds which bind our city to the world of commerce and civilization, as far as I can see, the winter's snow, but scantily adulterated as yet, soothes the rail-tortured ground with its equitable whiteness—a whiteness quite vividly in contrast with the clean shade within the depot.

Although there are no train movements within the train-shed, yet a vagabondish train of freight cars is droning along the track which lies along the outside of the station. The cars are drawn by a churlish little switch-engine which, wabbling backwards, pulls the long row of large "boxes-on-wheels" in the same greedy manner in which a young pup drags some heavy article of clothing about the floor.

How ridiculously the little engine struggles with the long train before it! How it snorts and stamps and squeals and hisses to attract attention — like all insignificant things. But ere long the freight train dwindles out of sight behind an old weather-stained freight depot, and leaves the scene clear for the noble contrast scheduled soon to arrive.

Yes, it is evident that the lull in the depot's activity is soon to come to an end. Employes of every duty are beginning to return from the waiting and baggage rooms, where they have occupied the precious leisure in escaping the rigor of the weather. Gatemen are already at their posts. Baggage attendants are busily arranging trunks and boxes in front of the baggage room just beside me, while near the iron gates the negro janitors are, through mere habit, mopping up the broad passway, which is soon to be covered by crowds of passengers.

But hark! From far in the west come three long, voluminous, but calm sounds of a double whistle; soon the puff and rumble of an approaching train strikes the ear. A minute more and the front of a locomotive, so gigantic as to entirely conceal everything behind it, emerges from the wintry mists that obscure the frozen distance. With every puff the iron giant speeds nearer and nearer. More and more distinct grows the huge form. Louder and louder waxes the peal of the bell and the roar of the moving train. Each movement more clearly reveals the mightiness of that structure of living iron as it steadily proceeds, diffusing from its high-poised smoke-stack a long trail of smoke lingering behind in small, short-lived clouds.

A man has run to adjust the switch—how small the man seems beside the train, yet

with the greatest ease he determines the path over which the train will be compelled to pass. The engine, graceful as it is mighty, swings into the path assigned it and is headed straight into the train-shed. A train of massive, elegant cars is revealed curving majestically from the switch, and following with a rumble of peaceful submission in the exact footsteps of their proud, tremendous leader.

Even before this can be said, the engine has entered the train-shed. How dignified, how stately, how awe-inspiring the huge locomotive looms before me as it slowly proceeds through the depot! Quite in harmony with the stately, uniform motion of the train, its loud bell swings slowly to and fro, each decisive stroke reverberating its message of warning throughout the depot. The whole train-shed seems to resound its welcome. The obstructing iron gates have disappeared into the fence, leaving the passage free between the train-shed and waiting departments. Employes hurry to their respective posts of duty to be on hand in time. But hush! The proudly moving giant has suddenly become enraged. It, no doubt, finds the shadow and restraint of the depot somewhat irksome after its long run through the white country in the open air. With deafening thunders, it crashes forth dense clouds of carbonous wrath from its heated heart. A dread falls over everything. But not long, for, as the engine advances but a few paces, its anger gently subsides. The black smoke, expanding upward, becomes purified and pervades the iron rafters with cloud-like folds, whose presence overhead seems to charm away the rage of the mighty locomotive. Without slackening its motion, the train continues through the train-shed as though it had no intention of stopping. In its august pride it ignores the broad passway which its path intersects. Nor does it heed in the least the iron gates and waiting-room to its left; but each ring of the bell, each mighty stride of the ponderous piston, brings it nearer the east end of the depot where I am standing. I hear the giant panting loudly after its exertions, the air brake is slashing vigorously up and down within its mysterious little cylinders. I discern upon the front of the high-built boiler the great golden figures, "164," like a coat of arms upon the shield of an ironclad knight. Gradually the train slackens up; and now, when the throbbing, steaming engine has arrived directly beneath the tall eastern entrance of the train-shed, the entire train, heaving one long, loud sigh of relief, comes to a standstill as the brakes check the momentum of the wheels.

Now commences a scene of activity, industry and life such as no other locality of the city affords. Even before the train ceases to move, the truckmen push their heavy wagons up to the broad, open doors of the baggage car, where, working with a pleasing alacrity and dispatch, they are assisted by the baggage and express masters within the wheeled warehouse, in piling their trucks with trunks and boxes. Mail clerks are on hand to receive the great leathern mail bags which were thrown from the car while it was yet moving. Prompt, accurate and methodical is every movement, yet free from all confusion or formality.

Far into the depot extends the long, brown train in all its solid magnificence. The stalwart, many-windowed cars are linked by massive door-paneled vestibules. The passengers, all clothed in dark winter garb, are descending from the steps of all the cars, and are swarming down the platforms like bees from their hives. All drift toward the open gateway, whence they pass out of the depot into the winter-whitened streets, there to be dissolved in

the city's throng. Meanwhile other passengers are refilling the train, which is soon to resume its journey. Who can say what thoughts of love and malice, joy and sorrow are animating those various faces? What purposes of duty and pleasure, good and evil impel those heterogeneous throngs in those common sanctuaries of travel?

But standing so near the engine and so far from where the passengers are, I am fascinated chiefly by the noble locomotive looming in the depot entrance and gently breathing its wavering mists of soft, white steam, which becomes so dense in the cold air as to conceal at times whole portions of the large but precisely shaped machinery.

I can almost feel the iron majesty of that colossal form. See how its Cyclopean eye glances undeviatingly down the snow-inlaid tracks straight before it. It appears to be overlooking the course upon which it is soon to start. Indeed, it may truly be said of a great passenger engine that there lingers a subtle spirit of humanity in its mien and conduct. As we have seen, human physical motions, human power, human stateliness, human pride, as well as human wrath and weaknesses, are depicted in its movements and attitude. The stalwart locomotive has evidently partaken of the spirit of its gifted devisers. Looking upon the noble structure, who can fail to experience a grateful recollection of the patience of a Watts, the perseverance of a Stephenson, the genius of an Oliver Evans, the sum of whose efforts gave us this wonderful invention? Who is not profoundly reminded of the great manufacturing, agricultural and scientific movements flourishing in our land—of the demand of civilization, voiced by the din of world-controlling stocks and money exchanges, which makes the construction of all railroads possible? Even more than this may be gleaned from a great modern locomotive. Man's relation to his Maker is immaturely illustrated by the engine before me. When God fashioned man for His service, "In the image of God created He him." Quite similarly has man in designing this iron servant of his imparted to it some of his own greatness, some of his own power, some of his own spirit. Moreover, as a spark of the Creator resides in man's soul guiding and directing him through life, so does man, the creator of the locomotive, exalted in the windowed cab, guide and direct the engine according to his judgment. Were it not for the engineer, who, at this moment, reclines from the cab window awaiting the conductor's signal to start, what service would the engine be fit for? Without some human hand to regulate the throttle, to direct the lever, and to adjust the brakes, the engine would be useless. Were it not for the fireman, who is at this moment feeding coal to the glowing furnace, how could the locomotive obtain the vitality that gives it such tremendous power?

But now the bell has again begun to ring to and fro. The conductor has given the signal, and, with the engine entirely concealing itself in a mist of white steam which it loudly hisses from its cylinders as the piston starts into action, the train slowly and carefully begins to move, all the numerous wheels under the cars starting in one accord. One after another the cars, led rather than pulled by the engine (for it seems a voluntary motion on their part), pass from the depot's friendly shade into the white weather. In but a moment the stately locomotive, guided by the eastbound track, has curved out of sight and the cars are rapidly following one after the other from the scene. As I watch the swiftly departing train, the puffs from the engine already far ahead grow quicker and quicker. Fainter and fainter becomes the sound of the bell, while with greater and greater rapidity the cars flash before my

eyes, each with its list of human faces seen through the windows. Now the last car has left the train-shed, a glance will show that this car, now "rejoicing on its way," is the same "dining-car" which a few minutes ago I saw forlorn and deserted near the west end of the depot. It has been noticed by the charitable newcomers and has been enticed out of sight, for nothing is now to be seen but the elegantly vestibuled rear of the train receding from view with a rapidity that is simply amazing. The train is gone, but it has left with me a delicious sense of satisfaction at having seen one of the most remarkable works of the mechanic's art of which the day can boast. The fairest dreams of the "Arabian Nights" have been outdone by this production of American genius. The most glowing visions of moving palaces have been realized in the palatial train which I have just seen.

Mingling with the musically faint tones of the bell of the far-away locomotive, now come the solemn vesper chimes of the near-by cathedral, floating through the depot. At this moment a swath of sunshine, escaping from the thinning clouds, steals through a crevice in the depot's roof and transforms the cumulous veil of smoke (lingering from the engine) into a sea of living glory. Well may this moment be refulgent with such splendor, for the chimes of religion and the bell of industry are harmoniously blending.

The afternoon depot scene bears a lesson. It is only when religion is supported by civilization, and only when industry is sanctified by worship and faith, that the ideals of mankind can be secured.

NEMO.

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

LOWELL.

LIFE.

Life is but a tangled web;
Each of us a thread unfolds;
Over all and watching all
The Master's guiding hand controls.
In and out, and on and on,
Each of us our life doth make;
Puzzles here, and blunders there,
And sometimes, too, a deadly break.

First with energy and zeal,
Youthful, scorning all advice,
Blindly, hastily, we weave,
Thinking that it will suffice.
Later, then, we slower weave,
Learning by experience;
Just, though hard and seeming cruel,
Yet having lasting influence.

When the end is drawing near,
Patiently we trust in One;
Calmly waiting without fear
Till He shall say our task is done.

CLASS POET, Feb., '98.

A FAMILIAR FIGURE.

WALKING along the High School corridor, you frequently see an old gentleman, slightly bent, perhaps from age and stooping. He still walks briskly and energetically. His gray beard and mustache completely cover his mouth. His eyes peer from under his gold-rimmed glasses and white, bushy eyebrows, to see if anybody is lingering in the hall. A little red bicycle cap covers his gray hair, and the rest of his clothing is blue. He seems to be a person of great authority, for if he sees you loitering he is apt to bid you go to your room; in fact, he is very "Biddy.'

E. W., '00.

JEST A COWBOY'S CREED.

I am no professin' Christian of the sort the cities hold,
Hain't been gathered with the chosen in the church's sacred fold,
An' I never groan in spirit while a thinkin' o' the way
That the reckless onbelievers sin around me every day.
All the creed I try to practice is the ol'-time Golden Rule;
Never hear no sacred music but the breezes fresh an' cool,
An' the only church o' worship onto which my fancy clings
Is the outdoor church o' Nature, whar' the Lord's a runnin' things.

I kin git more soothin' comfort from the music o' the brooks
Than the preachers o' creation ever rassled out o' books,
An' the sighin' o' the breezes an' the singin' o' the birds
Brings a sort o' Christian feelin' you kin never git from words.
There is sermons in the sunshine, there's discourses in the flowers,
There is a heavenly baptism in the gentle springtime showers.
There is life an' inspiration in the brooks an' in the springs,
Out in Nature's sanctuary, whar the Lord's a runnin' things.

When I'm ridin' on the night-herd every star that gleams above
Seems a sparklin' gem that's speakin' o' the Master's kindly love;
An' the flashin' o' the lightnin' an' the thunder's mighty roar
Tells me o' the power majestic an' the Bein' I adore.
When the storm in awful fury is a howlin' in its wrath,
Like as if 't'd sweep the cattle jes' like feathers from its path,
I'm contented as the sage-chicks underneath their mother's wings,
Out in Nature's big cathedral, whar' the Lord's a runnin' things.

When I hear the final summons sent to tell me I must go
To the round-up in the heavens from the ranges here below,
Not a song nor not a sermon, nor a ceremonious play,
Do I want in the proceedin's when my body's laid away.
I would ruther, far, be buried on the ranges all alone,
With the spot whar' I 'm a sleepin' never marked by board or stone,
So's when Gabriel sounds his trumpet I kin rise an' spread my wings
From the grassy slopes o' Nature, whar' the Lord's a runnin' things.

F. Tarkington Baker, '96.

IN PURSUIT OF THE ABORIGINE.

THE American Indian has been for many years a fascinating study, so I was delighted to find myself for some days, last summer, quite near a reservation of a northern Michigan tribe. The inhabitants about there said it was three-quarters of a mile by land to the settlement, and it seemed scarcely half the distance across the arm of the lake to the point where its little white Catholic church shone against the dim landscape, a pure reminder of the power which makes and unmakes civilizations.

One afternoon, when the rain and wind would not permit the most intrepid fisherman to venture on the lake, I prevailed upon my friends to visit the enchanted village of dusky braves and dark eyed beauties. We started up the road into the "dim forest," I first, as chief instigator of the plan, under the protection of a family umbrella of vast dimensions and a small, red-headed boy who was "eight years old," he said, but wise for his years. He knew, I think, that it was three muddy miles to the village, though he persistently answered to our inquiries that "it was just a piece."

In order to be fully prepared for character-study in the red man, I began to practice on the youthful Hibernian who shared my umbrella. He was, indeed, a type. His eyes were blue, his mouth large, and his nose of such insignificant proportions that I wondered whether it were not an overgrown freckle from the plentiful crop which served him as a complexion. Manly traits were manifest in him, however, for in the thickest of the wood when the rain wept most dismally, and the older people had dropped a little behind, he took occasion to harrow me with bear stories of bloodthirsty beasts which prowled in that very vicinity. I asked him what he would

do if a hungry Bruin should appear. His answer was prompt and unhesitating, full of scorn at my having any doubt as to his line of conduct.

"Hoh!" he said, "I'd run, I guess you'd just ought to see me run."

I paused, not to compose an ode on the decline of chivalry, but to wait for my friends who, in spite of growing wrath and weariness, would, I felt sure, protect me.

We soon emerged from the forest (?) and took our way along muddy bypaths, skirting sick cornfields. The first object of interest was the base-ball ground where the noble savage sought diversion, and next our guide pointed out, with all the zeal of his profession, the home of the Indian chief, "Wind-Gust." It was a modest farm house with its chimney smoking like a peace-pipe.

The climax of our small boy's enthusiasm came when he brought me to a sudden stop, and, pointing to a neighboring inclosure, exclaimed, "There!" And there were several wild-looking porkers blinking out and squealing in the most approved 19th century fashion. I looked first at the pigs, then at the boy, then back again. The resemblance was striking, and I was silent, fearing offense.

"Them's Injun pigs," volunteered my guide.

"Oh, are they? Do they differ from ordinary pigs?"

"Naw," was the impatient reply; "but they'se Injun pigs."

I summoned up some spirit and said: "How interesting!" And that budding specimen of manhood reveled in the bliss of self-satisfaction for the rest of the way. I have never seen an "Injun" pig since.

The way was long, but at last we reached the village—a cluster of a dozen or so houses, a few "Injun" cows, chickens and like curiosities, but nowhere an Indian. The braves had gone berrying, the women were staying in out of the rain.

At the first house we found a young man with his mother, who was indulging, I believe, in a headache. We could get neither baskets nor information there, but, from close observation, learned that the youth played the violin and was an ardent Republican. Glaring colored pictures of McKinley and Hobart decorated the walls. In leaving, I made these mental notes: "The Indian is degenerating. He is not dirty, not sullen, not even ignorant."

At the next house there was a family of three—a young couple with a baby. They were all good-natured, and the parents were very proud of their child and took delight in my admiration of it and its belongings, among which I noticed especially an ingenious cradle, made of a blanket swung by ropes from the ceiling. The couple had several baskets, but did not seem anxious to sell them. They were sorry when we left. I think they wanted me to stay and admire the baby.

Notes from this house: "Indians strong in family affections; not mercenary. Indian babies are sweet."

We visited a number of houses, buying baskets as we went. At one place several children came and peeped down at us through a stovepipe hole in the ceiling, tumbling over each other to get a look at us who had come to look at them. The mother scolded them good-naturedly, then returned to bargaining with us again. *She* certainly was mercenary, and when she discovered that "white squaw" (so my guide introduced me) had no more money for her, her good nature vanished. She reluctantly wove a few meshes of a basket at our request, hough I think she feared we would steal the trade. My mind full of the rich tints of woodland, berries, and roots, I asked her how she colored her work so exquisitely. Her answer was

brief and familiar—"Diamond Dyes"—but her aspect so sullen that I dared not even smile at this last blow to my tenderly cherished fancies.

We paused only once more on our weary way home, and we did not pause long then, for we had stumbled into a veritable wigwam of a house, full of dirty greasy squaws, greasy, dirty pappooses, dogs and cats, the furniture and atmosphere of the same qualities. Even our guide, who had remained stolidly unmoved so far, pronounced these "Injuns" no good.

Mournfully we trudged back to our log hotel on the lake. I was singularly indifferent as to whether I was devoured by strolling bears or not. We did not care to think or talk much; and even now we, who were together there, avoid the subject of Indian villages. But this, I think, I learned: The Indian is no longer a problem to be pondered and solved by the savants of civilization. He is himself civilized, and so, absolutely incapable of solution. ADELAIDE C. LECKLIDER.

A LECTURE TO MRS. CAREY'S CLASS IN AESTHETICS, BY DR. TRIGGS, OF CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

"EVERYWHERE I go, traveling from city to city, and especially in Indianapolis, I find evidences of growth of an art spirit. In the northern part of your city, I see a new school building with architectural features. In this High School, there are numerous paintings on the walls, and room for others. I notice in the Art Department facilities of art instruction and reproductions of works of art, and I was particularly pleased to hear of the course in æsthetics. None of this was done for me. Everything is a product of recent years, and these are evidences of a new art spirit in education.

"This betokens an advance in educational ideals. Previously, training to military power had the ideals of a soldier. Moral ideals made priests and preachers. Scholastic ideals made scholars. But all are giving way to the ideals of an æsthetic mind.

* * * * *

"The twentieth century man's conduct will be governed by beauty. He will, on all sides of his nature, be developed. In view of this fact I urge you to train with reference to the new environment. Observe nature, the coming of spring, the passing of seasons. See paintings, hear lectures and visit art exhibits. Prepare for the twentieth century. Older people have been shut out from this environment, and I bid *you* perceive and reflect upon art and the nature of beauty—the nature and purpose of beauty."

The speaker then complimented Mrs. Carey for her efforts in this direction, and continuing his remarks, he said:

"We know not whether our theories are right or wrong, but we are thinking about these things, and as long as we are thinking we can feel confident of a healthy state of the movement. Now, let me give you my definition of beauty. This is my definition of beauty: The effects of beauty depend upon the presentment of a single object of thought which stimulates pleasurably all the faculties of being, sense, imagination, emotion and intellect. You see I take the subjective side at once. [A brief recall of the significance of terms objective and subjective.] And I define beauty in terms of the effect, according to the degree in which the stimulation is felt. The nature of the stimulation must be exciting. * * * Some intoxication is necessary. Yes, intoxication, ecstacy; power to feel, to move. * * * All æsthetic emotion is pleasurable. We start out on a bicycle ride. The ride is enjoyed at first,

and we keep going and going. Then we get tired and the pleasure ceases. There is where the artist stops. We eat candy. For a time the candy tastes pleasant; then it gets distasteful. There is where the artist stops. The musician avoids monotony or painful result. He avoids discord, for he must keep the stimulation within bounds of pleasurable action.

* * * * *

"In true art, all personality must be brought into activity. A sense perception is not all that there is of art. A poem, to be artistic, must arouse emotion. A great work of art stimulates all the faculties of being. It stimulates the whole personality.

* * * * *

"I will read to you from Matthew Arnold's 'Dover Beach.' You don't know a single fact of this poem. Observe what comes to mind while I read. First, sense-impression; then thought, feeling, and finally all the personality."

"OUR ROSE BUSH."

I AM sitting in my east window looking out over the surrounding yards, now mantled in the white cloak of the hoary Frost King. How the trees and shrubbery glisten as the first rays of an early sun gleam through the morning mists. A church steeple far away to the east stands out clear against the roseate heavens, its spires sparkling, twinkling, all bejeweled with diamonds and precious stones. But nearer home my gaze is fascinated by the grotesque figures Nature has assumed in this the festive season. Here an old woman, clad in white cloak and gray hood, studded with glistening rubies, bends toward the earth as if to gather the twigs that lie scattered in the snow. Who can she be thus standing in her gay holiday garments gathering sticks? Can it be old Mother Goose honoring us with a visit? Unlike the objects about her, she sways to and fro, as if to measure time; now bending low to earth as if in obeisance to some mighty king; now straightening upright with haughty bearing, and now swaying from right to left—a curious pantomime this!

I wonder whether she has spirited my dear old rosebush. There she stands upon the very spot where my eglantine has reigned for many a year. I love, in early spring, to see it covered with dainty pink flowers and drink in the exquisite sweetness of its delicate fragrance. All summer it stands in green array, offering cooling shade to the weary passer-by. In fall I watch eagerly for the red berries that peep in and out among the rich green foliage of my tree. Yesterday I sat watching it as it bustled about festooning its hardy brown branches and long, graceful vines in holiday attire.

How happy and cheerful it looked then, and I gazed and gazed, dreaming of how it would stand forth to welcome the gladsome Christmas and defy the cold north winds that bend low the other bushes and shrubbery.

Perhaps when the Frost King departs this queer old woman will also leave and send me back my dear old-rose tree to share the burden of my thoughts through future as through past years.

JULIA KETCHAM, '99.

"Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts."

LOWELL.

"That best portion of a good man's life,—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

WORDSWORTH

G Greenleaf

A VASSAR CALENDAR.

WHY do girls go to college? The reasons are almost as numerous as the girls themselves. Some deluded damsels go with the intention of having "a good time." I say deluded, because they soon find that the good times go hand in hand with a certain amount of very hard work which they had not included in their plans.

On the other hand, let it be said that college life would lose its charm if the "good times" did not go hand in hand with study. There is a life at college that one gets nowhere else, and while we go to college primarily to study, and not to play, the play is as much a treasured part of one's memories as the rest, and Vassar is no exception. About the middle of September the high school graduate lays aside her senior dignity, and with memories of commencement, white finery and crowded Tomlinson still fresh in her mind, journeys eastward to knock meekly for entrance to a freshman class once more. This time she does not even know the members of her own class at the start; everything is large and strange, unless she has visited "V. C." before. Once inside "Main," the old and orig nal big college building, she is met by some pleasant woman who guides her through the different formalities of registration, settlement with the treasurer, and assignment to room by Mrs. Kendrick, the lady principal, the college mother of six hundred girls

Then this same friend sees the newcomer settled in her room, tells her what the different bell soundings mean, and answers her inevitable questions, if she can. The Freshman finds out before long that these delightful beings who welcome Freshmen are no less than *Seniors*; not high and mighty beings in a world of their own, but generous creatures who have given up the last precious days of vacation that they may return early to college as the Reception Committee, expressly to take care of the Freshmen.

Nor does this kindness cease here. They call on the Freshman, take her to chapel in the Senior seats, and introduce her to their friends. Truly a much nicer introduction to college than the gentle art of hazing!

By October the year's work is well under way; out of doors, basket ball teams are busy at fall practice, and the tennis tournament is due about the 10th.

And now the lake reflects the red and golden glories of the trees about her margin; down drop their dead leaves and cover all the glassy surface. The Doctor thinks it now too late to have the boats in use longer; these girls must not go in damp places. "Walk more in the sunshiny places, girls," is her advice; "the lake walks and the glen are getting too damp." And so the rowboats are stored till late spring.

Before the autumn glory is quite gone the Senior and Freshman classes make the annual excursion for the day to Lake Mohawk, going there in huge open barges, singing songs and composing yells to pass the time—if the locality is not inhabited through which they are driving. Dinner is served at noon in the hotel, after which there is time to explore the beautiful surroundings, the lake and mountain paths.

For these annual trips the Vassar girls are indebted to "Uncle Fred" Thomson, of New York, a much beloved trustee, who does many good things for college and students. At graduation he presents each Senior with a large gold and silver spoon, with her name engraved thereon, as a parting college souvenir. He gave to Vassar College its present library building.

All Hallow Eve is anticipated with especial interest by Sophomores and Freshmen. The Seniors decorate their tables

with candles and yellow pumpkin heads; but the two lower classes have the real fun, for this is the time of the Sophomore joke.

One year each Freshman found an instructive "Primer" in her piece of a false pie. This last year, in spite of the efforts of 1901 to find out the Sophomore conspiracy, each member of '01 found in her napkin at dinner a neat booklet of "Rules for Etiquette," bound in a *green* color and full of all the "grinds" on 1901 that could be collected.

Hallowe'en usually sees, also, a masked ball given by the Seniors or Juniors for the Freshmen class, when there is dancing and likewise taffy pulling.

The Senior Parlor Opening comes also about this time, to which the Seniors invite the Sophomores. This parlor is at the end of a long corridor sacred to the rooms of Seniors, where under classmen are supposed to go only on business or invitation. Each new Senior class repapers and redecorates this parlor anew, retaining only Matthew Vassar's desk and other pieces of furniture presented by the under classmen of former years, for each Sophomore class presents the Senior class with a handsome present to remain always in that parlor—a painting, rug, chair or picture, etc. Many of the Seniors lend things from their own homes for the year. Only girls of the best artistic taste are placed on the Senior Parlor Committee, and it is considered an honor to be thus chosen.

The Sophomore Party, in the first part of November, is given in honor of the Freshmen. Each Sophomore takes one or two Freshmen to the dance, fills out their programs, and sees that they are entertained. Before the dancing the Sophomore President makes a brief address of welcome, to which the other President responds, after which the two class glee clubs sing songs composed for the occasion.

The Saturday night before Thanksgiving sees the production of the first Hall Play of the year by the Philalethean Society in its own hall—"Phil Hall." As many "alums" as possible of the class of the preceding June make it a point to be at Vassar for this play, and just before the curtain rises they enter in procession, greeted with a song in their honor from the Juniors.

The Thanksgiving dinner is a mighty function. All remaining at Vassar dine that day in the big dining-room in Main. The tables are especially decorated, and the menu is a wonder in its length and variety. "Prexy" sits at the head of the head table and replies good-naturedly to the inevitable calls for "Speech! Speech!"

December is a lively month. The first Friday night brings long-expected "Phil" —the annual dance on the anniversary of Philaletheis. Each girl may invite one or more guests.

At eight o'clock, there is a splendid audience in the college chapel, assembled to hear an address on an interesting subject by some literary man. He is escorted to the platform by the fair president of Philaletheis herself, who speaks a few words of presentation. A reception to the speaker follows the chapel ceremonies, and after that there is dancing until late. Vassar is in holiday attire, and there is gayety in its dignified corridors such as is known but twice a year. Among the guests are men from all the colleges, youths from "prep" schools, brothers and fiancés, and straight, slim West Point cadets, whose uniforms lend distinction to the scene. The only forlorn person is the girl whose "man" was "unavoidably detained" at the last moment.

Next morning at eleven, the Glee, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs give a concert. The afternoon is full of teas, promenades, drives or exploration of the grounds.

On the Sunday after "Phil" comes the second Hall Play, and, on Sunday night, the Christmas music by the organist and Choral Club. The chapel is lighted only at one end, around the pulpit, organ and choir seats. When all the college is assembled, the far notes of a beautiful processional are heard coming nearer and nearer, until the singers enter the dim chapel, two by two, each dressed in white, and proceed slowly in pairs up the aisles, the great organ now joining in their song in deep harmonious crescendo At the end of a program of the best Christmas music the white-gowned singers leave their seats and go down the aisles, singing as they come. All sit quiet until the last faint harmonies of the recessional die away in the distance, and then one comes away with the feeling of having enjoyed some mystical service of another time.

This is the Sunday night before the Christmas vacation. By Thursday, all is uproar. The dusty trunks have been brought out from storeroom and garret. Girls are packing and rejoicing, or hunting excuses to get off a day sooner. The janitor and his assistants are prone to wish that trunks had never been invented. The lower corridors are choked with them, the platforms of the Poughkeepsie railroad station, also; long processions of drays taking them to the train gladden the heart of the student. Lessons are a secondary consideration, except, perhaps, with the girl who is *not* going away. *She* is thinking how it will seem to see the other girls depart on Friday, and how much back reading, mending and letter-writing she'll do. In reality, she will have a pretty good time with the other thirty or forty who remain. Of course, it is not like going home, but she will have a better time than she expected, with sleigh rides, fudge parties and other good times.

January is, as a rule, remembered for two things—skating and "exams." The frozen lake is a fine place to spend an hour or two, especially for the girl who has been doing some "judicious reviewing," and is tired in consequence. Every one skates, from "Prexy" down to his own seven-year-old son, and the Doctor's little girl. Some Saturday night, if the ice lasts, the trees about the lake blossom out curiously in Chinese lanterns, while great bonfires cast a lurid light on the carnival of skaters, who wear short wheeling skirts and picturesque skating caps and jackets, made hastily for the occasion by a skillful use of cotton and red flannel. If the night is fine, it is a time one does not forget.

In two weeks come the mid-year examinations, or "the semesters." They can make a week lengthen out intolerably; but it does end, somehow, and there is a breathing space from Friday to the Monday when the new semester opens.

The first general good time in February comes on Valentine's Day. The Seniors wear white dresses and red ribbons to dinner, decorate their tables in the heart's own color, and hang festoons of red paper hearts above the Senior tables up the middle of the dining-room. During dinner, some one delivers the valentines which the girls have written to each other. No ready made valentines are considered appropriate; every girl must compose a valentine for every other girl at her table, besides those she wants to send to her other friends. This last custom is not confined to Seniors, but is the duty of every girl in college, especially the Freshmen for the upper classmen.

Very wonderful results can be produced with red ink, gilt paint and a little ingenuity, though by the time one has evolved appropriate verses for some ten or twelve sweethearts one is rather apt to be weary of sweet sentiments and cloying speech.

"My heart is gone
I know not where,
I only know
It is not *there*.
But I surmise—
Don't feign surprise—
That it is near
Your own heart, dear."

And to an art student—

"She lives in Minneapolis,
And learns of the Acropolis,
She has entire monopolis
Of the beaux of the metropolis—
And more than that on top of this—
She is my Valentine!"

Soon following Valentine's Day is the third Hall Play, and then comes George Washington's birthday. On the evening of February 22d, Lady Washington is at home in "Phil Hall." Her guests dress in colonial costume for dinner in the evening. The dining rooms are gay with flags; the tables are decorated with old-fashioned candlesticks, and red, white and blue crèpe paper, or ribbon, and at most tables there are dinner cards, to be preserved long after in one's "memory-bill"—which is "short" for Memorabilia.

By the time all are at dinner the scene wears a decidedly colonial aspect. The Father of His Country sits at every table; likewise Marquises de LaFayette and other notabilities with cocked hats, uniforms and swords. Beside them sit stately Lady Washingtons and other colonial dames in high powdered coiffures, patches, rouge and dainty fichus. Many of the gowns have been lent by grandmammas or great aunts, or have been resurrected from the home attic for the occasion.

About dessert time, some table strikes up "America" or "Yankee Doodle," the others joining in with patriotic alacrity. The singing of class songs or other appropriate ditties at the tables, on certain great occasions, is permissible, and the effect is very inspiring.

By eight P. M. the various Generals and Mistress So-and-So's are on their way from each building to "Phil Hall." A grand march opens the ball, which lasts several hours, and closes with a good old Sir Roger de Coverley.

Visitors at "V. C." on February 23, are always struck with the curious whitened appearance of each student's hair, and wonder if hard study is the cause of this phenomenon, until they are informed that there was a Colonial Ball the night before and that powder does not shake out of one's hair in an hour.

In March, a great event is the annual public debate between the two College Debating Societies, "Qui Vive" and "T. and M." One is eligible to membership in one or the other by one's Junior year. If you belong to an even numbered class, such as '98 or 1900, you join "Qui Vive;" if your class is odd, as '97 or '99, you become a member of "T. and M."

The fourth Hall Play, important because the last, is given the Saturday night before the spring recess commences. Girls appear in these plays whose work is in good condition and whose talent has been proved in the chapter plays. These are entertaining amateur dramatics on a small scale, given from time to time by the different chapters of Φιλαλήθεις: Alpha, Beta, Theta and Omega. Any student is eligible to membership in Philaletheis, but must be elected to a chapter-membership by its other members.

Even before the spring vacation the days are no longer wintry in their gloom. Pussy-willows may now be found in the thickets about the lake, and first bird notes are heard on the bright mornings. The country roads harden—and the road to town; as a conveyance, dusty wheels are gotten out and cleaned, and the laughter of the golf-girl is heard again across green lawns. Basket-ball teams begin practice for the spring matches.

The April days, after one returns to college, see wonderful changes. The spring comes gently and beautifully in this happy Hudson country, and nowhere more sweetly than in the hills and dales about Vassar. By the end of the month the five-leaved ivy has almost covered the brick façade of the main building. If you will follow the road that leads away through the cedars behind Music Hall and the "Lab," and cross the brook below, you find yourself on the slopes of Sunset Hill, where apples are ripe in the fall, and where wild flowers abound in the springtime. Or you can reach Sunset Hill by way of the glen, a miniature mountain cañon, where a rapid little stream, spanned by a rustic bridge, rushes between high banks fringed with the hiding May-apples and Jack-in-the-pulpits, and violets everywhere.

On Easter Sunday, students are at liberty to attend services in town. In the evening there is a service of music in the college chapel, like that at Christmas.

It is not long now until Founder's Day, which is celebrated on the last Friday of April by an address and dance and concert similar to the celebration at "Phil" in December.

May is with us before we know it. The days grow warmer and spring fever is apt to be prevalent until one remembers that the June "exams" are not so far off as they seem, which is reason for redoubled industry. But there is a great deal going on out of school: the boats are put out on the lake, and are much in demand for the long afternoons when the nicest place to study (or not to study) is in a well-cushioned boat moored beside a shaded bank or floating lazily without guidance in mid-lake.

In May, the Sophomores choose their class tree and have secret ceremonies beneath its boughs by night—secret, *unless* the prying Freshman has managed to find out about it all beforehand; in which case she proceeds to make night hideous with triumphant yells in the immediate vicinity of the tree.

Class spirit is at high pitch this time of year, for now come the basket-ball matches; two on two successive Saturdays. It is always the special ambition of the Freshmen to defeat the Sophomores in basket-ball. This they did last spring, and those will never forget the sight who saw the tall and fair young captain of 1900 borne away from the field of victory on the shoulders of her loyal players, while the air was saffron with the waving of yellow flags and streamers.

On Field Day, class spirit reaches maximum. The runners and jumpers and other maidens, attired in "Gym." suits, who show what the healthy American girl can do when trained, are spurred on to record-breaking achievements by the yells and songs of classmates. Even the faculty and instructors are interested in Field Day. Students alone do not crowd together in excited lines along the running course, and some "Facs." are always among the officers of the day.

And then June comes, with sad joys for the Senior, and final Freshmen struggles in the way of exams. The freedom of the Senior from class work ten days before the other students is something rather maddening to the latter. The Seniors' examinations come a week before other people's, but they are, nevertheless, busy mortals, for every Senior is on some committee or other for commencement affairs.

During this long planned for commencement week, the Senior is pre-eminent; she is the center of interest to under-graduates and to the relatives and friends who proudly throng the groves and halls of old "V. C." at this eventful time. To the undergraduate who has never seen them, the

various commencement functions are impressive, even at the respectful distance which the under-graduate keeps at this time toward certain ceremonies. They are all interesting: Baccalaureate Sunday; Mrs. Kendrick's dinner to the graduating class; Class Day, both merry and sad; the planting of the records under the tree chosen in the Sophomore year; the commencement reception, and other gayeties, and finally the solemn, white commencement itself.

Not "finally," either, for the very last thing of all is the class supper on Wednesday night, a time of last meeting and farewell, toast and song, and the beginning of memories that never end. This is the night when the under-graduate sits up late to see if her Senior sister comes home from the supper with damp eyelashes; when the Senior herself, no longer a Senior, really, but an "*alum.*," with her well earned diploma, lies awake at least a *little* while, be she ever so prosaic, thinking over the four years, and what they have meant and will mean in her new life,

"In the wide, wide world."

THERESA VINTON PIERCE, I. H. S., '96.

A TOAST TO THE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL OF TO-DAY.

MAY her remarkable ability and her unusual power be fully appreciated by all who meet her! May her ennobling influence be felt by many! May her bright conversation be a source of great joy! May her high ideals stimulate her friends to greater efforts.

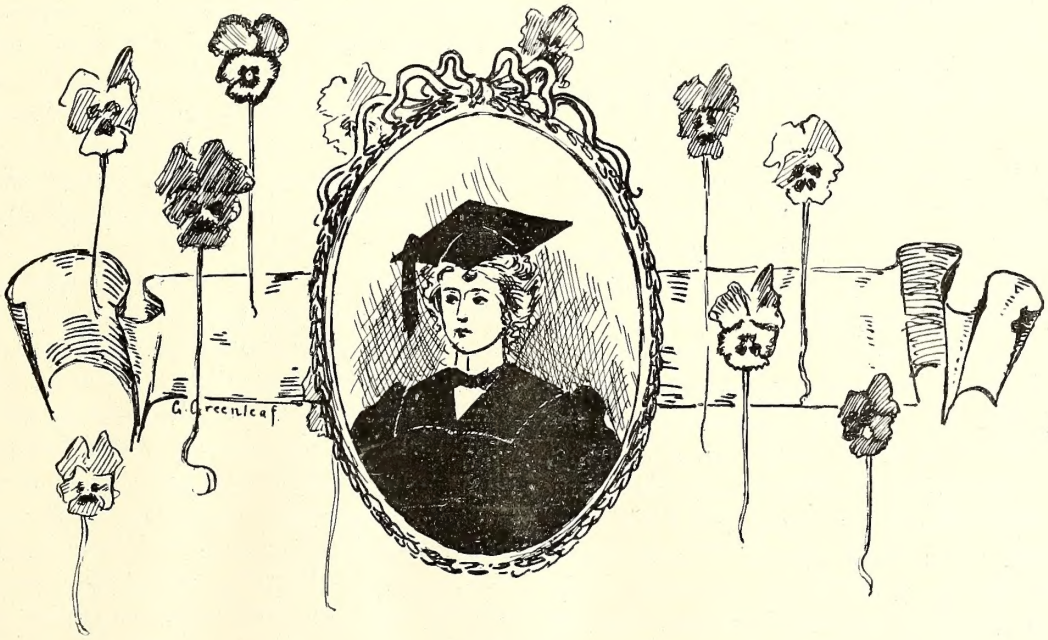
The High School girl is one who has long been acknowledged to be a bright and an earnest student—even the boy admits that she is his superior in scholarship. She is a girl with a great deal of school spirit. She is a member of all the associations of the High School and takes an active part in the Debating Club and the Senate. At an oratorical contest, she waves the blue and white just as enthusiastically and shouts just as loudly as any boy. At home, she is either a musician or an artist. And remembering that

"We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilized men can not live without cooks,"

she develops her domestic tendencies to a certain extent and is invariably famed for her candy-making.

And now may this High School girl, combining the intellect and the emotions, scholarship and enthusiasm, live forever in the minds and the hearts of her fellow-students and teachers. May her bright smiles and her happy face, strong with beautiful character, continue to lighten the old corridors, and when she has gone, may her memory still be cherished by those who shall take her place, and may they live up to the high ideals which she has formed.

J. C. H., '99.



THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS OF THE RHINE.

Bonn am Rhein, August 10, 1897.

LAST night, as I viewed the wondrous Seven Mountains from that old bastion, "Alte Zoll," and saw them silhouetted against the deep blue sky, with the light of the red-yellow moon falling over the "Drachenfels," reflecting it in the swift flowing Rhine below, as a dancing, weird shadow, I was filled with a longing to know that frowning black ruin more closely. The music of the Philharmonic orchestra in Hotel Kley, the ring of so much good natured laughter and cheerful conversation all around me, might have added something to the enchantment of the scene, yet these seemed to buzz indistinctly in my ears. The ringing clink of the wine glasses, with an occasional hearty "Prosit!"* intermingled, seemed far off and also very much out of place, even in the hotel garden, for it seemed to me that such a wonderful bit of twilight painting called for quiet spectators. I thought old "Drachenfels" most beautiful and determined upon riding over in the morning.

This morning, after "Kaffee und Brödchen," the German breakfast, I mounted my wheel and rode down Coblenzer Allée to the Rhine ferry, which soon had me transferred to the Beuel side of the river.

The ride from Beuel to Königswinter is fine—a smooth stretch of dustless macadam roadway, and perfectly shaded; of such a road any city might be proud, yet this is but one of the many excellent turnpikes that one finds all over Germany. All along the Rhine side of the chaussée are the most beautiful villas, with their gardens and fountains, their flower bowers and shady nooks. Between Beuel and Oberkassel, one gets a splendid view of the new castle (which I believe is that of Prince Albert of Schaumburg-Lippe); it looks snug and cozy there, almost hidden away in the forest, midway up the mountain side.

Königswinter is a pretty summering place, bordered as it is on three sides by the mountains and on the fourth by the Rhine. To-day the streets were filled with strangers, and from the pleased expression which their faces wore I imagined that they were heartily enjoying themselves. The gay and light-hearted had out their bright, stylish equipages, and from the life and color this brought into play, one was greeted at every turn with sunshine and happiness.

*"Good luck to you."

When I dismounted at the station of the rack and pinion railroad, I was somewhat tired, for the day was growing quite warm. Not caring to wait until 12 o'clock for the train to start, I determined to make the tour of the mountains on horseback, so of the many clamoring guides with horses I took my pick and started up.

At last! At last, I say, I reached the top. My feelings were none too tenderly handled by either guide or horse, and between my, at times, almost frantic attempts to hold on to the saddle and to persuade the horse not to heed the onward urgings and goading of the guide, I had my hands full. How glad I was when the top of the Hirschberg was reached, you yourself must fancy. Fortunately there is an end to almost all things, and so there was to this.

From the vantage point which the tower on the Hirschberg gave me, I saw each of the seven mountains well. Bonn, over yonder to the north, was a perfect picture viewed from this height, and as she lay there in the sunlight, hugging the bank of the Rhine, she looked serene and quiet, little reminding one of a typical German university town.

To my left lay the relatively new castle, Drachenburg, in all its modern splendor; and in the wooded park which surrounds it I espied quite a number of deer. Grand and costly as this residence is, it lies vacant from one year's end to the other.

I felt *more* than tired upon reaching the summit of the "Drachenfels." I'll admit I felt not a little bruised, for I am anything but a horseman, and the ride up and down the none too even mountain paths made me wish from the depths of my heart that I had waited for the train.

Dismounting, I heaved a sigh of great relief, and sinking into a seat near by, I looked about eagerly for something with which to quench my intense thirst. Over there at the restaurant the beer, as it was drawn, looked so sparkling and cool that I did not hesitate to partake of it. The cool, refreshing beverage (the like of which we know not at home) was most certainly enjoyed, and as I sipped of it now and again, I thought of Hawthorne's "Town Pump." I smiled at the thought. I knew were Mr. Pump here, he would stop flinging his stiff arm so frantically about his hollow pate, and still his hackneyed cry to the people, for if his nose once scented this creamy extract, he would join me most heartily in saying that the Teutons know the art of brewing.

Looking intently at the crumbling walls above me, I wondered at the ingenuity and patience it must have taken to build this old, old burg. It seemed to me as though it really grew out of this craggy mountain top. Nature has kindly filled out the weak spots of this illusion; for she has covered over with dense and clinging vines the place where hers and man's handiwork join.

This is such a shady spot; and just think, too, how much of romance and legend there is hidden away in the nooks and crevices of this rocky plateau! Let me see. Here it was that Siegfried slew that fearful dragon which inhabited yonder gaping cave in the mountain side. It was an awful battle, the old legend says, and then, after Wagner's hero had slain the monster, he bathed himself in its blood and so became invulnerable. And all these grapevines which clothe the rocks with green, sprang forth from the barren soil, for the blood which trickled down the rifted ground gave life to the seed and nourished the vine. They grew, and they are here to-day to remind us of this tale.

In the autumn months, when the wine-presses are at work, the grapes' blood pours forth in purple streams as did the dragon's blood of old; and in the summer

this "Drachenblut" refreshes many a traveler wearied by the climb, for it is claimed to have rejuvenating qualities.

Across the Rhine the fallen arch, "Rolandsbogen," looks lonely and drear, but were I there, I could have a view of "Drachenfels" unrivaled in its beauty. As cheery and sunny, and full of color as this wonderful scene is to-day, it must have been when Byron saw it, and told how

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine;
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene * * * "

which one could see for ever and anon. Nor was Lord Byron wrong to close the stanza as he did, for here, if anywhere, come true the words:

"Getheilte Freude ist doppelte Freude."

How grating it is on one's senses to be roughly awakened out of poetic yesterday and to find oneself in prosaic to day. It is too bad that the roadways down from the "Drachenfels" to Königswinter are so lined with every kind of "fakir," who press forward to wheedle the pennies (and more) from the traveler with their nonsensical trash. It partly spoiled the whole effect for me.

I was glad when I had again reached neutral ground without having been "taken in," and still congratulating myself upon having so successfully run the gauntlet, I paid my guide. Later on, I discovered to my disgust that he had cleverly and politely (for they are always polite) cheated me out of a mark! Young in years, he evidently was old at his trade, knowing me at once as an "Auslander," which to his class is usually synonymous with "an easy victim." ALVIN SCHMIDT, '93.

VENICE.

VENICE may be said to be pre-eminently the City of Romance, the City of the Imagination.

To one who is not a sceptic, St. Marks Square is filled to-day with the most charming characters ever created by the brain of a romantic writer. The "majestic Doges," the "clever adventurers," the all-seeing members of the Grand Council, though seen only by the imaginative, still throng all the streets and canals of Venice.

As one glides at night in a shadowy gondola between the banks of the Grand Canal there is a ball at every alternate house, and beautiful princesses are weaving romances by the thousand with brave young noblemen.

Everything in Venice is beautiful and almost everything is in partial decay. This makes it a very depressing place, for it seems a pity that so much loveliness should pass away. There, perhaps, one becomes more homesick than any where else, for its beautiful architecture dropping into ruin on every hand burdens one and makes one long for clean, strong, well-kept America.

Along the edges of most of the smaller canals, there is a sort of sidewalk, about five feet wide. On this one may walk, and, doing so, will see what to me is the best of Venice—the common people. Every man, woman, or child that one sees, clad as they are in bright-colored rags, seems to have just stepped out of a romance or a picture. Every little group and scene suggests the past history of Venice and makes one think that though its glory has passed away, the common people, at least, are unchanged.

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I saw in a corner of a little street a house with Gothic windows and a balcony. There was but little left of its former

splendor. The color of the house was toned down to a rich maroon; the stones, once white, that formed the arch of the window, were soft gray, and the iron fretwork of the balcony's railing was, with many rains, rusted to almost golden. Kneeling, her elbows resting on the top of the railing, a woman looked down upon the street. The rich yellow tints of her skin, the dark chestnut of her hair, the soft black and white of her dress, everything about her was in harmony with the setting and she had the same beautiful, sensuous face that Titian saw and painted in Venice years before the house or the balcony from which she looked was built.

There is another Venetian scene which I shall always remember—it is the view from the north end of the Piazzella, looking toward the harbor. This seems to be a kind of expression in architecture of the idea of Venice. On the right, is the Doge's palace, from which the Grand Council sent out the orders that governed the great republic. On the left, is the old library, Grecian in style, and done in white marble. Beyond, is the enchanted harbor, guarded by the Lion of St. Mark, which shows to all the world what Venice is. But no, the view lacks one thing to make it fully express the Venice of the imagination—there are no ships in the harbor now.

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The manner of the Venetians, their every accent and gesture is indescribably pleasing. The motion of the gondoliers as they sway back and forth propelling their fairy boats, is rhythm itself, and the voices of the peddlers, who sell flowers and little cakes, are as sweet as the music which at night floats across the water from the gondola of some serenaders.

After all, what is my impression of Venice, what do I think of when I hear her name? A few strains of soft music, gentle people, stars shining at night over fairy palaces, grace and beauty, and over all an irrepressible sense of loneliness.

VICTOR JUDAH BRANDON.

NUREMBERG.

ON a bright April morning, a few days after Easter, we stepped into a compartment of the Bavarian limited, in the Munich station, and were borne whizzing northward over the Danube, past old, mediæval, walled towns; past clustering villages; past straw-thatched farm-houses; past strapping, bare-footed women toiling in the fields, till, at last, our engine rumbled, screeching and snorting, into the *Bahnhof* of the most picturesque town in Germany—Nuremberg.

The antiquity of the city is not noticeable in the station, which is decidedly modern; nor in the suburbs; nor, in fact, in the city in its entirety. For, passing over the moat and through the walls by the massive Frauen-Thor, we enter the St. Lorenz side of the city, a side peculiar, indeed, to one fresh from America, but little different from the majority of German cities. In fact, the only things of interest on this side are the St. Lorenz Kirche, with fine interior decorations and a magnificent rose window; the Germanisches Museum, and the house of Peter Visher, Nuremberg's great bronze worker. Therefore, we cross the Pegnitz and enter the St. Sebald side. A step into fairyland! We find ourselves in the Nuremberg of our dreams, among the narrow, crooked streets, shadowed by the quaint, old, overhanging houses, with their steep, tiled roofs, their many peculiarly shaped dormer eyelets,

their arched portals and mullioned windows, whence, doubtless, many a time the burghers and their wives saw Dürer pass, little dreaming of the eternal fame his name would bring upon their city. We wend our way over the cobble stones. The inhabitants gaze stolidly from their doorways at these *Amerikaners*, who wear their trousers turned up at their knees! We pass by the house of the poet Hans Sachs, whom Wagner has raised to a greater immortality than he achieved by his own merits; by the dwelling of that patriotic John Palm "who fell a victim to the tyranny of Napoleon in 1806," as the tablet tells the curious passer by. The familiar figure of the Gänsemännchen next attracts our attention. This is an exquisite little fountain figure, in bronze, of a peasant with a goose under each arm. Another beautiful fountain is the Schöne Brunnen, a Gothic pyramid, adorned with numerous figures and carvings. In the iron railing of the fountain is a small movable iron ring, ingeniously wrought, which the traveling apprentices never fail to kiss, as a sign of luck. Farther on is the church of St. Sebaldus, erected about the time of the Crusades. It contains fine work by Dürer, Adam Kraft, Veit Stoss, and others of Nuremberg's greatest children. Climbing steeply now, we proceed panting up the Berg Strasse, by the statue of Albrecht Dürer, by his house (now a museum), till we at last reach the massive Burg, or castle.

This rugged pile of masonry, built on a rock, seems, with its three towers, to be keeping watch over all the country round. It is said to have been founded by one of the early Franconian emperors, and suffered severe injury in the Thirty Years' War. A venerable lime tree in the courtyard, reported to be 900 years old, marks the spot where justice was anciently administered. In another part of the castle is shown the well, remarkable for its depth, from the bottom of which two underground passages branch off, one to the town-hall, the other to St. John's Churchyard, outside the city walls, thus affording a means of escape in case of siege. In one of the walls are shown two hoof-shaped impressions, which are said to have been left by the horse of a captive robber-knight, who escaped by leaping over the moat. The central tower, the most antique part of the whole burg, contains a collection of instruments of torture, many of which have seen service within this very tower. We were shown into a small, low room. On every hand were arrayed the various machines—the cradle, the rack, the thumbscrew, the boot, etc., grewsome names in themselves, all coated with rust. We could easily picture to ourselves how that rust got there. The imagination works too easily for one's comfort, sometimes. Following the guide, we ascended a dark, winding stairway to the torture chamber above. In the center of this gloomy apartment was a grim figure, the Iron Virgin. As the attendant unfolded the tale of this terrible maiden, exclamations of horror burst from the members of the party, and their faces could could be seen to blanch, even in that dusk. The hapless victim was crushed, cowering, into that iron form. The heavy doors were slowly closed, and he shrieked his last death-cry as those murderous iron spikes, slowly, torturingly, forced their way into him. Beneath the Virgin is a trap-door, through which the mangled body was dropped to the river far below.

St. John's Cemetery, outside the gates of the city, contains the remains of those great men of the Reformation Period who helped to make Nuremberg famous—Peter Visher, the great bronze caster, and his five sons; Adam Kraft, the sculptor; Veit Stoss, a wonderful wood carver, and Al-

brecht Dürer, the founder of German painting and engraving. Dürer's monument, indistinguishable from those of his humble fellow citizens, bears this inscription:

Me. Al. Du. Quicquid Alberti Düreri Mortale Fuit Sub Hoc Conditur Tumulo. Emigravit VIII Idus Aprilus, MDXXVII A. D.

Our own Longfellow said:

"*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies.
Dead he is not, but departed—for the artist never dies."

ROBERT RANSDALL, '99.

"Better have failed in the high aim, as I,
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed."

BROWNING.

A CAREFUL MOTHER.

LAST summer near my window, a humming bird built her tiny nest, and here she reared her family. One day a heavy storm was coming up, and just as the first drops began to fall the mother bird came fluttering home. Taking a large leaf from a tree near by she drew it over the nest in a way which completely covered it. After doing this, she went back to the work she was doing when the storm had disturbed her. I noticed that the leaf did not blow away, and that puzzled me; so I finally reached and examined it. I found it hooked to a tiny stick which was just inside the nest, apparently built in for that purpose. The storm lasted for only a few minutes. After it was over, the mother bird came home, and, unhooking the leaf, found her babies perfectly dry.

BEULAH E. MCELWEE, '01.

INGRATITUDE.

Along the dusty road, fair Daphne strayed,
On toward the stile which was the trysting-place.
Nowhere could their be found a prettier maid,
Nor one more coyly sweet
Than she who strolled to meet
Gay Strephon, with the sunset light,
Caught in her hair and playing on her face,
So young, so bright.

The elders showered their snow as Daphne passed;
The cricket in the clover ceased his chant;
Although her feet dragged slow, her heart beat fast,
Her eyes cast shyly down,
Upon her brow a frown,
For Strephon was not at the stile.
Must she await this loitering gallant
A weary while?

Then, in the road, she spied a glinting pin,
And quickly bent to raise it from the dust;
The frown was chased away; a smile crept in:
"To pick a new pin up
Will surely bring good luck."
She placed it in her gown with care.
The homely adage truthful proved and just;
Strephon was there.

In his blue coat a brier rose he wore,
Plucked from a bush that grew beside the way;
And from the stem the thorns he deftly tore,
Then to her gave the token,
With laughing words, low spoken.
Making apt use of the luck-bringing pin,
He fixed the flower upon her kerchief gay
With bashful grin.

The pin, among the ruffles on her breast,
Shone proud and brave to think what it had done;
The petals of the rose its head caressed;
The flattered pin well knew
These honors were its due.
A short-lived glory—woe betide—
The faded rose, she pressed; the pin—vain one!—
She cast aside.

MYLO JO CLOSSER, '99.

THE WORK OF HIAWATHA FOR HIS PEOPLE.

In this song of Hiawatha,
In this tale of the creation,
There are pictured, there are written,
All the tales of the Ojibways,
All the myths of the Dakotahs,
Of the coming of the Prophet,
Of the Prophet Hiawatha,
Who was sent to make men prosper
And to teach them modes of friendship.
He it was who came unto them,
As a simple child 'mongst children,
He it was who grew among them
And became their chief and leader;
Taught them arts of peace and friendship,
Taught them how to grow and prosper,
To become a stronger nation.
When he wrestled with Mondamin,
Fought and struggled with Mondamin,
He but founded and discovered
That great blessing, agriculture.
In his visit to his father,
In his visit and his conflict
With the west wind, Mudjekeewis,
There is told us, there is pictured
All the fury of the snow-slide
Of the devastating avalanche.
In the clearing of the river
By the very strong man, Kwasind,
Is another way of telling
Of the birth of navigation.
When the Prophet, Hiawatha,
Builded the canoe of birch-bark,
Of the cedar and the fir tree,
He did teach the art of building,
Noble art of the ship-builder.
When he sailed forth on the bosom
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Forth upon the Gitchee-Gumee
With his fishing line of cedar,
To capture the great sturgeon, Nahma,
Hiawatha showed his people
That great profit lay in commerce.
In the battle with Pearl-Feather
Megissogwon, the magician,
Hiawatha did but free them
From the pestilential vapors
And the plague and famine scourges.
In his wooing and his marriage
With the pretty Laughing-Water,
Daughter of the Arrow-Maker,
He did show the tribes and nations
The great strength that lay in union.
When he taught them picture-writing,
How to write with brush and color
On the white bark of the birch tree
So that man could understand it,
Men could read and comprehend it,
Hiawatha made and founded
The great science of recording,
So that naught would be forgotten
So that all would be remembered.
In the chase of Pau-Puk-Keewis
He, the handsome Yenadizze,
Hiawatha showed his people
That the right will always conquer
And the evil be the conquered.
All these things and many others
Hiawatha taught his people,
Taught them how to grow and prosper
And become a stronger nation;
Taught them these things to prepare them
For the coming of the White Man.
When from eastward came Iagoo,
He, the great and mighty boaster,
With his stories of adventure,
Of the great canoe with pinions
And the warriors with white faces,
The great Prophet, Hiawatha,
Knew his work on earth was finished
And returned to the Great Spirit.
So when from across the water,
From across the Gitchee-Gumee,
Came the Black-Robe Chief, the Pale-face,
All of Hiawatha's people
Were in readiness and waiting
To receive him and his comrades.

—Paul Edwards, '01.

A LETTER TO A DEAD AUTHOR—TO THOMAS CARLYLE.

Greeting:

LAST night I dreamed I was in the far-away town of Weissnichtwo, and in the very presence of the august Teufelsdröckh. It was a strange apartment, full of books and tattered papers, and miscellaneous shreds of all conceivable substances, "united in a common element of dust," and there, the center of all this confusion, sat the professor imperturbably smoking his pipe by the flickering light of a tallow candle. I waited patiently for midnight to come, as that, I have been told, was his "talking season."

The hour arrives and he begins, first removing his pipe. "Yes," he says (as if continuing the thread of conversation, or rather monologue—for, of course, he was unaware of my presence), "the world holds that opinion of me. They regard me as eccentric—a prophet crying in the wilderness. Curious, indeed, how I should ever have come before the eyes of the world! Here I live in my watch-tower, high up above the busy hum of life, with the stars and planets for my companions—a solitary life—yet drawn into the midst of the fray. The conviction was borne in upon me that man must be aroused to see the mysteries of life. He was getting too material and needed to be shown that the body is but the manifestation of spirit, and that 'we are such stuff as dreams are made of.' So, to awaken the slumbering mass of people, I composed my philosophy of clothes—not that I was at all satisfied with the result, but it fulfilled its mission if it set men to examining themselves. That it will never be popular, I am sure.

"How the world laughed when the philosophy made its appearance; but that is their privilege, and I would seek to dissuade no one from healthy, wholesome laughter. But to return, the world laughed, I'm afraid, in *derision*. They said the style was obscure, distorted and exclamatory. They may have used such language as this:

"'Of his sentences, perhaps not more than nine-tenths stand straight on their legs; the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed up by props (of parentheses and dashes), and ever with this or that tag-rag hanging from them; a few even sprawl out helplessly on all sides, quite broken-backed and dismembered.' But when these critics read the Edinburgh address (an article, forsooth, I have not yet acknowledged), they will find that it is written in straightforward English, whose clearness they themselves can not hope to improve.

"Then they say, in a sort of derogatory way, that there is always a double meaning to everything. Well and good, it was so intended. I wonder if they suppose for an instant that a man talks in enigmas and doesn't know it. Ah, no, the deep, hidden meaning is often the most vital to him. What do I say in the book? 'To the eye of vulgar logic, what is man? An omnivorous biped. . . . To the eye of pure reason, what is he? A soul, a spirit, and a divine apparition. Round his mysterious me, there lies . . . a garment of flesh (or of senses) contextured in the loom of heaven.'

"A great and consoling thought to me is that no one has ever succeeded in imitating my style, for the simple reason, I suppose, that they do not feel as deeply. But, at any rate, *that* is peculiarly my own, and those who have attempted to copy it have only made themselves ridiculous thereby.

"One thing the critics must consider—I am terribly in earnest. I believe in a living God; but, alas, man is far from acting as if made in His image. I will denounce, with my last breath, sham and hypocrisy of every sort. I, who have Norse blood in my veins, have, no less, the fiery and determined spirit which animated those old sea-wolves. This book was written in my life-blood, and ——"

Here I was awakened from my dream by violent raps on my bed-room door, and I awoke to find it was in the early dawn.

EUNICE CURTIS, '98.

"Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

WORDSWORTH.

"'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do."

BROWNING

BRYANT AS A PAINTER.

THE art of the poet is not limited to the expression of beautiful thoughts, but, by the use of descriptive words and phrases, he makes use of the power of the painter, making vivid thought-pictures of sunsets, of skies so t in their mildness, of autumn woods glorious in their brilliancy, and of storm-clouds dark and foreboding. Such are the pictures which shape themselves in our vision when we read Bryant's poems.

We see outline pictures. A waterfowl is darkly seen against the colored sky as it pursues its flight. The branching pines of the forest rise high and dark.

Not less vivid are his perspective pictures. When we see a beautiful, near landscape, we also see in the distance dim, blue hills, far-away trees, or indistinct water glimmering in the sunlight. A more beautiful distant landscape was never painted than that which Bryant describes in this stanza:

> "All dim in haze the mountains lay,
> With dimmer vales between;
> And rivers glimmered on their way
> By forests faintly seen."

His pictures also embody color. The "rosy depths" of the "crimson sky" make the distant heavens glow. By these expressions, we see a brilliant crimson sky, soft in its boundless limits. In his descriptions of flowery June, he speaks of the "green mountains around," the blue sky, the thick young herbs and flowers standing by in their beauty on the green earth. Here is material for the painter to make a charming picture on his canvas.

What a contrast to this soft landscape is the description of the storm, when the sky is dark and heavy, growing blacker every moment, the sun quenched in a lurid haze and sending forth a glare. Even if we had never seen the approach of a hurricane, we could see one plainly in this little poem.

The expression "russet fields," "crimson leaf," "sunny-colored foliage," "bright forest depths" and "gay company of trees" suggest an autumnal picture, the landscape seeming afire with bright colors; while "sparkling frost work," "trees clothed in ice," and "massive trunks cased in pure crystal" suggest a wintry landscape, the aspect cold and white with the glistening snow.

Bryant describes a country landscape. His native hills, broad and green, garnished with waving grass and grain, seem to lie in the summer sky. Soft clouds roll along, while the maize leaf and maple bough have a deep glossy green.

Beautiful and artistic pictures we see, of all times of the year; soft green landscapes of early spring, the parched condition of nature in summer, the brilliant hues of autumn, the bleak, icy contrast of winter. Bryant describes pictures in all places, made more beautiful to us by the magic pen of the poet, for it is he who interprets the teachings of nature and makes us feel the charm of her presence.

MARGARET SEEGMILLER, '01.

ALMA MATER.

> As to a traveler who for long has been
> Across the unmeasured spaces of the sea,
> Amid the vines of France, or where the free
> Cold winds blow wild o'er highland heath and whin;
> As when he comes at last to home and kin
> All things are dear, the cattle on the lea,
> The well known house beside the apple tree,
> His mother's loving smile—all objects win
> His travel-sated heart—so unto us again,
> Who far have been from home and friend, the sight
> Of this dear High School charms us, as a light
> The wave-tossed sailor sees when on the main
> The winds have whirled him in the depth and height
> Of surging billows mid the rushing rain.

SPRING'S FAIRY TALE.

One morning ere the lingering snows had gone,
A bugle call rang o'er the wakening earth,
A clear, sweet sound as of the myriad notes
Of early warblers gathered into one.

For, tripping o'er the hills with lightsome tread,
A beautiful and princely youth appeared;
His heralds were the robins, proud and brave,
And countless songsters fluttered round his head.

As in a dream, I watched, and saw him keep
His onward way until he reached a glen
Where, resting on a velvet couch of moss,
The spirit of the flowers lay in sleep.

I saw him stoop as stooped that prince of old,
And lift her snow-white hand unto his lips;
She breathed a sigh, she woke to woo with smiles
The slumbering flowers and bid the leaves unfold.

Her beauty held the wondering eye entranced;
Her emerald robe gleamed bright with dainty flowers;
And where the petals from her garlands fell,
The butterflies in clouds of lightness danced.

A radiance, grown each moment yet more strong,
Dispersed the sombre darkness of the wood;
The waters, bursting through their frost-riv'n chains,
Flowed gurgling on with merry laugh and song.

From vine and tree were pennants fluttering;
The flowers flung their perfumes to the breeze
And, clad in silken gowns, their curtsies bent,
To welcome to the earth the lovely Spring.

—Mary Fitch Sewall, June, '97.

AN AUTUMN DAY.

IT was a perfect day. The air was pleasant, and a refreshing breeze stirred the leaves already aglow with Nature's autumnal tints. The bright canopy overhead was colored a wonderful blue, and a solitary pink and white cloud gave additional beauty to the landscape.

The fields had donned their best green robes, ornamented with huge clusters of goldenrod here and there; and even the birds exerted all their efforts for a farewell chorus. Through the grassy meadow meandered a tiny stream, which in the long summer days had rippled in gleeful merriment, and little flower-heads which adorned its mossy banks nodded cheerfully as it went singing on its way.

The gayly dressed trees seemed alive to the fact that they would soon be stripped of their beautiful foliage of which they had been so proud, and gave a gentle sigh as the cooling zephyrs played among the branches. In these particular surroundings, there were many pleasant groves, shady lanes, artistic spots, interesting nooks and leafy bowers, lined with draperies of the most gorgeous hues, whose natural entrances were curtained with the daintiest vine tapestries, drawn back by their delicate tendrils. Between some of the forest giants were mossy stumps, affording pleasant seats for the artist.

All day the sun had shone upon the great earth, and as evening advanced the remaining beams cast a mellow light over the picturesque landscape, transfiguring the trees into Olympian grandeur.

Old Sol at last sank in silent splendor behind the western hills.

Louise K. Pugh, '01.

KERAMOS.

ONE day in May, Longfellow was watching a potter plying his trade under a hawthorn tree. The morning was bright and warm, and as the golden threads of sunshine played about the figure of the potter, he appeared to be a part of a beautiful tapestry. As he turned his wheel he sang of how the world would never stop; that the eggs in the robin's nest would soon be robins, and that the child would soon become a man.

As the potter continued his song, Longfellow fell into a reverie and was borne on the wings of fancy to every place where

the art of pottery was known. First he saw Holland, with its dykes and ships, its green pastures and gardens, and its windmills flapping their wing-like sails like so many seagulls. Generally describing it he says,

"It is a land that seems to be
A mingling of the land and sea."

He comes to Delft, the market-place, crown and center of the potter's trade. The houses are ornamented with plates and flagons, pewter tankards, made interesting with mask and musketeer, and pilgrim flasks emblazoned with fleur de-lis and pictures of storm-tossed pilgrim ships. The chimneys, parlor walls, stairways, corridors and the borders of the garden walks are all beautifully tiled.

As he leaves Delft and goes southwestward to France, Longfellow recalls to mind Palissy, the man who for sixteen years tried to make an enamel which he had seen on some Japanese ware. When his fuel gave out, he broke up his furniture that he might keep his furnace burning. His neighbors all thought that he was mad, but still he continued his labors, and at last he succeeded in discovering the art of making the enamel and became wealthy.

Still guided by the song, the poet seemingly goes to Spain and then to Italy, with its churches, cloisters and castles.

"And vase and scutcheon, cup and plate,
In perfect finish emulate
Faenza, Florence, Pescara."

The poet sees Raphael, who seems to him angelic and divine in arts of design and color. There is one cup which attracts his attention; in the bowl, upon a deep blue ground, colors of all tints mingle harmoniously in a woman's portrait with the name, "Cana, the Beautiful." It was probably a love token given to this woman many years ago.

But Longfellow says that better than all the ornaments on tomb or wall in Italy are the Greek vases, urns and bas-reliefs.

"Figures that almost move and speak,
And buried amid mould and weeds,
Still in their attitudes attest
The presence of the graceful Greek."

Achilles, Alcides, and lovely Helen of Troy seem to be alive and beautiful yet.

Now, the winds that blow south carry the poet to Egypt. In Cairo may be seen fabulous earthen jars as large as those in which brave Morgiana found the forty thieves. But still stranger than these jars are the Egyptian gods and lamps that date back to the time of Cleopatra.

Passing eastward, the poet passes over India, China and Japan. In Nankin he sees the Tower of Porcelain and the glow of the thousand furnaces. In Japan he sees beautiful jars covered with pictures of the heron, stork and crane.

"The counterfeit and counterpart
Of nature reproduced in art."

As Longfellow thus mused, the church bell suddenly proclaimed the hour of noon. The potter stopped his wheel, threw his apron on the grass, and ended his song:

"Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too soon,
The noon will be the afternoon,
Too soon to-day be yesterday.
Behind us in our path we cast
The broken potsherds of the past,
And all are ground to dust at last,
And trodden into clay."

THEODORE SCHMIDT, '01.

"Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green, or skies to be blue,
'Tis the natural way of living."

LOWELL.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN ICHABOD CRANE AND THE SCHOOLMASTER IN "SNOW BOUND."

IN literature we come across many different types of character, good, bad and indifferent; some that bring smiles to our faces whenever we think of them; some that we feel a loathing for, while others are so noble that they make us aspire higher.

There are few characters in American literature that are so widely known and admired as that of Ichabod Crane, in Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." In this character, the author has set before us a human being whose highest aim is to be well fed and to do nothing. He has shown us a school teacher who never spoiled his pupils by sparing the rod, and who ruled them only by fear. He has pictured to us a tall, awkward fellow, mostly legs and arms, with a tendency to coming unjointed; who could make himself very agreeable to his host only when he was sure he could gain a good meal by it.

In Whittier's beautiful poem, "Snow Bound," we are shown quite a different type for a schoolmaster. Here we see a tall, athletic man, who won his pupils' regard and was remembered by them as a favorite in all their sports. He could adapt himself to any life, from that of school teacher to peddler, and was welcomed into every home. He tried to please every one, and was such a good story-teller that the classic legends that he told seemed to become the scenes of home.

Here are two characters alike in one thing, while so widely different in every other respect. In the former, the author has set before us only that which is grotesque, while in the latter we see a man who is noble in every respect and whose strength of character promised help to his country in one of the greatest questions ever produced. LUCETTA T. OHR, '01.

"OUR VILLAGE."

"PEMBROKE" is a little village built "On the Heights" "In the Berkshire Hil s." Here, as in few other places in "The Wide, Wide World," "Time and Tide" have waited for man, for "Looking Backward" "Ninety-three" years one sees that the place is the same to-day as it was "In Old New England," a little world in itself, a great "Monastery," and we, one and all, are "The Children of the Abbey," interested in every one and authorized to hope that every one is interested in us.

There is "A Strange Story" that "Our Fathers have Told Us," of how once "A Wise Woman," "Jane Field," bidden by "A Message from the Sea," left the village without even answering her neighbors' oft repeated question of "Quo Vadis," and at this strange deed, "The Earth Trembled," so "The Attic Philosopher" declares.

If there is one thing of which "Pembroke" is proud, it is her people, for she prides herself on not being a village of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." The "Three People" of the village are "The Little Minister," "Dr. Claudius," and "Silas Marner."

"The Little Minister" is believed to have once had "A Humble Romance," but "When a Man's Single" he is always honored with "A Bachelor's Romance." However, to day, "The Lost Love" of "Days Gone By" is forgotten and he lives as "Any Ordinary Man" in "The House of the Seven Gables" with "Miss Jerry," his sister and housekeeper. Yes, just the "Two of Them" live in that great "Bleak House." "Miss Jerry" was always an "Old Fashioned Girl," "Not Like Other Girls," and now as "A Bachelor Maid" "She" looks like "A New England Nun," for "Night and Morning," "She" dresses "In Black and White."

"Next Door" to the minister's, in

"The Old Homestead" of "The Newcomer," dwells "Our Village" doctor. "Marse Chan," as "Uncle Remus" calls the doctor, is an "Old Virginia Gentleman" of "The Old South." Nor does he ever tire of talking of "'Our Old Home' 'In Ole Virginia' and 'The Virginians' I knew 'Befo' De War.'" "The Surgeon's Daughter," "Marcella," is "The Pride of the Village," and, indeed, in her white frock "She" might pass for the "Princess Aline."

Poor "Silas Marner," how bravely he has fought "The Battle of Life" His father was a "Gentleman of France," "Count Robert of Paris," who came over here with "Great Expectations" of becoming "An American Politician," but he only remained "Through One Administration." Silas, however, remained, and during all these years he has lived "Alone" over the "Old Curiosity Shop," patiently enduring, like "The Christian" gentleman that he is, the "Retribution" due his father, until "At Last" he has become the acknowledged sage of the village.

These three "Representative Men" are to us the "Living Leaders of the World."

FRANCES T. ADAMS, June, '98.

THE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.

'Tis not because her face is fair
As that of some Madonna mid the gloom
Of a dim cloistered church Italian, where
She smiles above the lights and lily bloom.

Nor yet that her clear voice is sweeter far,
With its rare human cadences, than those
Of white-winged angels who, in some lone star,
Chant ever as the wild sphere whirling goes.

These has she, but her sweetness is a thing
More rare—as is the shimmering orb of pearl
That can not many-colored sparkles fling,
But charms us with a radiance soft as spring—
So is that laughing witch, the High School girl.

OLD AND NEW PLYMOUTH.

ONE'S first impression on reaching this famous Pilgrim settlement is, we must confess, rather disappointing, for this, the oldest town in New England, seems newly built, being now the peaceful, industrious home of busy mill workers, and in summer a favorite resort for tourists.

The ocean is here, and the little harbor, and the hills and original streets; but it is only on Burial Hill and in Pilgrim Hall that we find anything to remind us of the olden times. As we linger among the carefully cherished relics to be found in Pilgrim Hall and study the quaint costumes of its pictured forms, we become more imbued with the spirit of the place, but the reverential mood suddenly forsakes us as we face the shop windows filled with all sorts of modern trinkets and furnishings.

Revered Pilgrim names salute our ears, but their owners, in modern attire, ride in electric cars. We learn from the inhabitants that up to a period within the memory of the oldest inhabitant a primitive simplicity prevailed among the possessors of the land. The coming of a host of modern Pilgrims has changed all of this, and although it still possesses some unique attractions and is an ideal summering place, its glory has departed.

Plymouth Rock is covered by an imposing granite canopy, and is railed in for protection, for it would long since have been carried away in fragments if not guarded. Visiting Burial Hill, we are shown the graves of several of the Mayflower passengers, marked by dark slate gravestones, which were brought over from England. Standing here, where so much of the life of our Pilgrim fathers is suggested, we feel as did Dean Stanley, who remarked, on leaving Burial Hill: "Never let tool, or art, or leveling, or adorning meddle with this sacred spot."

On an adjoining and somewhat higher hill, stands the great monument to the Pilgrims, which is a massive granite shaft surmounted by a colossal figure of Faith. From this hill a beautiful view of the harbor is obtained, and we gaze upon the scene with admiration, as our thoughts go back to that day in 1620 when a solitary vessel sailed into the bay, bringing to its shores the founders of New England.

"They little thought how pure a light
With years would gather 'round that day;
How love would keep their memories bright,
How wide a realm their sons would sway."

CHAS. ADAMS, June, '98.

SPRING.

Waking from the under-world
Peep the tiny pennons curl'd;
Timidly the green unfurls,
Showing tints as pure as pearls.
Sunshine greets with fairy smiles,
Gentle winds use all their wiles;
So the stranger opes her eyes—
Filled is she with great surprise.

At her feet, a carpet green;
High above, a sky serene;
Twittering birds with welcome gay
Kiss the tender little fay.
Happy she and free from foe,
Past are dreams of cold and snow;
Life 's a merry, merry thing—
Now 't is modest, blushing Spring.

ANDREA FERGUSON.

PERSPECTIVE IN "HARD TIMES."

IN the Corcoran Gallery at Washington hangs a picture whose chief merit is its wonderful perspective, Detaille's "Passing Regiment." Rank after rank of infantry and building after building extend back as far as the eye can reach, and here and there, on the outskirts, is an omnibus, an interested onlooker, or an enthusiastic urchin. But though the canvas is a crowded one, every figure is so placed as to give perfect perspective to the whole.

In the art gallery of literature hangs a picture of equally crowded canvas and equally wonderful perspective. Dickens' "Hard Times."

There are many characters in this book, but they are all so placed as to direct the chief attention to Louisa and Mr. Gradgrind, to make definite and distinct, by contrast, the faults and virtues of these central figures. Sissy Jupe, with her delightful and insuppressible imagination forms a fine background for Mr. Gradgrind and his, "Facts, sir, nothing but facts." Against the dark sky of Tom's ungrateful and selfish life, Louisa's unselfish and sacrificing love for him shines brightly. Rachel's character would not seem so beautiful were it not for the utter degradation of Stephen's wife, nor Mr. Bounderby so shallow and boastful were it not for the force of Stephen Blackpool's sterling character.

In Detaille's masterpiece, the drum-major is made prominent by his position in relation to the other figures. In "Hard Times," Louisa seems more prominent because of Sissy, Rachel and Mrs. Sparsit; Mr. Gradgrind more distinct because of Mr. Bounderby and Stephen Blackpool. In fact, we see each character through its relation to the others. As in Detaille's picture the tall buildings give vigor to the figures before them, so poor, smoky, geometrical Coketown gives life and vigor to all the characters in "Hard Times." It is to them as a crimson velvet curtain behind a marble statue.

Perspective is also evident in the arrangement of events. We see each important event by its relation to the series of minor incidents which form its background. The fact system is not exploded at once. Sissy becomes a member of the Gradgrind household, Louisa is married,

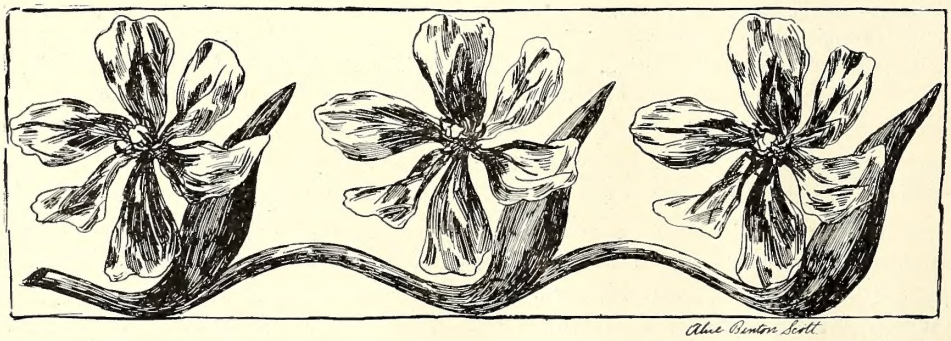
Tom is given a place in the bank, Mr. Harthouse is introduced, and then, through an avenue of events and against a perfect background, we see Louisa standing before her father on that stormy night and know that the fact system is a failure.

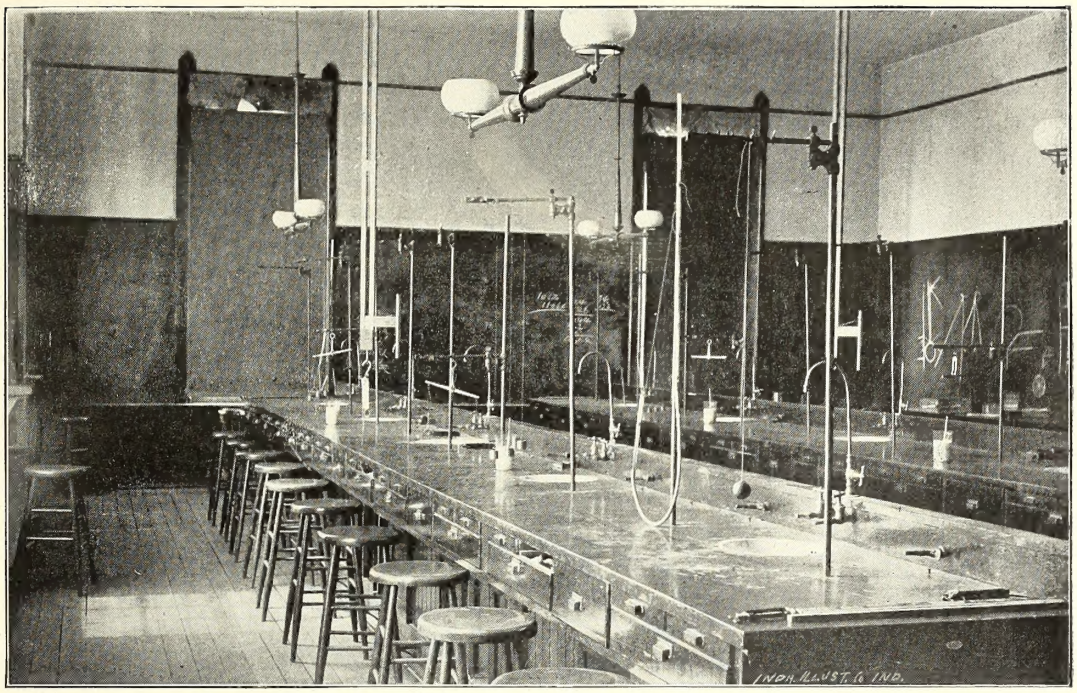
We may even say of this great piece of literature as has been said of "The Passing Regiment," "The great marvel of this painting is its wonderful perspective."

LILIAN MITCHELL.

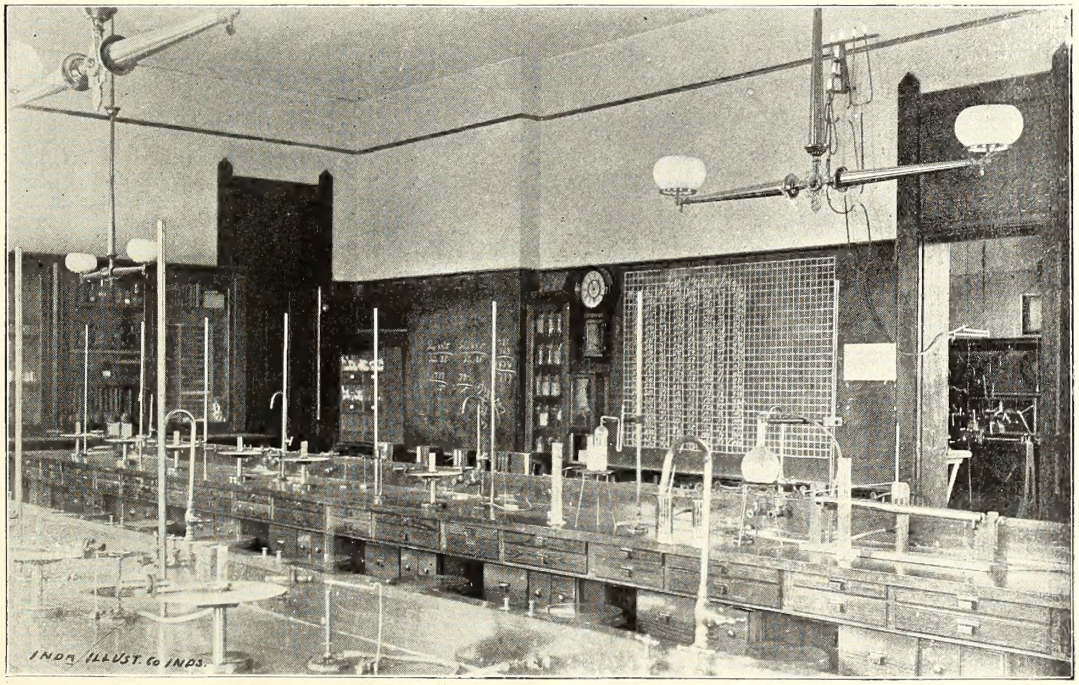
FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME.

Nov. 20. Puritan Supper.
Dec. 20. Mr. Daniels's address on Alexander Hamilton.
Dec. 24. Primary for the Oratorical Contest held in High School Hall.
Jan. 21. Trip to Pendleton by the Chemistry Classes.
Jan. 22. February Class Day.
Jan. 28. Mid-Year Commencement.
Feb. 11. High School Hop, given at the Propylæum.
Feb. 14. Mr. Wilbur C. Abbott's talk on Oxford.
Feb. 17. Talk by Dean Salisbury of Chicago University.
Feb. 25 and 26. Iolanthe presented at the Grand Opera House by pupils of High School and Industrial Training School.
Mar. 25. Oratorical Contest held at Richmond.
Apr. 9. Reception given by the June to the February Class, at the Brenneke Academy.
Apr. 15–25. Arts and Crafts Exhibit held in High School Building.
May 28. Field Day.
June 4. June Class Day.
June 9. Commencement.
June 10. Meeting of the High School Alumni Association.





PHYSICAL LABORATORY. COURSE I. JOHN LAMAY. HEAD OF DEPARTMENT.



PHYSICAL LABORATORY COURSE II. JOHN LAMAY, HEAD OF DEPARTMENT.

SCIENCE IN THE INDIANAPOLIS HIGH SCHOOL.

OF the early day of science in the Indianapolis High School, little that is authentic remains; and little that is tradition, is available for historial retrospect, beyond an occasional fragment of wrecked apparatus stowed away in the attic.

But as history is built on a skeleton of more or less fragmentary incidents, so it is possible to infer that in the hands of skillful teachers, much good grew out of the experiences of the boys and girls of that period. For during the twenty years of the history of our school preceding the erection of the present building in 1884, appear the names of several men, as teachers, who now stand high in the special fields which opened for them, namely: Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Chief Chemist, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.; Dr. David S. Jordan, President of Leland Stanford University; Dr. Wm. B. Fletcher, of this city, and several others of great personal worth, but of lesser note.

The real development of modern methods in science teaching in this school had its beginning at about the time the present building was erected. In the new building, a room was set apart for a chemical laboratory, which was equipped with some tables and a little apparatus for individual work.

Physics and Biology were assigned rooms, but nothing was done to equip them for the individual work of students.

The remodeled course of study adopted in 1882 made these developments possible. Mr. W. W. Grant, then principal, was always a firm believer in individual science work, and in the educating power of science in general. As a consequence, four of the twenty-four courses required for graduation, were in science.

One of the advantages claimed in the revision of the course of study is stated in the announcement for 1885 to be "enabling a wider choice, and permitting the various scientific subjects more time." It was thus recognized, at that time, that science to be well taught required more time in the class-room than other subjects, for *things* and not books were the materials to be handled.

In 1885, the science offered was as follows:

PRESCRIBED SCIENCE.

Physical Geography	½ year.
Physics I	½ year.
Physics II	½ year.
Chemistry	½ year.

ELECTIVE SCIENCE.

Botany	½ year.
Chemistry	½ year.
Physiology	½ year.
Zoölogy	½ year.
Geology	½ year.

The course of study published in 1893 adds the following electives:

Botany—Histological	½ year.
*Physical Geography	½ year.

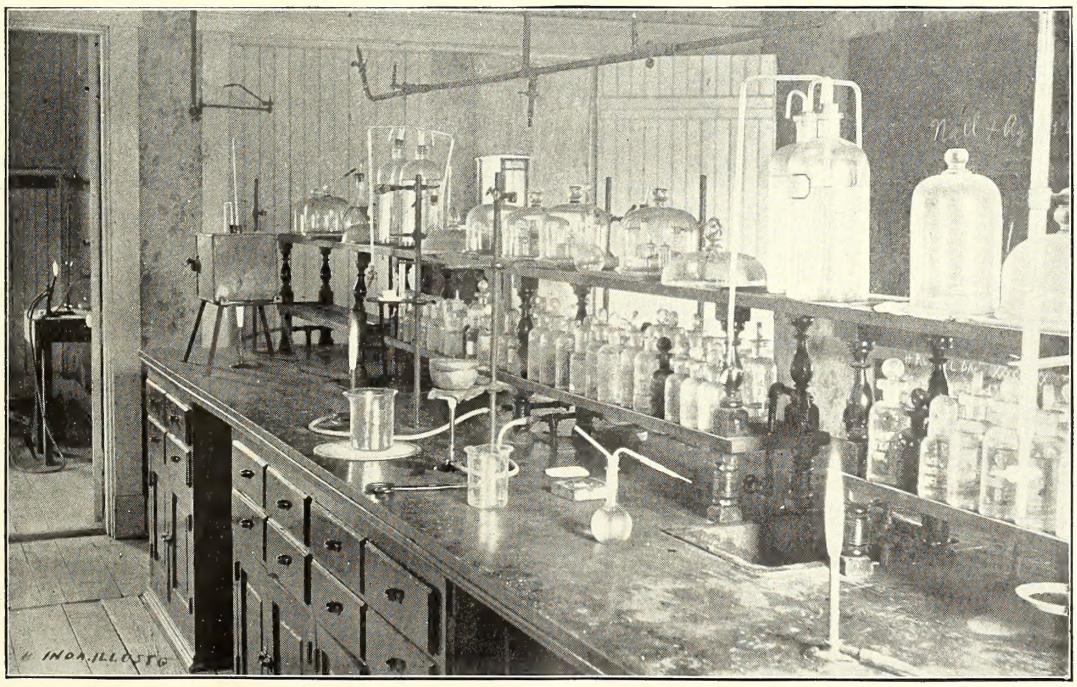
Mr. George W. Hufford, our present principal, has encouraged the development of science work as far as is consistent with a well-rounded and progressive High School course, and our last published course of study presents the following list of science studies:

PRESCRIBED SCIENCE.

Physics I	½ year.
Physics II	½ year.
Chemistry	½ year.

*Dropped from required course.

CHEMICAL LABORATORY, COURSE I. GEO. W. BENTON, HEAD OF DEPARTMENT.



CHEMICAL LABORATORY, COURSE II. GEO. W. BENTON, HEAD OF DEPARTMENT.

ELECTIVE SCIENCE.

Chemistry II	½ year.
Chemistry III	½ year.
Zoölogy	½ year.
Geology	½ year.
Astronomy	½ year.
Botany I	½ year.
Botany II	½ year.
Paleontology	½ year.
Physical Geography	½ year.

In addition to these offered courses the facilities for advanced laboratory work for individual students are unusually good, and are quite generally appreciated by our pupils.

The marked progress in science courses has, however, been exceeded by the phenomenal growth of the method and equipment of the several departments. Of the latter, sufficient evidence of the advance is contained in the accompanying plates, taken from photographs of the laboratories as at present constituted.

As already stated, the first working laboratory for individual students was equipped for chemistry in 1885. The development along present lines began in 1889, when Mr. George W. Benton was given charge of the department. During the nine years since that time, the pupils in chemistry have furnished the data for two published manuals, and the provisional manuscript for a third. In 1897, the department was moved to the small building to the north of the main building, and is excellently equipped for elementary chemical instruction.

The second working laboratory was started in biology by Mr. Wm. S. Lemen, in 1889. The northeast basement room was utilized, and the department was just getting into good running order, when, in 1892, the genial and thoroughly respected instructor and friend died. It is but just to say that Mr. Lemen's active energies were ever at work for the upbuilding of science in the school. He was most active in the organization and support of the school chapter of the Agassiz Association, and was largely instrumental in creating the degree of interest in science which has characterized the school. He was succeeded by Mr. George W. Martin, who has built up a laboratory which is accredited among the best in the West for biological work.

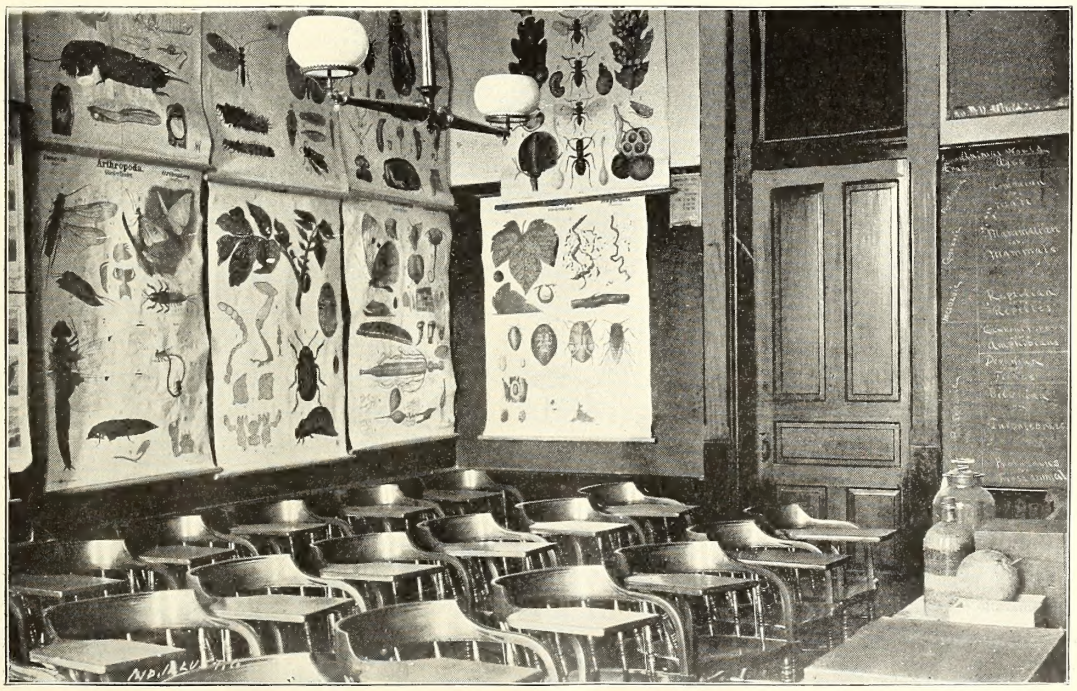
Some experimental work in physics was undertaken by various teachers, but the first permanent laboratory equipment was undertaken by Mr. M. E Crowell, in 1891. Course I. was equipped and in successful operation during 1892 and 1893, when an additional laboratory for Course II. was begun. Before this laboratory was completed, Mr. Crowell left the school to engage in the manufacture of physical apparatus, and Mr. John LaMay took his place. The entire department now occupies two large laboratory rooms, one lecture room, and four smaller rooms for shop and storage facilities.

The grade of work in the various departments of science instruction has been steadily raised until their excellence has attracted widespread and deserved attention from educational institutions of every class.

Further evidence of the rapid development of science in the school may be found in a comparison of the teaching force in 1889 with that at present engaged. In 1889, there were two science teachers and no assistants; at present, there are four instructors and four assistants whose entire time is employed in carrying on the work of the departments

In conclusion, it may be stated that the development of science teaching in the High School has kept pace with educational progress, and may well be contemplated with satisfaction by teachers and the public. G. W. B.

BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY. GEO. W. MARTIN, HEAD OF DEPARTMENT.



GEOLOGY "QUIZ" ROOM. GEO. W. MARTIN, HEAD OF DEPARTMENT.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

Published Each Year, in the Interests of the Indianapolis High School, by the Members of the Senior Class.

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JUNE.

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THOMAS VICTOR KEENE, - - BUSINESS MANAGER.

WE are here to present the compliments of the Annual of '98, and incidentally to inform you that it has arrived under full sail after a peaceful passage. This much you may have gathered from the preceding pages or, perhaps, from the cover, but this editorial has been stereotyped for many years, and it is a part of the Annual which we feel it would be a sacrilege to remove. However, we are highly gratified that we are enabled to follow still further our predecessors by placing the announcement in this column where it will never be read.

We do not feel that the Annual is destined to enlighten the entire world in regard to our school life. Our circulation is of necessity limited to our own circle of interested friends. We can not quietly rest assured that we are of sufficient importance to interest the National Board of Education. We can not even predict with any certainty that our Annual will be the model for all literary productions henceforth. We may be censured for this pessimistic view, for we have often heard it said, "Not failure, but low aim, is crime." Surely it is possible to aim so high that the arrow will fall back upon the archer's head amid a cloudburst of conceit.

Although we put beyond our reach many things which other Annual editors have striven for, there is one thing that we feel we may lay claim to with a clear conscience and the assurance of earnest effort—originality. We have not plagiarized; we have not borrowed; we have not stolen. Give us this credit, and we ask no more. Other merits we hope we have; you are free to award or withhold them; of this we are sure. May it commend to you the '98 Annual.

WHAT has made the Indianapolis High School so successful? First, its curriculum gives it an advantage over other schools. For most schools have prescribed two or more distinct courses of study, one of which must be chosen by the pupil on entering. This matter is not always decided rightly, as the pupil may not be sure as to which he prefers. But once having chosen, he must continue in that course or lose credit for all the subjects completed in that course. How sad to think of a born Latin scholar for four years solving equations and watching natural phenomena, or of a mathematical genius vainly endeavoring to untangle the mysteries of Greek and Latin sentences! This mistake has been avoided in our High School. An opportunity is given for a varied course, which may include mathematics, history, natural sciences, classics and modern languages, psychology and art. The studies required are the rudiments of a good education. And those which are elective may be chosen according to the taste of the scholar. This method resembles that of colleges, and by this practice we are prepared to enter upon study carried on by the same method, only in a higher field.

Then also the I. H. S. student is given greater freedom than is ordinarily the case. He is put upon his honor, and rarely does any misdemeanor occur. There are few schools that could send a delegation of 360 to a contest and return with its reputation for good discipline and courtesy unblemished. The Richmond contest surely reflects creditably upon our teachers and institution. We have spirit, plenty of it, but it finds vent in more honorable ways than by playing upon teachers and students such pranks as often occur in other schools. The visitor at the I. H. S. may find assembled various organizations—the Senate, the Mandolin Club, the Athletic, Nation's Birthday, and Oratorical Association. But the prevailing element is one of peace, not of disorder, since each one remembers that he is but a unit of the whole—one member of a large institution.

It is thought that between the ages of twelve and eighteen, many of the habits of life are formed. So it is that here we first form those ideals which guide us afterwards and prove fresh inspirations as the years pass by. We have seen the wondrous beauties of the realm of knowledge. We have wandered with Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, and Lowell, America's bards; and with Tennyson we

> "Dipt into the future far as human eye can see,
> Saw the vision of the world and all the wonders that would be."

We have become acquainted with Carlyle and Bacon, Milton and Shakespeare. To the graduate who now goes out into the world, these will prove a guide, a solace and a comfort. As Cicero says, "Studies strengthen youth, they delight old age, they ornament prosperity, and offer a refuge and solace in adversity, they are pleasing at home, are not in the way out of doors, they stay through the night with us, they go abroad, they dwell in the country." The standard they hold up to us is lofty, but the four years now passed will aid us in attaining it. And when, as loyal American citizens, we, the members of '98, shall mingle with the world, no friend will seem nearer, no memory dearer than the I. H. S.

FOR the past twelve weeks, High School recitations have been conducted amid the discordant clashing of hammers, the buzzing of saws, and the sonorous voices of workmen; amid the pungent odors of paint, oil and varnish, and in air white with lime dust. Every week we earnestly hoped would see the completion of the work, but every week saw something new begun. The only consolation the students could find in the disturbing din was the fact that the midwinter *exams* were abolished on account of it. We expected to celebrate the last touches of the workmen by a reception to be given in the remodeled hall, but, alas! in this we were disappointed, at least in so far as the place was concerned.

But now at last the work is finished, inharmonious noises have ceased, and peace and order reign once more. The dark corridors with their dingy walls and their narrow and homely wooden stairways have been transformed into beautiful, light, open halls, whose sides are delicately colored with pale yellow and gray tints. A magnificent broad iron stairway has been erected in the middle of one wall in the corridor. Its firm oak steps and tiled landing, its iron banisters, and above all, the beautiful plate glass window behind it, make it a delight to the eye Even the basement has been made beautiful, and is particularly attractive because of the large and convenient wheel rooms especially easy of access.

Notwithstanding the many annoyances caused by having the improvements made during school hours, the students feel fully repaid for all their inconveniences by the resulting beauty and attractiveness of the building. We now cordially invite strangers and friends to inspect, admire, and praise.

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began
From harmony to harmony.
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man."

MUSIC was the first sound heard in the creation, when the morning stars sang together. It was the first sound heard at the birth of Christ, when the angels sang together above the plains of Bethlehem. It is the universal language which appeals to the universal heart of man.

Music is not only an art but an exact science, and, in its highest form, logical and mathematical. The imagination does not have a free flight, but is held within the bounds of form. The mere possession of a poetical imagination and the capacity to receive music in its fullest emotional power will not lead one to the highest achievement in musical art. With these subjective qualities must be combined the mastery of the theoretical intricacies and the mathematical problems which are the foundation principles of music.

As the world has advanced, man has learned the true value of music. It is the interpreter and language of the emotions. It strikes every note in the gamut of human nature, from ecstatic joy to deep despair. It inspires, elevates, cheers, saddens and soothes the soul as no other one of the arts can. It gives voice to love, lends glory to every art, and performs its loftiest task as the "handmaiden of religion." So in our public schools to-day, music is one of the most important branches taught. This study

seems to be such an aid to boys and girls that even in our high schools it is practiced. In our own I. H. S. for forty five minutes in each week (alas! how quickly they speed past) our school is flooded with a melody of music. This is to many of us a happy respite from the daily routine of school work and an encouragement for more zeal in our studies. Then, too, in nearly all our session rooms are seen pianos, and many pleasant moments are spent in listening to the talent of outsiders, as well as to that of members of the school. Music comes to us as a balm, a rest, or a solace among our pleasures and our sorrows:

> "Music the fiercest grief can charm,
> And fate's severest rage disarm;
> Music can soften pain to ease,
> And make despair and madness please."

Its sound influences men; it makes them long for nobler things; it recalls to their memory that there is a Divine Creator who watches over all. Its thrill pervades all nature—in the hum of the tiniest insect, in the top of the wind-tossed pines, in the solemn diapason of ocean. And there must come a time when it will be the only suggestion left of our nature and creation, since it alone, of all things on earth, is known in heaven. The human soul and music alone are eternal.

THE sounds of war's alarms ring through the land once more. Standing on the brink of the future, with History's scribes prepared to write, we face the crisis. We stand prepared, nerved by the consciousness that it is an American principle for which we fight, the eternal principle of humanity. This is no war of conquest, of revenge or spite, but one urged by God's mandates. War is a process of terrible moment. It is a drama of climaxes. Rapid and fierce are its tests of national character. The strain and lashings of events bend and rack, but can not break the spirit of American patriotism. The youth of to-day, soothed by the chimes of peace, dares to spring forth at the same fierce bugle call that summoned his father to the strife in '61. The sire, now bent and worn from that dread conflict, realizing the meaning of war's awful portent, at the call of duty and humanity, sends forth his son to "do and die for the eternal right." He does it with the knowledge, too, that the son who leaves him as a boy will return, if at all, a man. War exerts its influence intensively on the character of men. Years crowd into a month, a lifetime into a year. Changes multiply with lightning swiftness; experience increases; events overwhelm in one grand sweep beyond the power of human means to check. In the midst of this turmoil, youths learn to live as men. They learn to live as men for good or bad, according to the influences they acknowledge as their own. Here, indeed, the child is father to the man, and

> "The soul that can render an honest and a perfect man,
> Commands all light, all influence, all fate,"

while that which abstracts but the dross from life will live and die ingloriously—a failure.

But whatever trials may come, one emblem there is that should inspire the patriot—the national flag. The flag

> " Of three bright colors, each divine,
> And fit for that celestial sign,
> For Freedom's hands had blended them
> Like tints in an immortal gem.
>
> " One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes,
> One the blue depths of seraph's eyes,
> One the pure spirit's veil of white
> Had robed in radiance of its light;
> The three, so mingled, did beseem
> The texture of a heavenly dream."

Aye! a dream indeed—a dream of freedom accomplished; of civilization realized; of the martyred heroes' hopes fulfilled. Patron of peace for happiness; deity of war for righteousness, let it wave. Personifying the law enforced; signifying right accomplished, it is the emblem of a new humanity. Within its stripes enfolded we see the millions bound as one. Races disappear, geographical lines vanish, and in the inspiration of its presence we applaud the sentiment "Our Country!"

WE have completed our High School life. For four years during the crucial moments of the formative period of our existence, we have worked and lived subject to such influence as the school might have upon us. As post-graduates and seniors, we certainly have some opinion of the methods pursued within the school. This is surely to be commended. Very poor pupils indeed, we think, would we have been if we had formed no individual ideas of the propriety or expediency of the events occurring about us. The intelligent pupil sees a side of school life which the teacher is unable to observe, but it should be considered the duty of the pupil, and especially of the senior, to make apparent such things as in his mind are necessary for the teacher to know. The teachers should encourage this attitude; they should not consider honest criticism as hostile or impudent; they know each pupil individually and should be able to estimate correctly the weight of his utterance. Every pupil should feel that he has a place in the mind of his teacher, and be made to know that an especial interest is taken in his welfare. The timid should be encouraged, not ignored. It is the duty of the teacher to discover ability as well as develop it. No pupil should be extravagantly arrogated above his fellows; the intelligent and talented pupil is able, with a certain amount of good, wholesome advice, to take care of himself; the object should be to teach the dull or careless ones to be intelligent and diligent; and to advise the intelligent and energetic ones as to the best means of attaining their desires.

This is one important point merely indicated in passing. There is another which it was our original purpose to mention.

This High School, noted the land over, contains about one thousand students. Unlike college students, they all live in the same city. But it is rather strange to note how many pupils there are who are unacquainted with their school-mates. A pupil of the morning meets a pupil of the afternoon as a perfect stranger; a member of Room A goes into Room F and he feels as though he were in China. There is not enough mingling. Pupils come and go without the least idea who many of their room-mates are. This is not right; it is not the proper spirit to encourage among the pupils. There is something else besides acquiring a reputation among colleges, based on the work of a comparatively small number of "show" pupils. There should be some social life among the students. The senior receptions are supposed to answer this purpose. This they do, in a way, but why compel a pupil to wait until he is a senior before he is allowed to engage in any social functions whatever? Why wait until he is ready to graduate before he is permitted to become acquainted with his school-mates? There is no sensible reason for this so far as we have been able to learn. One of the editors noted with considerable surprise on the trip to Richmond how many H. S. people there were with whom he was unacquainted, and he has had every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the H. S. students.

Now, we respectfully suggest that those in authority make it a practice of allowing the school to give a reception, in some form or other, once a term, in addition to the regular senior reception. This is done successfully in other schools, and contributes much to heighten the school spirit and loyalty of the students. These functions need not always take the same form, and the matter of how, and by whom, can be decided according to such suggestions as may be made. The ANNUAL advocates this plan, the classes of '98 advocate it, and many members of the school, both undergraduates and alumni, do likewise. Let this idea be encouraged; let it be thoroughly and fairly discussed, and then let action be taken. Immense benefit would surely accrue; interest in athletics, oratory, and all other school institutions would be stimulated; and at the end of school life, the graduate would look back on a time much happier and more beneficially spent.

THE ANNUAL extends its thanks to Miss Selleck and the members of her art classes who contributed so much to the artistic success of this year's issue. The ANNUAL congratulates itself and the school on being able to get this work done wholly within the school. We hope that in future years, the practice will be continued and that Miss Selleck's aid and advice will be as thoroughly relied on and appreciated as has been the case with us.

ORGANIZATIONS

MUSIC

ART

ATHLETICS ORATORY

THE CINCH CLUB.

THE Cinch Club is an organization of recent growth. The idea of forming such a club originated in the fertile imagination of John Craig. The idea was very favorably received, and soon there were scores of applicants for admission to the club. After due consideration and a great deal of wrangling, it was decided, for the welfare of the club, that no girls be admitted within its folds. At first enthusiasm was lacking, and when the first meeting was held the required number was not present, owing to the fact that some of the boys' mammas objected to their going out alone in the night. (*These boys were members of the '99 class.*) Nevertheless there were but two vacancies. At this meeting Major Downing was elected President, and Alan Williams, Secretary.

The club was a great rain producer. If any one contemplated giving a party or other social event on our meeting night we were always requested to defer our meeting till another time. Such was our fame, for it rained every meeting night of the club except one.

A small prize was given at each meeting, and to the person having the largest number of games to his credit at the end of the season a larger prize will be given. A small consolation pr ze is given to the person who wins the least number of games. Waite Colgan has the the cleanest record, as he came out with an undefaced tally card one evening, having failed to win a game. Keene is entitled to "honorable mention" in this line. The propensities of some of the members to handle the "pasteboards" have been wonderfully developed, and the club stands ready to meet all competitors.

After success had been assured to the organization, applications for membership became as plentiful as "Spanish victories according to official reports." Many came, but few were chosen. At each meeting the club is tortured by the musical attempts of two members, Houser and Downing. Occasionally Keene and Craig perform for the club, but they are such high-salaried artists that their engagements are few and far between. There have been some exciting times and very close finishes. Suddenly the midnight stillness is broken by Joe Hall, who bids "twelve" on "four queens." But the best (?) player of all is Fletcher Wagner. He bid "eleven" one night on the "jack, eight spot and low." He said, "I counted on my partner's having the ace, king, queen and ten spot."

At one of the meetings the club was thrown into consternation by the appearance of two Kentucky belles at the home of Max Graves, but the members, rallying under the more experienced leaders, Messrs, Downing and Keene, passed the evening without any serious mishaps.

When it became known, at the time of organization, that girls were to be denied admission, there were numerous predictions that the club would come to a speedy and tragic death; but, contrary to all expectations, the Cinch Club has flourished and is rapidly becoming a power in the High School. We, as the officers, hope that the "under classes" will follow our illustrious example and make this a permanent and *masculine* organization.

M. A. D.
A. W.

THE SENATE.

THE Senate chamber, rich in historic memories, and embellished by works of art, contains the elements which inspire awe and encourage to sublime effort. Lincoln's sweet face looks sadly down upon frequent scenes of wildest confusion, compared with which those of the ante-bellum

days were but as evening mist to a cloudburst. Garfield is there, too, and between the two martyr presidents is the immortal image of old John Brown—all martyrs—looking down with appreciative sympathy upon that other martyr, Miss Laura Donnan, doomed to listen to the classic outbursts of silver tongues and roaring *Torrence.* As the evening shades draw on and the gas is lit by some discourteous janitor standing sacrilegiously upon the desk of some proud Senator, the chamber becomes more cosy, and as the visitor reclines contentedly in his hard-back desk, and surveys with calmness the site of hard-fought battles, his eyes rest upon the picture of "Chillon's gray walls." Oh, dark, prophetic picture! Mingling of the tragic and romantic! How appropriate for such a place! For, dear reader, know that within these walls many an ambition has had a tragic close; and at least *one* combination, a romantic background. But hush! The orators have entered the arena! Posterity demands that I begin my task.

The Senate chamber is as silent as the tomb. With dignified but determined carriage, a Senator of serpentine grace has risen in the rear and glides rapidly toward the front, darting his small, cold eyes like one expecting an attack. His face is all aglow, his cheeks red as the hectic brilliancy of some dire disease. His lips tremble; the ashy hue of awful passion spreads over his features, and he fairly spits out his words, with no pause between volleys. In a brief five minutes, he denounces the world, renounces mankind, and pronounces sentence of destruction upon this sleepy world, unable to fathom the depths of his French philosophy. His voice rises and falls dismally like the moaning of the wind on a winter's night. His logic flavors of Irish Hill and his figures sometimes rise to that dignity. With a closing curse upon all opponents, he takes his seat amid applause from literary connoisseurs and laughter from the practical. Such is Pax. P. Hibben.

George Langsdale has a bad name, and sustains his reputation. He is tall and slender, like a cornstalk in October. He is beautifully liberal with his gestures. Have you ever seen a scarecrow in a cherry grove, with sleeves outstretched, but too long for the wooden arms waving wildly in the breeze like those of a convivial gallant in the tender hours of dawn? Well, that is Langsdale. His gestures remind one of a corkscrew in a whirlpool. He is as unique as Choate ever was, and in language he is as precise.

When not engaged with thirteen-year-old visitors (for this grave lawmaker is very fond of young children) *Victor Keene*, small but bouncing like mamma's little man, bobs up and dreamily says his little piece. Invariably the following lines are conjured up in the memory of the auditor:

"There was a little man, and he had a little voice,
And he said: 'Little voice let us try, try, try,
Whether its within our reach, to make up a little speech
Just between you and little I.'"

Political enemies declare that he is advance agent for Mme. Yale, but pish, that's a lie, of course. No; I would not utter a word against him, for he is a valiant warrior and has often smelt *powder.*

Childe Harold Jones is tall, slender, erect as the pines of his beloved South, precise as discipline, and fair as Apollo. His hair, when roached back, reveals a classic brow. But look! What is that charming thing in his cheek resembling the indentation of an angel's fist? Why, his dimple, of course; his *dimple, his* dimple. He spends most of his time in pruning his famous laugh down to human proportions. Oh, may he succeed!

Helen Werbe reminds one, in many respects, of Du Maurier's Trilby—personal

characteristics and subserviency to another's whim. Yet there is a decisive difference. You will remember that poor Trilby, while under the horrid spell of the wretched Svengali, sent forth upon the trembling air melodies of superhuman beauty. But H. W.'s Svengali has awed his victim into dread silence. Oh, may the spell be broken, that we may once again hear her emphatic intonation in the high arena of debate.

Fletcher Wagner is a pessimist, and a dealer in studied wit. Like his fellow-countryman, Carl Schurz, he relies mostly on manuscript. It would be impossible to describe physically one so small with a pen so coarse. While speaking, an infantine smile plays hide-and-go-seek upon his lips. He is a dangerous adversary when not connected with a machine—the machine hides him. "A word to the wise," you know.

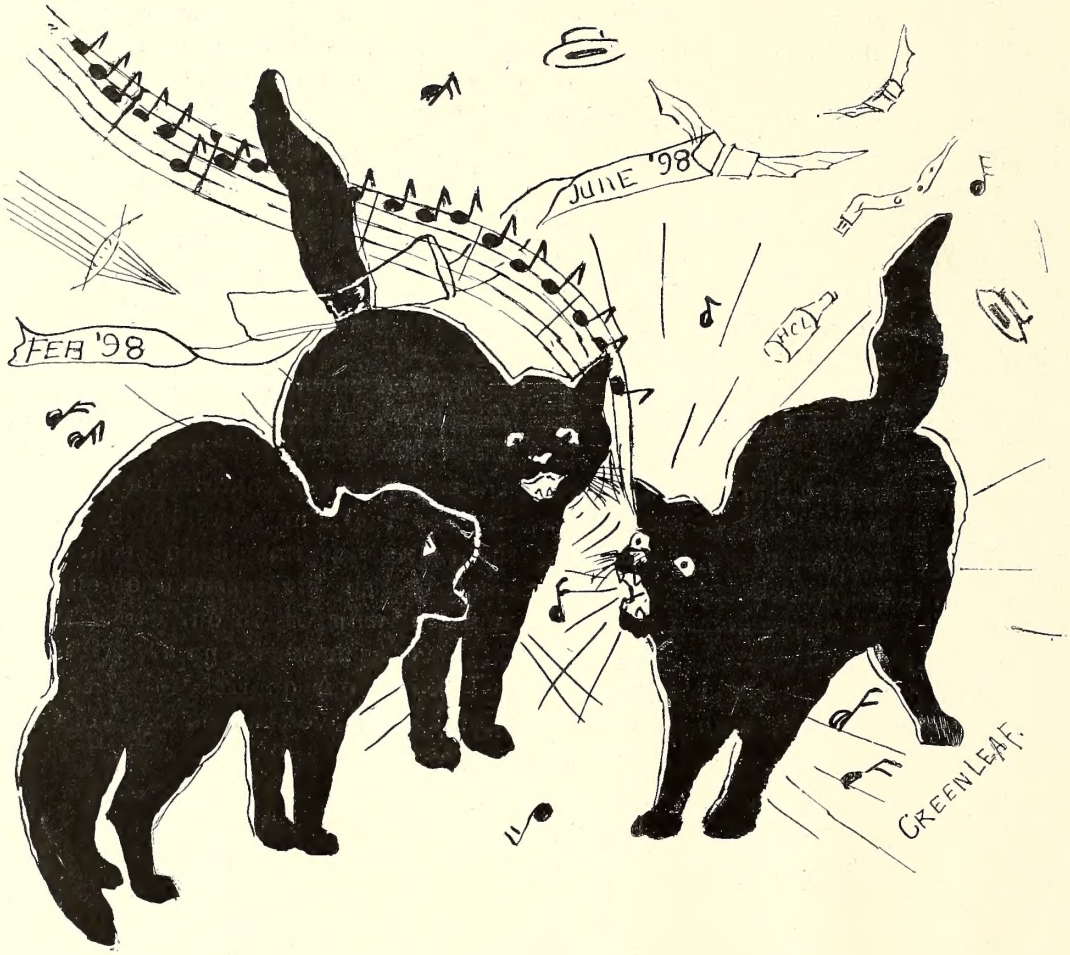
Take up your rare old art portfolio and find an oriental type—jet black hair, dark, queenly, mirthful eyes, and an independent air that woos the summer breezes and sniffs with pride the air of freedom, and write beneath it Myla Jo Closser. (Ahem! very good.) Her greatest fault is in getting the histrionic art confounded with the oratorical; in mixing logic with Keats. Lover of the beautiful, she is, however, fond of some *things* that are not *very* beautiful.

But hark! Out from the Democratic corner tremble the passionate words, "Liberty, equality, fraternity." We look about in alarm. There is the orator; a giant up, a pigmy across. With the mind of a Marat, the voice of a Mirabeau, the passion of a Danton, he shrieks out: "The Trilby feet of Capital are on the slender neck of Labor." His long, angular arms strike out wildly, his face is contorted, his eyes blaze. Ha! good for Frank William Spencer.

> "His health! I would there lived
> Some more of such a frame,
> That life might be all poetry
> And weariness—a name."

The writer would not bear a pen picture himself. There are some people beyond the expression of art. The writer is one.

Long live the Senate! Here the heart expands, the mind soars, laughter sits enthroned, gaudy imagination comes down from ethereal heights, sits upon our shoulders and whispers in our ears. Here we fathom one another's natures, love, fight, and drown our quarrels in mirth's sweet pool. Long live the Senate. C. G. B.


JUNE '98
FEB '98
GREENLEAF.

THE HIGH SCHOOL MANDOLIN CLUB.

THE Mandolin Club is now in the second year of its existence. It has had a varied and interesting career. It has long been noted for its exclusiveness, and is known as an "all star" combination. Many new features have been added to the club this year.

Rehearsals are held once a week, on Wednesday afternoon. After an hour's hard practice, the "girl members" of the club are dismissed and the boys, locking the doors, give a vaudeville entertainment under the inspiring tune of "The Midway." It is here that "Pete" Newcomb shines in stellar glory. Oh! If Apollo and Diana could only talk, what stories they would tell.

There are two clubs in the school; one a club composed wholly of boys, and another club composed of boys and girls. Late in February the boys of the boys and girls' club united with the boys' club and formed a new club. This club went to Richmond to attend the Oratorical contest. It was composed of twenty-five boys. Its repertoire was varied, but it scored the biggest triumph when it played the popular marches of Sousa.

The club at present consists of:

J. Ray Newcomb	First Mandolin.
John Craig	First Mandolin.
Noble Dean	First Mandolin.
Major Downing	First Mandolin.
Walter Bond	Second Mandolin.
G. Hines Share	Second Mandolin.
Paxton Pluto Hibben	Second Mandolin.
Will Craig	Guitar.
Charles Wilson	Guitar.
Charles Sullivan	Guitar.
John Day	Guitar.
Claude McGinnis	Guitar.
Elmer Eckhouse	Flute.
Blaine Miller	Viola.
John Pierson	Cello.
Arnold Spencer	Piano.
Victor Keene	Leader.

IOLANTHE.

TO the long list of red-letter days in the annals of the Indianapolis High School must be added February 25–26, 1898. The dates were made memorable by the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "Iolanthe," at the Grand Opera House, by sixty High School and Training School pupils. Much of the success of the production was due to Mrs. Perle Wilkinson, under whose direction the opera was produced. She was particularly well qualified to direct the production, from her experience in England with Gilbert and Sullivan in the production of their operas. Much praise is also due to the chorus of fifty High School students. This chorus was drilled for many months before the production of the opera.

Competent critics have said that the pupils exhibited unusual excellence in their dramatic work and in their vocalization, and that the balance in harmonics was remarkable. The presentation was a revelation to musical people of what High School students were capable of doing, and it reflected great credit upon our school and Mrs. Wilkinson.

Although all the members of the cast sang and acted their parts in an artistic and creditable manner, Arnold F. Spencer carried off the honors. His "local hits" were greatly enjoyed and frequently encored His voice is full and resonant. He took the trying role of Lord Chancellor and acted it in a very creditable manner. Miss Attia Malott, as the fairy Celia, sang her part well.

The opera abounds in many amusing complications, which render it very sparkling and vivacious.

M. DENNIS

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

MARCH 25, the day of the long expected contest, dawned clear and bright. The clouds, which had for three days shut out the sun from view, had disappeared in the night, bringing joy to more than one H. S. pupil.

Suppressed excitement was manifest all the morning. Lessons were gotten through with as easily as possible, and long before noon, all those who were going to Richmond had gone home to prepare for the trip. By 1 o'clock, the crowd began to gather at the Union Station, and in a short time filled the whole building, crowding out every one else, while we made the place ring with our oft-repeated "yells." As soon as the gates were opened, we swarmed into the train, which was quickly filled.

Who will ever forget that trip? Never was there a happier, jollier crowd gathered together. Every one seemed to realize that such an opportunity would not occur again soon and was making the most of it. Old friends collected in small groups, or went marching through the train making new acquaintances.

The Mandolin Club seized the rear coach. Here they entertained their friends, and, judging from the noise they made, all in that car at least enjoyed themselves. At each stopping place the whole crowd "piled off" the train to awaken the natives along the way, and let them know who we were. In this we succeeded, as their anxious and astonished looks fully showed.

All good things have an end, however, and so with our picnic. Richmond was soon reached, and the excitement increased until it was at fever heat. All Richmond was there to meet us. The news of our coming had spread, and the whole town had turned out to see our arrival. Cohen soon collected the Indianapolis crowd, and under his leadership the yelling began with a mighty "We've come to make the Quakers shake — we've come to make the Shakers quake," and "Indianapolis, rah, rah, rah."

After sufficiently introducing ourselves to the assembled crowd, we started for the Westcott, where we again explained to the accompanying multitudes who we were and the object of our visit. Then we separated, in search of food and amusement. The Westcott, with its decorations in the colors of the different schools, was the center of attraction. Here, in the parlors, all assembled, and until dinner time the different delegations mingled, exchanging greetings and making friends.

Promptly at 7 o'clock, Cohen gathered his legion of rooters in front of the hotel, and the march was begun to the "Bradley Opera House," the scene of our victory and of Richmond's Waterloo.

Fifteen minutes after the doors were opened, the opera-house was packed to the utmost. Fully 1,500 people were crowded into the place, every seat was filled, and a great number stood in the aisles and along the walls during the entire evening.

Who could describe that scene? The bright and happy young faces; the gay dresses and flying colors; the air of confidence noticeable in each delegation, born of their confidence in their speaker, and, above all, the noise, that noise "which needeth no repetition."

On the first floor, Indianapolis occupied two of the sections, while Portland, Plainfield and South Bend were seated in the third. The balcony was given over exclusively to the Richmond H. S., and outsiders found seats where they could, or stood in the aisles.

Four hundred strong, the Indianapolis crowd marched in, and waited quietly until the "carnation-faced youth" gave

the signal, and then, with a mighty Niagara-like roar, burst forth with a tremendous, "Injun! Injun! Injunap!" that fairly shook the building. This "awful noise" was clearly a surprise to the other schools, as their thunderstruck looks clearly betrayed. But, gradually recovering themselves, they began, in their feeble way, to indicate where they sat and for whom they were cheering. But the efforts of all, even of the Richmond crowd, which was as large as ours, were unavailing until the Portland City Band, in a moment of comparative quiet, came to the rescue of the mute sufferers by "blaring" out such popular tunes as, "A Hot Time," "All Coons Look Alike to Me," etc. Indianapolis, however, refused to yield, even to this brazen enemy, and the contest continued "hot and heavy" until the curtain "went up."

Then, up went the curtain, and with a last mighty shout of welcome and anticipated triumph, in which all joined, the whole crowd settled down to listen to the contest, suppressing their enthusiasm, which hope and fear, contending for the mastery of their feelings, rendered less difficult.

First came Mr. Sherlocke, of Madison, who spoke on "Cuban Independence." He was followed by Bowers. Our Bowers! Bowers the Incomparable! Bowers the Mighty! Bowers the Personification of Eloquence, with "Hamilton, the Constructionist" for his subject. There was an air of general expectancy as he stepped to the front, and all, even Richmond, listened attentively to every word he said. When he began, it was evident from their actions that, while they feared him most, Richmond anticipated no difficulty in defeating him, for they knew Miss Hollingsworth's ability, and their confidence was but the natural consequence of their knowledge. But, as he continued, they became alarmed, and this feeling became more and more manifest, until, by the time he finished, all hope of winning had left them, and even the most sanguine of her supporters acknowledged, by their downcast faces and dejected manner, that they realized that Miss Hollingsworth had met her superior in the "pale, slight youth" from Indianapolis. While the Richmond H. S. Orchestra was playing, however, and during the speech of Miss Green, of Plainfield, on "Death, a Punishment for Crime," they recovered their nerve, if not their confidence, and the ovation with which they greeted their orator was the greatest of the evening. Every one, friend and foe alike, joined in this demonstration, and well was it deserved, for only once has her effort been excelled, and it will probably never again be beaten. Under ordinary circumstances, such an oration, with such perfect delivery, could be counted upon for an easy victory. It was easy to see why Richmond was so confident.

The I. H. S. Mandolin Club then played, and judging by the applause, made a great "hit." For an encore, they gave their famous medley ending with our well known song:

"Oh, you must be a member of the I. H. S.,
Or you couldn't win a contest if you'd try."

The whole Indianapolis crowd joined in the song with a spirit that fairly disgusted our rival rooters.

The last two speakers were Mr. Jellison, of Portland, and Mr. Locke, of South Bend. They spoke on "The Dangers of Vast Fortunes" and "The Worship of Mammon," respectively. While we were waiting for the judges' decision, the yelling was resumed with renewed force and vigor. This time Richmond and Indianapolis were the particular contestants, and the struggle became hotter and hotter until our boys in their enthusiasm climbed up onto the stage, over chairs, piano, music racks and footlights, with a zeal that nothing could stop.

An attempt was made to ring down the curtain on them, but it was abandoned, and the boys held the position in triumph.

At this moment, the decision of the judges was returned, and all quickly took their seats to hear the verdict which they had already guessed. The decision gave Indianapolis first place, Richmond second, and South Bend third.

'Twas a mighty shout with which we greeted the announcement of our victory. Indianapolis was yelling in earnest now. For ten minutes it was kept up, then all turned out into the street and made for the Westcott, heralding our victory far and near. All Richmond was in darkness, but the beaming countenances of the smiling Indianapolitans rendered other illuminations unnecessary. At the Westcott, an informal reception was held, with speeches by Bowers, Cohen, Prof. Dotey and others, with cheers for every one and everything in sight. At twelve o'clock, part of the crowd left for home, but the rest stayed at the hotel and made the night hideous until two o'clock. In fact, there was little sleep for any one that night. In the morning, the jollification continued, and until our departure, little was heard besides Indianapolis yells. On the way home, the same course was pursued, and few are the persons along the road from Richmond to Indianapolis who did not know that the I. H. S. was out on a holiday lark that day.

Too much can not be said in praise of our entertainment at Richmond. There was not a single occurrence to mar the pleasure, and if any one failed to enjoy himself, it was his own fault. We have only praise for the magnificent way in which we were treated. And so, with just pride in our past triumphs and bright hopes for the future, let us all say "Long live the Oratorical Association."

F. W. S.

THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY ASSOCIATION.

THIS comparatively recent organization of our school is now in its third year, and has thus far successfully performed its function as a promoter of patriotic principles. We propose that the old-time spirit of patriotism, which characterized our forefathers in their struggle for political freedom, shall be preserved in ours and succeeding generations which will live to enjoy the privileges of free government and independent thought. We believe a like organization in every High School would be productive of the highest good, as it would help to establish in the mind of the student the great fact that he is an American citizen and a subject of the greatest government of history. If it be true, and we have no reason to doubt it, that in the public schools will be found the future bulwark of the nation, it is certainly of the utmost importance that in them the fires of patriotism be kept burning.

The main provision of the constitution of the Association is one requiring that a public celebration, patriotic in nature, be given annually, and under supervision of the officers elected in the month of February preceding. In accordance with this provision, a celebration was given April 19, in Plymouth Church.

At the last regular election the following officers were elected:

President—Thos. A. Sims.
Vice-President—Julia C. Hobbs.
Secretary—Pax P. Hibben.
Treasurer—F. W. Spencer.

These officers, together with a committee of students, constituted the program committee. The committee asked and obtained the consent of Mr. John L. Griffiths to

speak for the Association on "Abraham Lincoln." However, a few days prior to the date of the engagement, he was called East by the death of his father. The committee then called upon Judge James B. Black, who kindly consented to fill the place of Mr. Griffiths, and deliver for us his address on "George Washington." A good audience greeted the speaker, and his references to the Cuban situat on were loudly applauded, especially his tribute to "old Maximo Gomez." The address was supplemented by various well-rendered musical numbers, in which Mrs. Dewhurst, a mandolin trio, Prof. Paul Bahr, and Mr. Cameron participated. Claude G. Bowers was given an ovation as he stepped to the platform to read the Declaration of Independence. Much gratification was expressed by the Association at this year's success, and, by its repeated efforts, it hopes to make the annual celebrations events of widespread interest.

T. A. S., '99.

THE ART DEPARTMENT.

WHILE the fame of the Art Department of the Indianapolis High School may not be so widespread as that of the other departments, its work ranks equal with, or even above, that of any other public school in the United States. Teachers of art all over the United States send for drawings made by pupils of our High School. The credit for bringing the work up to such a high standing is due almost entirely to our excellent teacher, Miss Selleck. A great part of Miss Selleck's success lies in her power to inspire her pupils with a true art spirit and a love for art.

The classes are growing larger every year, and the interest taken in the work is constantly increasing. This term there are six classes—four in the morning and two in the afternoon. The pupils are working in pencil and charcoal, and many excellent studies are made. Every Friday, a lecture on Composition in Art is given, and each pupil is requested to bring an illustration of the work discussed. The work as a whole is characterized by its freedom, strength, and individuality.

Those who are especially talented or interested in drawing, continue it beyond the regular course. They work in pencil, water colors, pen and ink, and charcoal. Every Monday and Thursday, they draw from life. These enthusiastic art students are not satisfied with working only during the school week, so, every Saturday evening, a life-class, which has the advantage of Mr. Stark's criticism with that of Miss Selleck, meets at High School, in the drawing rooms.

Last summer, during vacation, the Attic League, consisting of members of the drawing classes, met twice every week to draw from life and nature, and many interesting studies were made.

There are many people who have the idea that if they have no talent for drawing, it is a waste of time for them to study it. But this idea is a wrong one. Do pupils study art to become artists? If they do, they will be greatly disappointed, for I doubt whether three in all the drawing classes will ever become artists. Then why do they study art? They study it, not to learn how to draw, but for the influence it has upon their characters. Every person who studies art is enabled to judge and enjoy the works of true artists, and to love and enjoy the works of that queen of artists, Dame Nature. Only those who have banished this old, mistaken idea as to the real use of art, can recognize the true value of art.

AMY KOTHE, '98.

"THE LIFE CLASS."

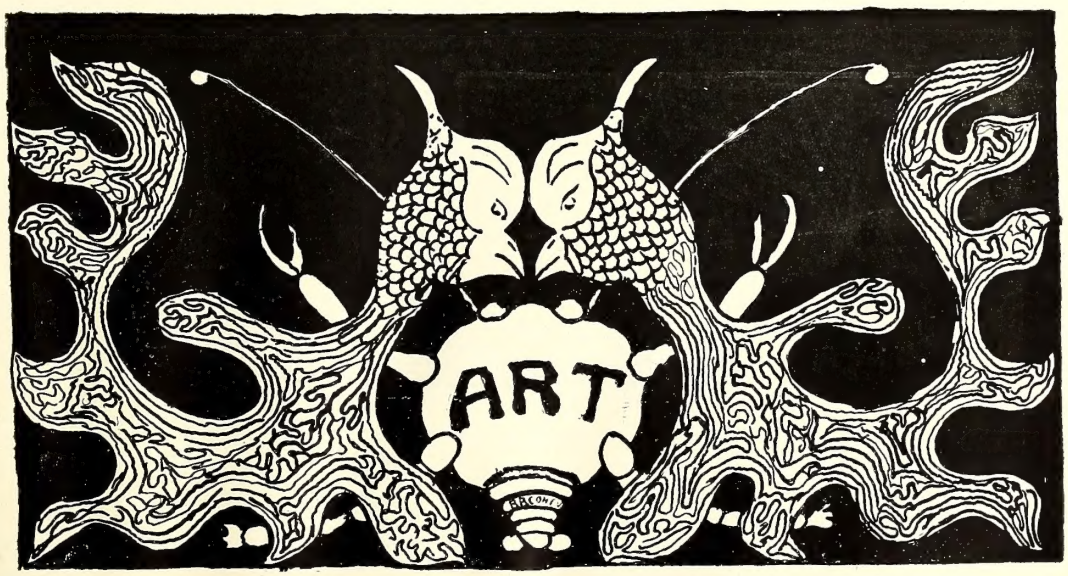
THE teacher, who criticises three times a week, poses the model to suit himself upon a high platform in the middle of the room and the students choose their own positions around him, but the nearest row must be at least two lengths distant from the model. Some draw in pencil, others in crayon, but the majority use charcoal, which is the best medium for this kind of work.

The class is composed largely of young men who work during the day, and whose only chance to do anything in this line is at night. They are quiet and work diligently while the model is posing, and have a good time during rests, but as soon as the model is in position again, everything is quiet and orderly, and no sound is heard except the scratching of the charcoal or an occasional word of criticism from the teacher, as he looks over the shoulder of a student.

Very few know how hard it is to get a good model, for posing is difficult work. Two things are needed in a successful model—a good form and endurance. A model without endurance is troublesome in the extreme, for it is necessary in that case to rest so often that very little can be accomplished in a pose. A good model can hold a comparatively easy position an hour, a difficult one half an hour.

Some day Indianapolis may be the art center of the West, as Mr. John Herron, dying three years ago, left an estate worth a quarter of a million to the Indianapolis Art Association. The proceeds of this estate will go entirely to the advancement of art in this city, and it is expected that, as a beginning, a building will be erected with part of it, which will be the home of art.

MARK DENNIS.



G Greenleaf.

PURITAN SUPPER.

THE PURITAN SUPPER was the logical consequence of the spirit of the classes of '98. It was typical of their industry and their originality, and a compliment to their generosity and gracious hospitality. The idea of a Puritan Supper as a substitute for a class play, which had been forbidden by the faculty, was suggested by the generous sympathy of Miss Donnan, and was the method adopted by the Senior classes of '98 to raise a fund for the traditional purpose of presenting the school with a work of art to serve as a memento of their existence as a class, and as an emblem of appreciation for a life's education well founded, and a life's endeavor auspiciously begun.

The evening of November 20th was one of rare pleasure. Old graduates of many years' standing, accustomed to consider the High School in a perfunctory manner, met with classmates once again, and, under the refreshing influence of those solid edibles which sustained their sturdy Puritan forefathers, graciously and gracefully tendered them by our bewitching Priscillas, experienced feelings of reverence and affection for the old school that had, perhaps, for many years lain dormant within them. Then the undergraduate of one year's standing here witnessed with astonishment, perhaps, but surely with delight, the full bloom of Seniordom.

Everybody had a good time. Everybody, from Prof. Aaron Isaac Dotey, who came with *one* of his best girls to "spend a dollar and have a good time," to use his own words, down to the sweet young thing in the ice-cream booth, who delightedly bewitched the dollar out of the said Aaron Isaac's pocket. The booths, tastefully arranged at the south end of the hall, were one constant attraction. There was the art booth, where one could purchase anything from a sweater to a prayer-book, and the candy and flower booths, laden with sweets and beauty. And Lady Prudence was there, but she belied her name, for she was outrageously extravagant with her charms that night, and caused many an imprudent youth to ponder seriously on the seductive wiles of beauty. Indeed, one not initiated into the mysteries of the fairy-like deftness of our class girls would hardly have imagined that only that morning this hall was occupied solely, and littered entirely, with cornstalks, which now are seen clustered so becomingly around the booths. It seemed as though every member of the H. S. was there, together with his "cousins, and his sisters, and his aunts," each enjoying himself in his own way. Miss "Isabel" Jones was there, all dimples and smiles, but, owing to the extreme modesty of her nature, she refused to don the Puritan garb, which would, undoubtedly, have made her the fairest of the fair. How sweet would Isabel have looked with a cute little Puritan bonnet encircling her demure, young face, and a tidy, white apron about her waist! The boys will never forgive her for her lack of nerve. However, she did try to do the right thing, and, under the title of "Deacon," she *unexpectedly* treated the whole crowd to cider. Bowers was there, too. He looked lost that night. Something was lacking from his happiness; we can't tell who she was. Sometimes he looked as though a hideous nightmare was following him. Perhaps she was. Poor boy!

Pax P— Hibben, of course, was not among the missing. On the contrary he was quite abundant. He was full of fire that night. One very dear to him (*eo tempore*)

was in dire distress. To the rescue he rushed with legions of money. The contest for the most popular girl was fierce and close. Hibben, the one lone martyr of a noble cause, fought on, fought on,

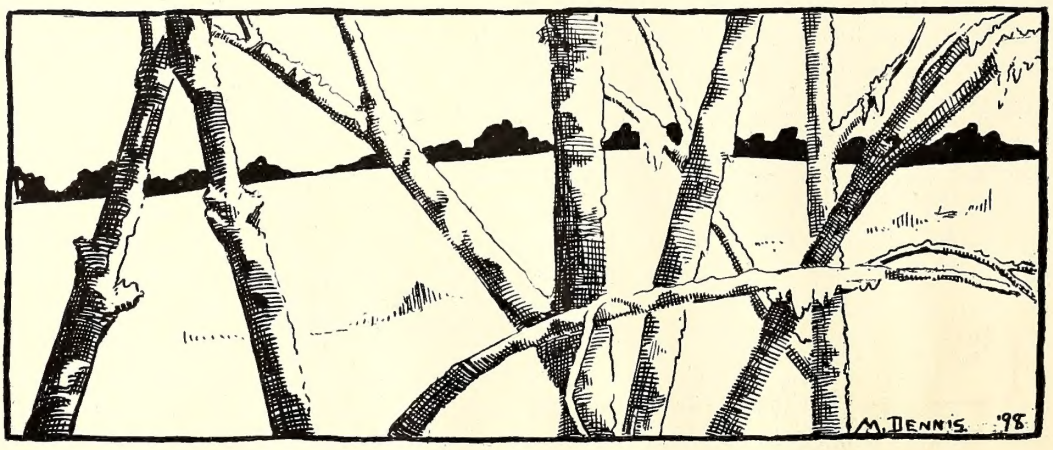
> Borrowing to right of him,
> Borrowing to left of him,

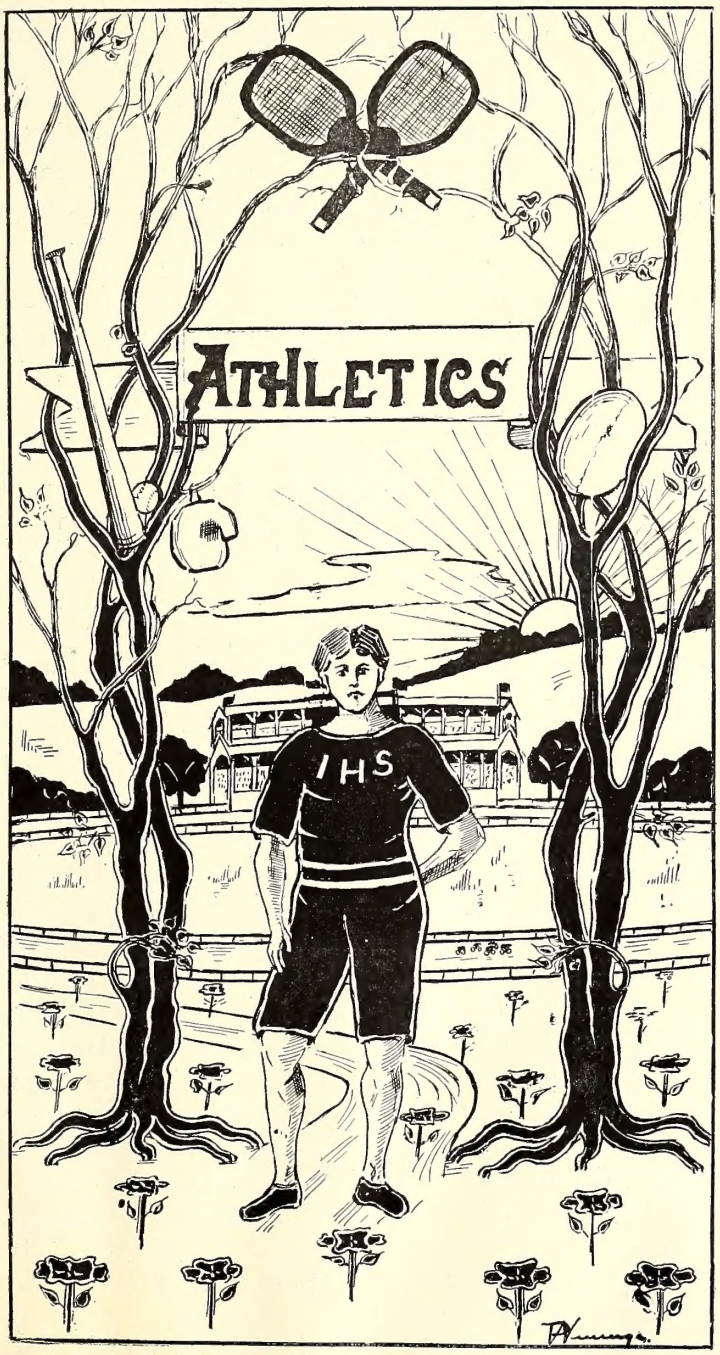
bulldozing his enemies, cajoling his friends — while all the girls wondered. At last his credit failed. His champion lost, and that night, as home he wended his weary way, we imagine that pie, turkey and Puritan maidens rested heavily on his despondent soul.

As the supper was the girls' affair, the boys of the class were simply guests. They were expected to wait until the "multitude" were served, like the "small boy of the family," you know. This proposition went against the stomachs and and the dignity of some of the boys, so early in the evening they appropriated a table and indulged in their old propensity of a regular banquet, with wine of words and honey of sentiments, ever and anon emphasized by Mr. Hufford's "Hurry up, hurry up, don't talk all night." After Torrence had eaten six pieces of pie, and Jesse Wall had drowned himself and his sorrows in a "flowing cup" (of coffee), they adjourned for the dance. The tables cleared away, we danced. "Amidst the maze of twinkling feet, inspired by music soft and sweet," we danced the night away. Then reminded by Eckhouse's despairing wail of "are you *all* done?" we ceased, and as we went home, lingering in our ears was the refrain of that good old banquet table song,

> O you must be a lover of a Puritan maiden,
> Or you won't get your second piece of pie.

G. J. L.





NEVER in the history of High School Athletics have the prospects of the association been more encouraging, or the indications for a successful season more auspicious at the opening of the season, than they were this Spring. The association has never been in a better condition financially than it is at present, the students have entered into the spirit of athletics with unusual vim and enthusiasm; progressive officers have been elected and competent committees appointed.

Hitherto, for some unexplainable reason, the Freshmen and Juniors have never taken a very active part in school athletics. It may have been because they felt that their inexperience and lack of confidence in their own powers handicapped them to such an extent that competition was worse than useless, or it may have been because they were not given any, or sufficient encouragement, by the older members of the association. Whatever the restrictions may have been, they have been eliminated this year; special events and handicap races having been put on the program for the special benefit of the younger students and every inducement has been given them to enter the contests. It will be well for the future of the association if they can be made to realize that from the Freshman and Junior ranks must come the athletes and champions of succeeding "Field Days"; and that it is their duty to maintain the honor and break the records of the I. H. S. Athletic Association.

C. L.

E. Eckhouse.....Manager.
O. Quizzer.....Catcher.
A. Whittridge.....Pitcher.
E. Bell.....First base.
F. Kelly.....Second base.
L. Anthony.....Short stop.
G. Kerr (Captain).....Third base.
H. Bosler.....Left field.
M. Talbot.....Center field.
F. Bronson.....Right field.

BASEBALL TEAM.

SHORTLY after the Athletic Association was organized last year, it was learned that the Industrial Training School wished to join with us in athletics. The committee which conferred with the Training School committee was unable to agree with them, so each school had independent field days and teams.

This year it was again learned that they desired to join with us in athletics. However, nothing was said about the matter in our Association, as last year we had been the ones to take the initiative, and had been coarsely treated by the I. T. S. The I. T. S. selected Mr. Kerr to represent them, and this gentleman appeared before the I. H. S. Association. He came with the suggestion that the two schools unite and form a good baseball team. His terms were, that the I. H. S. have the manager and the I. T. S. the captain of the team, each school to be responsible for one-half the expenses, and if there was any superfluous cash on hand at the end of the season it was to be equally divided between the two Associations. As these were the terms upon which the I. H. S. had tried to unite the two schools one year before, we accepted them. Elmer Eckhouse was elected manager from the I. H. S.

In looking over the material at hand, it was found that very few of the old players were in school, and among the new men there were no "phenoms." Baseball at I. H. S. for '98 seemed a failure. But I. T. S., our "ancient rivals," found themselves in much the same condition, so a consolidation of the two teams was very beneficial to both schools.

Players from both schools reported for preliminary practice, and after vigorous work for several days, Talbot, Anthony, Bosler, Bell and Kelly, from H. S., and Kerr, Bronson, Quizzer, Whittridge and Young of the T. S. were selected for the team. Kerr, of the T. S., was elected captain.

The first game was at DePauw University, where we were defeated by the score of 5 to 4. Then we played the Outings, the strongest team of semi-professional players in this city. Rain stopped the game in the eighth inning—score, Outings, 3; I. H. S. 3., They next met the Rivals and overwhelmingly defeated them by the score of 11 to 1. All the games yet played have been characterized by the terrific batting and brilliant fielding of the I. H. S.

The union has been a good one for all parties concerned, and we hope the day is not distant when we can have joint bicycle meets and field days. T. V. K.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OFFICERS.

President, Herbert Bosler.
Vice-President, Merrill Talbot.
Secretary, Maurice Shearer.
Treasurer, Prof. J. C. Trent.
Manager Football Team, Maurice Shearer.
Manager Baseball Team, Elmer Eckhouse.

CONSTITUTIONAL COMMITTEE:

Clyde H. Lowry, Harvey Crossland, Jim Davis.

H. Bozler.....Left End.
M. Talbot.....Right End.
O. Kettenback.....Left Tackle.
M. Shearer.....Right Tackle.
Obie Smith.....Left Guard.
Elmer Jordan.....Right Guard.
Ed. Hohn.....Center Rush.
R. Bell.....Right Half-back.
S. Eckman.....Left Half-back.
B. Coffin.....Quarter-back.
L. Green.....Full-back.

FOOTBALL TEAM.

THE I. H. S. put forth the best team this season that has represented it for several terms. The team was light, and this handicapped it somewhat. It was captained all season by Herbert Bosler. The team was coached by Prof. LaMay. He "brought out" the team from a disorganized mass to a very "effective unit." The team work was all that could be desired, speed being its great strength.

Its first game was against the Cincinnati High School. The day was hot and sultry, and was a very disagreeable one on which to play football. We were defeated by a score of 8 to 4. We made our touchdown in three minutes after the game commenced. The C. H. S. defeated us by relay work. In all, they played twenty-two men against us during the whole game. They failed to secure a touchdown in the first half, and played a fresh set of men against us in the second half. We soon lost the ball on downs and after that we never "saw the ball again."

We arranged to play a game with a team of Plainfield High School students. When we went to Plainfield the team we played against had four "*school boys*" (?) with mustaches, and one with a full *beard*. During the game, a young boy about nine years old came up to him and said, "papa, mamma wants to know where you put that fifty cents you left for her." We defeated them by a score of 4 to 0.

We then played Franklin, and succeeded in defeating them by a score of 8 to 0. This school defeated the I. T. S. on the following Saturday by a score of 4 to 0. Thus we can claim to be superior to the I. T. S. in football, as we defeated a team that defeated them. T. V. K.

THE INTER-HIGH-SCHOOLASTIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

ON Saturday, March 26, delegates representing the Athletic Associations of the Richmond, Portland, South Bend, Madison and Indianapolis High Schools met in the Richmond High School to discuss the advantages and the possibility of the formation of an Inter-High-Schoolastic Athletic Association. The delegates unanimously favored the formation of such an association, and pledged the co operation and support of their respective schools to the furtherance of the movement.

It was decided to open a correspondence with the various High Schools throughout central Indiana, stating the purposes and advantages of such an organization and soliciting their co-operation. It was also decided that a meeting should be held in Indianapolis some time during the summer, to organize the association formally.

C. L.

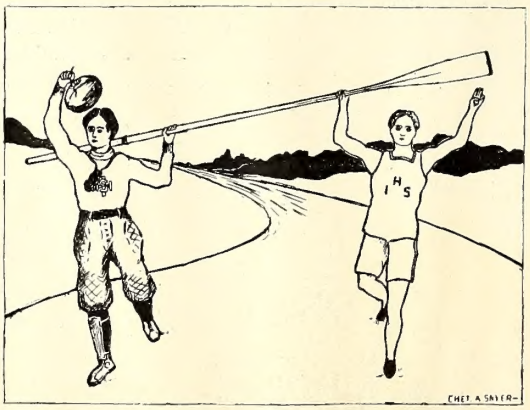
FIELD DAY, '98.

YES! We are going to have a field day this year—that is an assured fact. The merchants and our friends have been very liberal in donating a set of very desirable prizes. The boys have all "toed the mark" and entered our events. Ever since the "noted kickers" of the February, '98, class have signified their intention of entering the kicking events, we have been having trouble getting entries for this event. At the earnest request of a large number of the students, a faculty race will be given. It is said that Dotey's wife refuses to allow "Alkali Ike" to enter this event. Prof. Trent's solid geometry class issued a loud sounding challenge to any class in the school for a "tug of war." The challenge had not been ten minutes old, before it was accepted by Prof. Benton and his advance chemistry class. This is a new departure for a field day and we are sure it will be amusing. There will be bicycle races galore. Our school has many "fast" riders in it and we are sure that these events will be first-class and that the time will be good.

The following is the program of events for the '98 Field Day:

1. Faculty race, 1-mile bicycle.
2. 100 yard dash.
3. Putting 12-pound shot.
4. Standing high jump.
5. One-mile bicycle.
6. Three-legged race.
7. 100-yard dash. Freshmen and sophomores.
8. Two-mile bicycle, handicap.
9. Standing broad jump.
10. 440-yard dash.
11. Tug of war.
12. Running high jump.
13. One-mile run.
14. One-mile bicycle. Freshmen and sophomores.
15. 100-yard hurdle race.
16. Throwing 12-pound hammer.
17. Running broad jump.
18. Hop, step and jump.
19. One-mile tandem race.
20. One-mile walk.

T. V. K.



FUN
H.C. Ingram

WELL

I

Wonder

Why Deacon laughs?
How old Dan Shepard is?
Why Eckhouse is so modest?
Why Bondy "stagged" the 11th?
If Nora Taggart "really knows?"
If Abie will *ever* translate the Bible?
Of what consequence is Waite Colgan?
What gave Bernie Cohen the swell head?
If "Nan" is anything other than a myth?
If Helen Werbe knows where she is "at?"
How much work Share did for the Annual?
What the *young* ladies really think of Dotey?
If Merrill Talbott is really as warm as he looks?
If Bowers has ever experienced a woman's wiles?
If the school can exist when the '98 boys leave it?
When Will Stokes will ever come out of the dark?
If Clyde Lowry imagines that he is a "lady killer?"
Why Hibben intends to take a P. G. course next year?
If Dotey thinks *he* will ever be Principal of the I. H. S.?
If the "Good Book" justifies Tom Sims' political methods?

How many double faced people there are in the June Class?

Why Mauntell does not hire himself out as a clothes horse?

If Flora Logan was the *slow match* that blew up the Maine?

If Keene ever was in love with any one other than himself?

If Miss Platter enjoys the drama only "from lofty heights?"

Why Florence Dunning looks so happy in the class picture?

In the same connection, why does Jesse Wall look so self-satisfied?

If Myla Closser intends to be a "bachelor maiden" all her life?

What Mrs. Carey thinks of herself as "a definition of beauty?"

How Obie Smith knows so much about the Parisian "grisette?"

Why Daisy Metzler was so popular at Richmond?

What method Dotey, Trent and Taylor suggest to promote harmony in the family?

Why such a light thing as a dress suit case could tire a stout fellow like Newcomb?

If "Maud" Shearer would ever have gotten a diploma if he had not gone into the army?

If there really were twelve *perfect* gentlemen with the I. H. S. delegation at Richmond?

What Hibben meant when he said, "I can keep anything out of the Annual that I please?"

Why Newcomb played "A Hot Time in the Old Town" with the Mandolin Club at Richmond?

If the reason that Bert Houser did not get into the army was because he had "an affliction of the heart?"

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

BY MEMBERS OF THE I. H. S. FACULTY.

"The Secret of Authority"—With a list of negative illustrations. Geo. W. Hufford.

"How to be a Genius"—A text-book for use in my classes. Charity Dye.

"Concerning Myself." Geo. W. Benton.

"Modesty as a Virtue." Newland.

"Lip Gardens, or How to Raise a Moustache"—A poem. Lynn McMullen.

"My Definition of Beauty." Mrs. Carey.

"The Theater as Viewed from Lofty Heights." Miss Platter.

"Preoccupation or Mind Studies, Before and After Marriage." John LaMay.

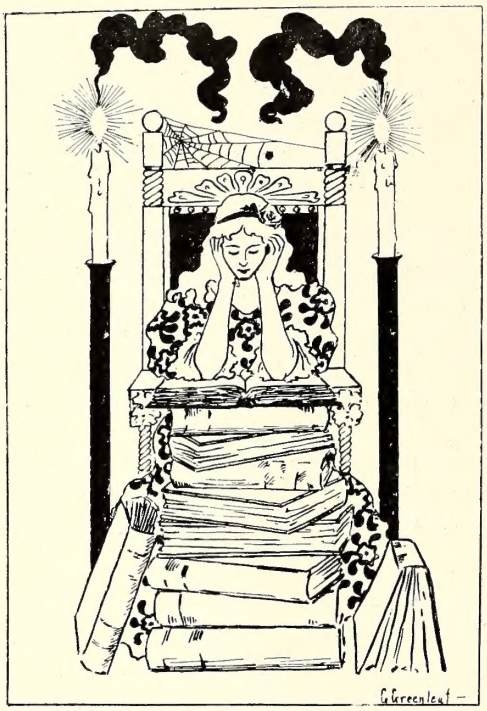
"Manly Beauty, and How to Cultivate It"—With a chapter on dancing as a graceful art. C. Mauntel.

"Neat Untidiness, or How to be Rustic." John Higdon.

"Personal Popularity." Laura Donnan.

QUOTATIONS

THAT FIT.



Motto: "Better to be cursed than mentioned not at all."

THE OLYMPIANS.

Mr. Hufford:

"He is his own star."

Mrs. Hufford:

"My little body is aweary of this world."

Miss Rankin:

"A dream, a dream, a beautiful dream."

Mr. Trent:

"With stupidest boys, he was kind and cool."

Mr. Newland:

"There are three things that I have always loved and never understood—painting, music and women."

Mrs. Carey:

"She is talking æsthetics, the dear, clever creature! Her ideas are divine upon Art, upon Nature, the Sublime, the Heroic, and Mr. Carlyle!"

Mr. Martin:

"He kept himself as the apple of his eye."

Mr. McMullen:

"Your face is as a book, where one may read strange thoughts."

Miss Donnan:

"Plain as a pike staff."

Miss Dye:

"Age can not wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

Mr. Mauntel:

"It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright."

Mr. LaMay:

"I am not made like any of those I have seen."

Brodie Jenkins:

"Coy, demure, simple and sweet—such was he."

Mr. Dotey:

"The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies in woman's eyes
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she brought me,
My only books were woman's looks,
And folly 's all she taught me."

THE ATHENIANS.

FEBRUARY.

Martha Allerdice:

"So wise, so young."

Will Seibert:

"A great sized monster."

Rupert Spohr:

"Presumption is our natural and original disease."

Sara Messing:

"Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence."

Juliet Brown:

"With look demure as any saint,
And ne'er a sign of rouge or paint."

Margaret McCulloch:

"Fair as a summer dream was Margaret."

Abie Cronbach:

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

George Langsdale:

"Come, boys! be old and wise with me."

Ed. Hohn:

"I'm no fool myself."

Claude Bowers:

"Bring the gentleman a chair."

Edna Kuhn:

"Coquettes are the quacks of love."

Florence Dunning:

"Sweet as remembered kisses."

Otto Kettenbach:

"Yet man is born into trouble."

Jules Selig:

"Verily, man in his best estate is altogether vanity."

Victor Keene:

"I am nothing if not a diplomat."

Jesse Wall:

"Me too-o-o-o-o-o-o!!!!"

JUNE.

hibben:

"I."

Cuba Reagan.

"She bears a sunbeam light and warmth about her."

J. Ray Newcomb:

"Evil manners soil a full dress more than mud."

G. Hines Share:

"Brain him with a lady's fan."

Frank Hasselman:

"He only lacked some vices to be perfect."

Maurice Shearer:

"Remove not this ancient landmark."

Margaret Allen:

"She has a sweet, attractive kind of grace."

Charlie Ripley:

"Many a meandering discourse one hears there; in which he aims at nothing and hits it."

Attia Malott:

"'Tis better to be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these amateur opera singers."

Anna Hess:

"A love that took an early root
And had an early doom."

Flora Logan:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Harold Jones:

"A silly laugh is the silliest thing I know."

Fannie White:
"Soft as an unfledged birdling in its nest."
Clyde Lowry:
"What a want-wit girls do make of me."
Herbert Bosler:
"I am as God made me, and oftentimes a good deal worse."
Elmer Eckhouse:
"Hear you this Triton of minnows?"
Stella Tutewiler:
"None but herself can be her parallel."
Eleanor Minor:
"Is she not more than paintings can express,
Or youthful poets' fancy when they please?"
Obie Smith:
"How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home."
Jane Ketcham:
"Fall back upon a name! rest, rot in that!!"
Charlie Wilson:
"There was a little man, and he had a little soul."
Frank McGee:
"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."
Charles Leppert:
"He talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs."
Fred Beck:
"I was a coward on instinct."

THE BARBARIANS.

Bernie Cohen:
"I am creation's masterpiece; but who says so — I."
Bert Houser:
"He will be awful nice when he gets older."
John Craig:
"Give him time."
Gertrude Talbott:
"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye;
In every gesture, dignity and love."
Jim Torrence:
"O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful, wonderful, and yet again wonderful; and after that out of all whooping."
Fletcher Wagner:
"Past all shame, so past all truth."

Beth Driggs:

"Come to me dear, ere I die of my sorrow;
Come, for my heart in your absence is breaking."

Harvey Crossland:

"Let not thy hair be out of order."

Dan Shepard:

"Can there any good things come out of him?"

Max Graves:

"He is enough to make a parson swear, or a Quaker to kick his mother."

Walter Bond:

"I am not in the roll of common men."

Tom Sims:

"He was a scholar exceeding wise, (?)
Lofty and sour to them who he loved not
But to those who sought him, sweet as summer."

Charles Pettijohn:

"Eternal grins his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way."

Victor Brandon:

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."

Helen Werbe:

"Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence."

Waite Colgan:

"An excellent scholar! One that hath a head filled with calves' brains without any sage in it."

Joe Hall:

"Oh, why did God create at last this novelty on earth, this fair defect?"

Ethel Smith:

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint;
To those who know thee, know all words are faint."

Warren Manchester:

"Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on this earth?"

Alexis Many:

"Would he were fatter."

Marguerite Bugbee:

"O, sir, I must not tell my age.
They say women and music should never be dated."

Jim Nimal:

"O, hell! what have we here?"

Major Downing:

"When he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish day."

Daisy Porter:

"Hair, such a wonder of flix and floss."

Julia Hobbs:

"She was meant for heaven, not earth."

Myla Closser:

"Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud,
In the calm light of mild philosophy."

Chandler Watson:

"I knew a maiden fair to see,
Take care.
She could both false and friendly be,
Beware, beware!"

Arnold Spencer:

"He had all the virtues with which hell is filled."

John Chenaweth:

"Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

Brandon, Wagner, Nimal et al.:

"All these men have their price."

Comet Subscribers:

"Base is the slave that pays."

The Senate:

"What this Senate longs for, is personalities."

The Annual:

"Soc et tuum."

SELECTIONS FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS.

CHEMISTRY.

If Newcomb and A. Spencer had been killed in a wreck while returning from Richmond, what result would a chemical analysis of their stomachs have given?

How would FWS act if precipitated or "thrown down" by MJC?

Distinguish between spongy platinum and Charlie Ripley's head.

Give analysis of Miss Donnan's cough medicine. Would it be healthy to give it to a mule? Why not?

PHYSICS.

The muzzle velocity of a Krag-Jorgensen rifle ball is 2,800 feet per second. If fired at a distance of ten yards, why would it not enter Jim Torrence's head?

The attraction of the earth for an empty dress suit case is equal to three pounds; for a dress suit, two pounds; when the case is packed the earth exerts a pull of thirty-three pounds. Query: What's in the case?

LIST OF ASSOCIATIONS.

MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY.

O. Smith and his loving constituents.

THE RECONCILIATION CLUB.

Members—Hibben-Werbe (3), O. Smith-White, Crossland-E. Smith.

THE FAIR VENUSES.

MOTTO: *"In my mind's eye."*

Members—Anna Hess, Florence Dunning, Mary Griffin, and others.

THE GREAT EXPECTATION SOCIETY.

Members—Wagner, Colgan, Brandon, Manchester. Purpose—To discuss ways and and means of getting office in the Senate.

I. O. L. S. P.*

Chief Pilot, Maurice Shearer; Assistant Chief Pilot, Arnold Spencer; Pilot, Herbert Bosler.

THE ANGEL CHOIR.

Members—Keene and Langsdale.

THE MALCONTENTS.

Members—Dotey, Trent and Taylor.

THE PRECIPITATES.

Members—Jackson, Olsen, McAbee, Lowry.

INVENTIONS.

(Applied for, by Annual editors.)

The "Eckhouse."—A self-inflating gas bag.

The "Newcomb."—A new lightning disappearing Latin pony.

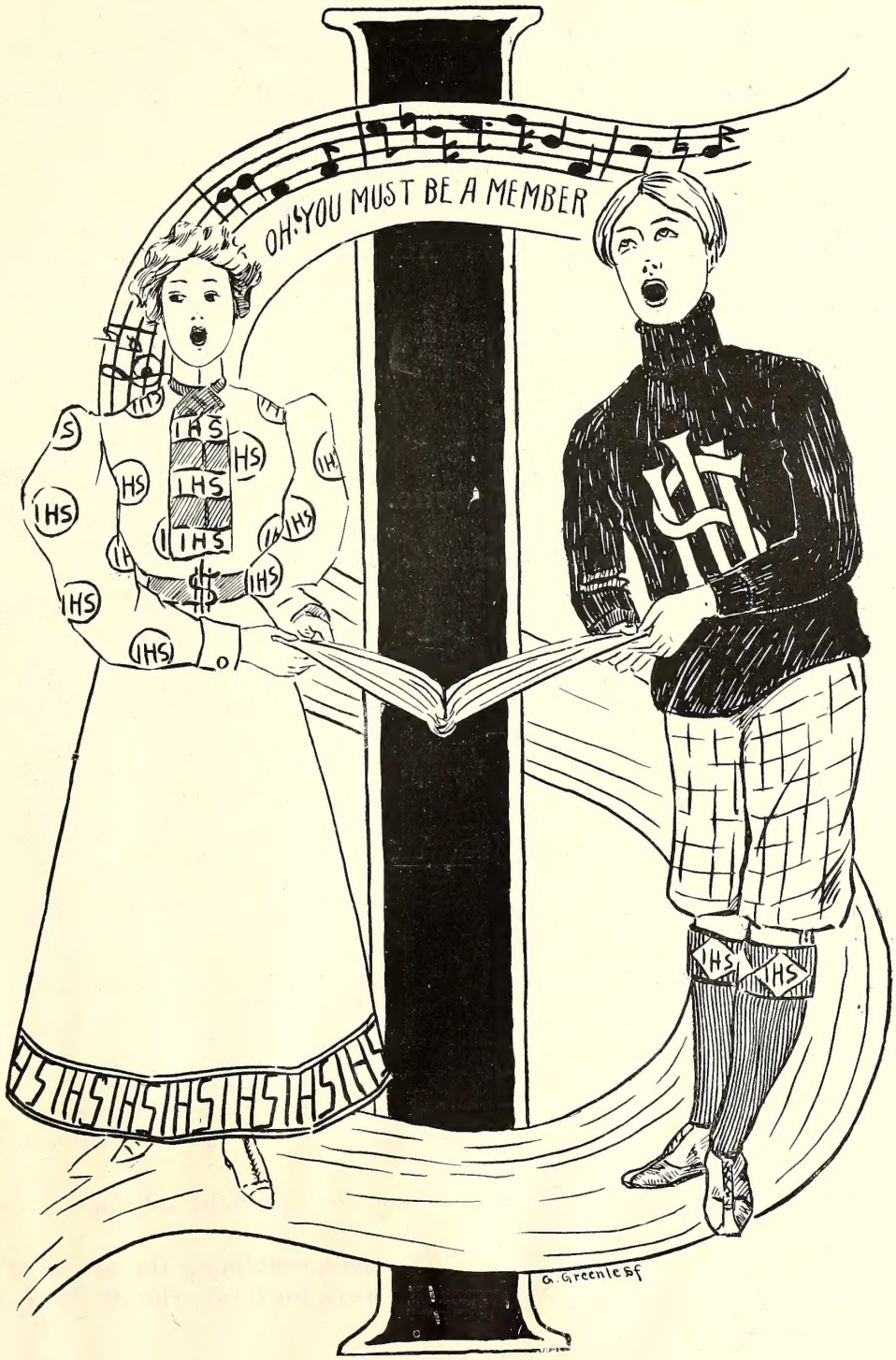
The "Shearer."—An elastic, unleakable tank, suitable for holding any sort of liquid.

The "Colgan."—A voting machine, warranted to count ballots in a manner satisfactory to the owner.

The "Bosler."—A night key, guaranteed not to wake "the old man." Just the thing for warm young gentlemen.

The "Lowry Blue Book."—A book of 698 pages, containing the names of a few of the girls he knows. An invaluable reference work for those who desire to extend their acquaintance among the fair sex.

* Independent Order Licensed Schooner Pilots.


OH! YOU MUST BE A MEMBER
IHS
G. Greenlesf

Officers February Class, '98.

CLAUDE BOWERS,
President.

MARGARET MCCULLOCH,
Vice-President.

MARTHA ALLERDICE,
Secretary.

FLORENCE DUNNING,
Treasurer

JESSE WALL,
Historian.

SARA MESSING,
Prophet.

ANDREA FERGUSON,
Poet.

Motto.

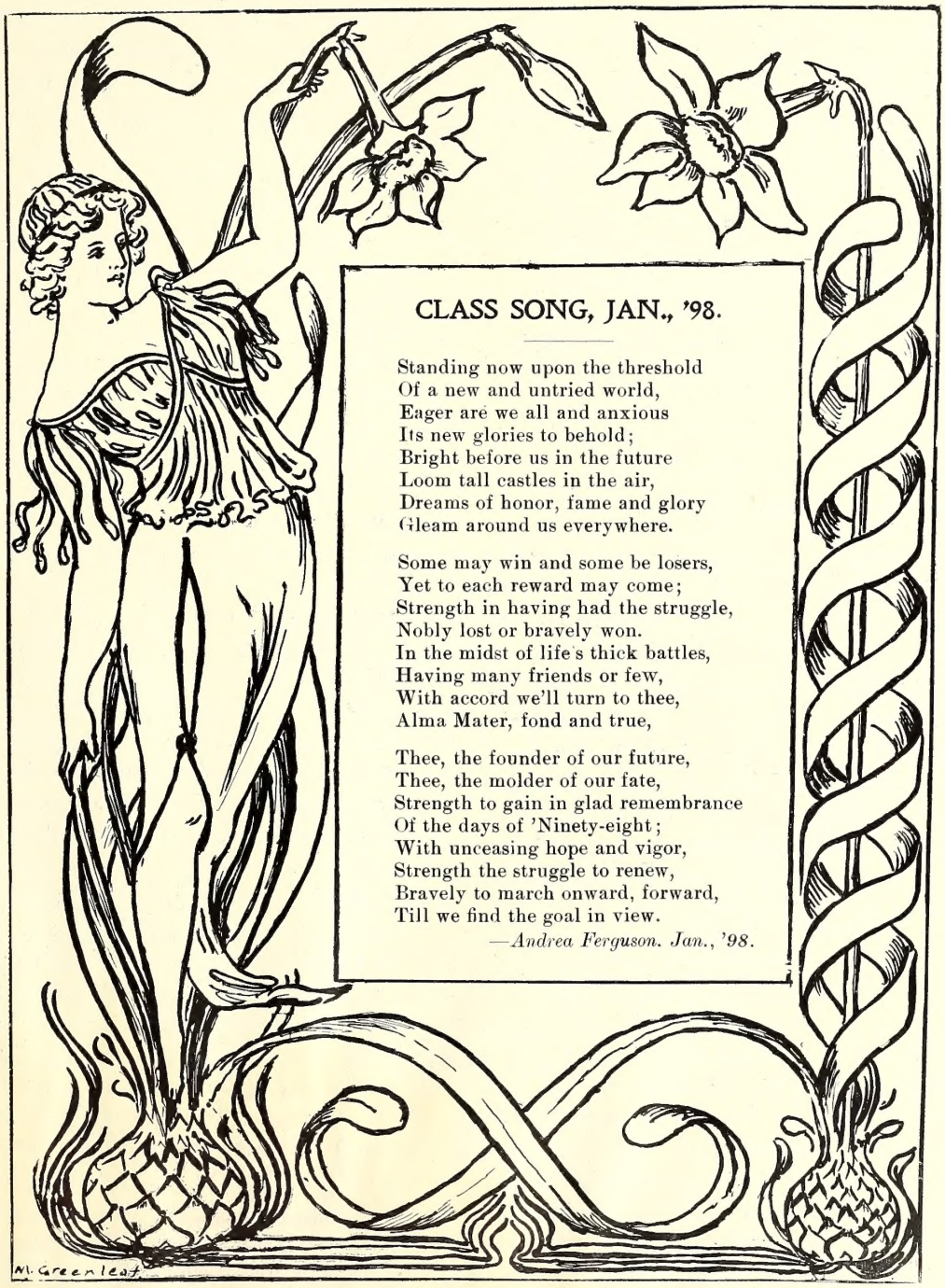
"Enough, if something from our hands have power,
To live, and act, and serve the present hour.

Flower, Narcissus.

Colors, Yellow and White.

. . . Class Roll. . . .

Martha S. Allerdice.
Grace D. Berry.
Claude G. Bowers.
Ida Sayles Braddock.
Juliet R. Brown.
Gertrude Caylor.
Minnie Churchill.
May Lillian Coots.
L. Ada Craig.
Abraham Cronbach.
Edith Danner.
William S. Duckwall.
Florence Lillian Dunning.
Samuel W. Eckman.
Andrea Ferguson.
Kathleen Faith Ferguson.
Estella C. Fox.
Lorin A. Green.
Lilyan Habich.
Daisy Algier Hale.
Mary A. Hastings.
Edward Hohn.
Gertrude M. Howard.
Thomas Victor Keene.
Otto I. Kettenbach.
Huldah T. L. Kottlowski.
Edna Matilda Kuhn.
George J. Langsdale, Jr.
Margaret McCulloch.
Sara Messing.
Virginia M. Rutledge.
William Geo. Seibert.
Estelle K. Selig.
Jules Selig.
Rupert C. Spohr.
Edna Agnes Sweeney.
Flora Anna Victor.
Jesse D. Wall.
Grace Eleanora Watson.
Lulu Bessie Wilson.



CLASS SONG, JAN., '98.

Standing now upon the threshold
Of a new and untried world,
Eager are we all and anxious
Its new glories to behold;
Bright before us in the future
Loom tall castles in the air,
Dreams of honor, fame and glory
Gleam around us everywhere.

Some may win and some be losers,
Yet to each reward may come;
Strength in having had the struggle,
Nobly lost or bravely won.
In the midst of life's thick battles,
Having many friends or few,
With accord we'll turn to thee,
Alma Mater, fond and true,

Thee, the founder of our future,
Thee, the molder of our fate,
Strength to gain in glad remembrance
Of the days of 'Ninety-eight;
With unceasing hope and vigor,
Strength the struggle to renew,
Bravely to march onward, forward,
Till we find the goal in view.

—*Andrea Ferguson. Jan., '98.*

FEBRUARY CLASS HISTORY.

OURS was always a class of modest professions. No blare of trumpets, brassy and loud, heralded our sway through the history of High School life. Dignity was the chief ingredient of our nature. We were content to do things in a great way, great as measured by our success. The constant aim of our endeavor was great success, and the reward of perseverance was repeated victory. Greatness with modesty, triumph with magnanimity, might well be the criterion of our character.

To begin with, as I say, we were modest. From the time when we were organized as 10A's in Mr. King's room, that reputation became enlarged to such an extent in the minds of some desperate idiots, of which there were many around us, that for a while, we were the butt of considerable ridicule. At first, we admit, class spirit of the kind that bustles around with a grandiloquent swell and makes itself obnoxiously prominent, was not the predominating element of our life. But as Emerson says: "To be great is to be misunderstood," and so we continued in our calm, quiet, pleasant way, adhering to the inspired poet's revelation of Nature's law that

> "The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
> Is always the first to be touched by the thorns."

Quality, not quantity, concise energy, not expansive bombast, was our desire—qualities which came only with time, and these qualities we made our specialty of cultivation. So we worked on, meanwhile witnessing some of the methods of the preceding class which admonished caution unto us, and bid us see to it that our ordnance was thoroughly primed and loaded before we started on a hunt for big game.

When we did finally start, we were out for blood, and after a long succession of triumphs, we commanded acknowledgment of our true worth and grandeur. In this progress was exhibited such taste, good sense, and energy among the class members, that when one of the boys appeared with his fluttering yellow and white ribbons, exclamations spontaneously burst forth: "Behold! The man!" This spirit manifested itself in striking ways. Most striking and lasting of evidences was our class pin, "a rainbow of the loveliest hue," selected while we were in Mrs. Carey's room. When June, '97, members saw it, they were amazed at its resplendent beauty. This was *one* triumph; a pin of true beauty, taste and meaning, and one which we think will not soon be equaled.

Our reception to the graduating class of '97, given in company with June, '98, also, by its success, bore testimony of our class genius.

"Gray matter" was also a quality by no means lacking in our class, and "gray matter" is a pretty good thing to have, you know. Illustrative of this is the fact that two representatives of the February class were chosen from among eight contestants—the rest being '97 classmen—to represent the I. H. S. in its joint debate with the I. T. S.

The Puritan Supper, with its now famous story, was but a bursting forth of the matured energies of the class. Here again we surpassed all predecessors, clearing twice as much money, having thrice as much fun, and every member, actively partaking, feeling far more satisfied.

Then last, the climax of glory, was the class day, full of regular college enthusiasm, abounding in witty, though not overmelodious songs.

Thus, briefly, and prosaically, is presented the gist of our class life. We hope that it will be seen that our class possessed those qualities of modesty, sociability, taste, energy and intelligence which are commend-

able to all, and that it will be granted that these qualities were manifested in such a spirit as to be agreeably noticeable to all with whom we came in contact, our teachers and our fellow-schoolmates alike.

CLASS HISTORIAN.

PROPHECY, FEBRUARY, '98.

MY DEAR ALMA MATER:

IN my travels around the world, I have had occasion to witness objects of surpassing interest. But in dear, old, inspiring, romantic Greece, where the shades of gods and goddesses seem yet to walk upon the earth, amid the last remains of a civilization whose history is indelibly imprinted on the character of man, I found the most wonderful thing of all.

You, of course, have read of the Delphian Oracle, of the yawning fissure in the earth, heaving fumes from the mysterious regions of Tartarus, and of the priestess standing in rapt mood, to receive what message the Fates would give concerning the destiny of man. Just as in times of old the oracle responds, but only to the chosen few. This place I visited, and found myself among the sacred number. As I stood near the fissure, I said:

"What, O Mystery, is the destiny of those whose lives I must foretell?"

Instantly a column of smoke and steam and fumes arose, enlightened by sparks supernatural, and out of the darkness a voice made answer:

Into the future twenty years I look. Listen.

Victor Keene still continues his old vocation of cultivating a Bug(by)house. He is very attentive to his "business," and says that as aids to his success he has found nothing equal to "rainbow socks," a mandolin and a dress suit. In addition to his regular establishment he runs a junk shop, where he has a large stock of "brass" at reasonable rates.

Grace Watson is the leading "danseuse" of the Parisian opera. All Paris is in raptures over her exquisite dancing. This is no wonder, for you remember that Grace always did take to dancing, like a "Duck" to the water.

Claude Bowers is an anarchist; venom dripping from his tongue, fire flashing from his eye, a torch in one hand, a bomb in the other, this monster impatiently awaits the time when the universe will be shattered and he alone remains of all mortals. But let him beware lest he "hoist himself with his own petard" to heights or depths beyond redemption.

Margaret McCulloch is in the ice and cold storage business, and is known as the "Ice Queen." The thermometer has been known to drop 60° and hide within itself when she approached. However, they say she is quite handy to have around on a hot day.

Florence Dunning, bless her dear sweet soul, has taken quite a rise in the world. She is engaged in a large New York millinery and dressmaking establishment, where she poses in costly hats and gowns before the elite of New York society. Only ladies of the most refined manners and bearing are engaged for this work, and her success in it is quite a compliment to her good taste, looks and training, of which she used to be so proud. And above all she has succeeded in winning the heart of a man of one of the oldest families in New York, and hopes in a short time to have her engagement announced. She welcomes all Newcom(b)ers, and will undoubtedly win the prize as the "most popular" bride of New York.

Edna Kuhn is a staunch old maid of Indianapolis, and gives bi-weekly bowling parties at the Walhalla to her old suitors.

Abie Cronbach, author of "Advice to the Young," has grown quite patriarchal in appearance. He is engaged in the final analysis of the Apocalypse, which is expected to be the true revelation of the destiny of Man. As a recreation from this task he occupies himself with delivering a series of lectures on the subject: "Who Made the Devil, Man or God?"

Poor Bessie Wilson, as you know, turned Black eighteen years ago. Although quite a curiosity, she has refused several tempting offers to join a museum. Lately an effort has been made to get the medical fraternity interested in her case.

Jesse Wall, after gaining quite a reputation as the "perpetual candidate," has retired from politics and is now exhibiting himself with tremendous success as the only living rival of Joe Joe, the dog-faced man.

Hulda Kottlowski is devoting herself to the task of simplifying the spelling of proper names. She has shown that she knows her business, by beginning with her own name.

Otto Kettenbach, until two years ago, was still engaged in the lucrative practice of "working the old man." He is now a policeman, and is the most efficient man on the force in keeping minors out of gambling dens and pool rooms.

Lorin Greene is the prizefighter, wrestler and all-round athlete, who gained a world-wide notoriety by his challenge of "Kid" McCoy, the world's champion for ten years. Finnegan, as I said, is known as a prize-fighter and wrestler, but recently he sprained his arm while helping to lift the schooner Budweiser over a bar, and so far as *bona fide* facts are in evidence, "high balls" are the only thing he has ever succeeded in throwing down.

Will Seibert married a "strawberry blond," and now his whole passion runs to strawberries. He owns a great strawberry patch, and eats strawberries in one form or another three times a day.

Ida Braddock is trying to let the world know that she is alive.

Rupert Spohr sings. His voice has attracted the attention of musicians the world over, for there is no other like it in existence. It has a peculiar, strident, brassy sound and can be heard for miles. Some authorities say that he undoubtedly swallowed the brass spoon which the Fates placed in his mouth at birth, while others contend that there must be a trombone, with steam calliope attachments, down his throat. However, through all this contention, "Rube" smiles as extensively as ever, and devotes his spare time to preparing himself for the occupancy of some political office, whenever one hundred office-holders shall all die on the same day and the people feel that they are in absolute need of his services. He is very modest, and will positively not accept office under any other condition. He scorns to ask for votes.

Flora Victor is still looking for a husband. The one who would be her "man" must come up to a standard laid down in ten certain requisites. These are known only to herself. I will only dare to say that a desire on his part to lavishly expend money on her is of great preponderance. He must also be twenty-one years old, and, to quote her own words, have a "nice little mustache." Flora always prided herself on the fact that she never went with any other sort of a fellow, and in her endeavor to attain this object she has made and broken engagements innumerable. I prophecy final success.

Kathleen and Andrea Ferguson, sometimes known as the "Gemini Twins," are Sisters of Mercy, and enlighten a wide arc of happiness by their tender ministrations.

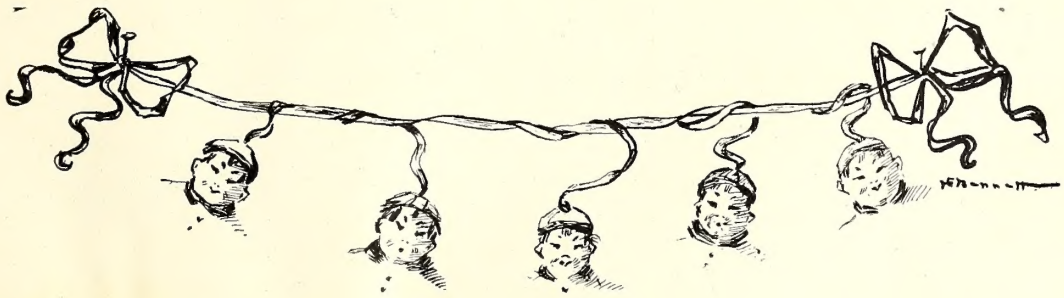
Juliet Brown is a bachelor maiden. Sometimes, when not otherwise engaged,

she assists Martha Allerdice in her A+ school. Martha will not tolerate pupils who do not get A+ every time, and Juliet, remembering her own struggles in that line, always sneaks an A+ credit to a pupil whenever possible. It would seem that the A+ reputation of the school is largely due to Juliet's kind heart. Lilyan Habich, however, is not so lenient in her marks in German.

George Langsdale is a preacher. He is sometimes known as the "cussing parson." He is perfectly liberal in his doctrines and has an idea that a man, who behaves himself in a kind, merciful and just manner towards his fellowmen, will enter the kingdom of heaven. He is a true disciple of his doctrines, and enjoys life freely and easily, and does his best to make others do likewise.

Then the cloud grew dim, and as the voice retreated it muttered, Thou, *thou*, vain prophetess, are cursed to the damned.

"Class Prophet."



June Class Officers.

Obie J. Smith,
President.

Margaret Donnan,
Vice-President.

Edna Lane,
Secretary.

Fred Beck,
Treasurer.

Adella Chambers,
Prophet.

Stella Tutewiler,
Historian.

Florence Morrison,
Poet.

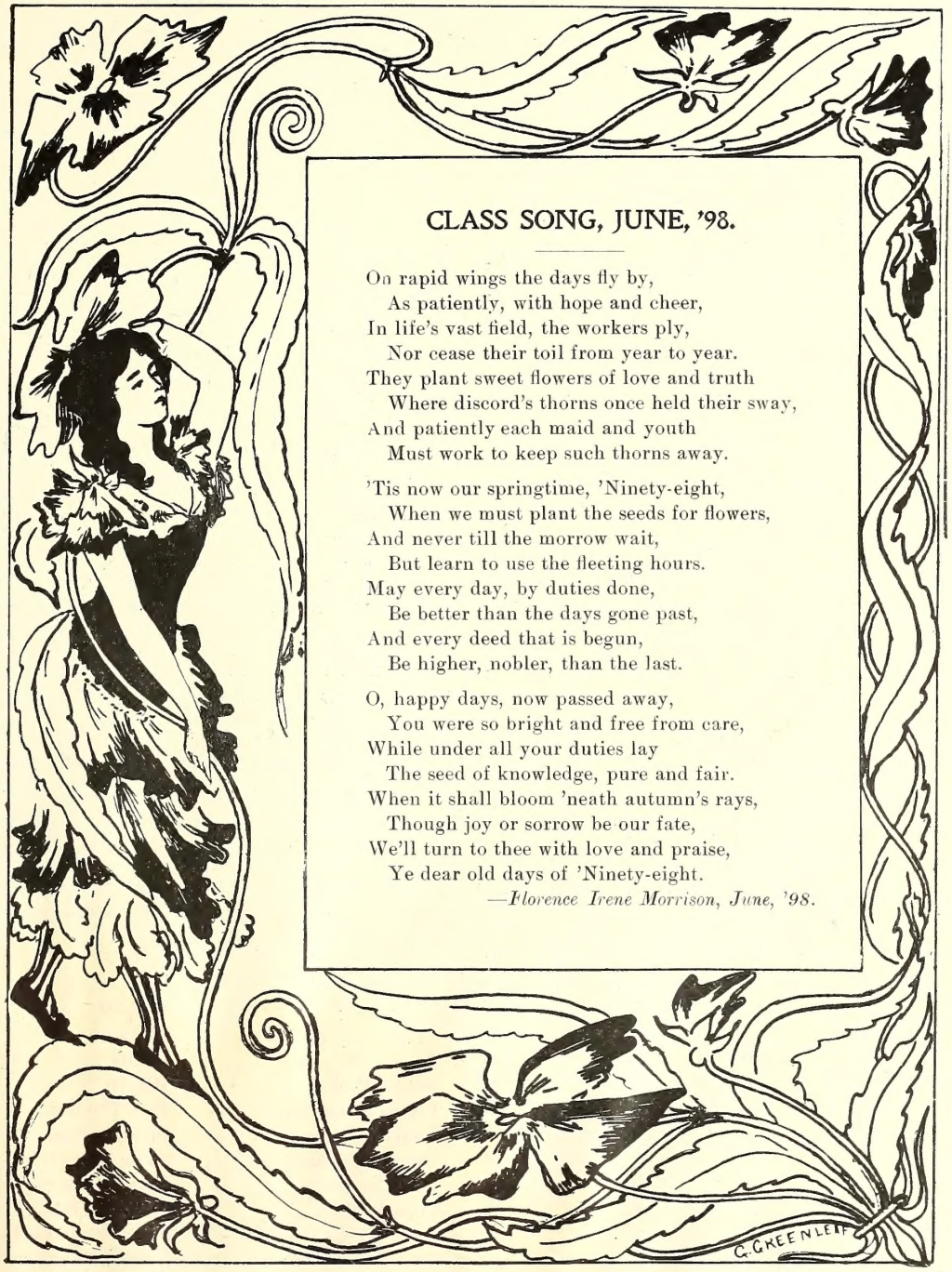
Motto.

"Look forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast."

Flower, Pansy. **Colors, Yellow, White and Purple.**

. . . Class Roll . . .

Chas. Adams.
Frances Adams.
Margaret Allen.
Jessie Anderson.
Clara Armstrong.
Leo Axtell.
Elliott Ayres.
Grace Baird.
William Baird.
Fred Beck.
Herbert Bosler.
Margaret Brooks.
Adella Chambers.
Anna Chandler.
Loula Coates.
Mabel Cook.
Margaret Cookson.
Grace Cowan.
Eunice Curtis.
Ursula Daggett.
Berenice Davis.
Anna Dean.
Elizabeth Defrees.
Hazel Dietz.
Margaret Donnan.
Louise Dryer.
Adelaide Duncan.
Elmer Eckhouse.
Mary Egan.
Samuel Elbert.
Delbert Funkhouser.
Grace Geisel.
Martha Hale.
Josephine Hall.
Avis Hargraves.
Frank Hasselman.
Daisy Herdman.
Anna Hess.
Rosa Heston.
Paxton Hibben.
Anna Hogan.
Harold Jones.
Florence Kahn.
May Kellogg.
Gertrude Kelly.
Violet Kelvie.
Louise Kendall.
Jane Ketcham.
Amy Kothe.
Dora Kryter.
Edna Lane.
Florence Liebert.
Wm. Lilly.
Flora Logan.
Clyde Lowry.
Dan McAbee.
Janie McDermott.
Josephine McDowell.
Amy McMillan.
Alexis Many.
Nina Mayfield.
Gertrude Miller.
Maud Miller.
Pearl Miller.
Marguerite Miner.
Eleanor Minor.
Nettie Mitchell.
Florence Morrison,
Leland Mothershead.
Fawn Murbarger.
Ray Newcomb.
Louie Niccum.
Frieda Noelke.
Charlotte Nowland.
Pearl Patterson.
Bertha Peck.
Emma Pingpank.
Florence Plum.
Mary Porterfield.
Anna Reade.
Cuba Reagan.
Alice Reed.
Fred Reid.
Chas. Ripley.
Edith Robinson.
Roy Ross.
Franklin Rude.
Estella Ryan.
Winifred Ryan.
Emma Schmidt.
May Sellers.
Hines Share.
Maurice Shearer.
Florence Skinner.
Leora Smith.
Obie Smith.
Rose Solomon.
Belle Somerville.
Mary Stone.
Mary Stubbs.
Golie Stucker.
Bertha Sweeney.
Letitia Thuemmler.
Merrill Talbot.
Ross Thomas.
Inez Thurston.
Stella Tutewiler.
Blanche Weakly.
Fannie White.
Mabel Whitenack.
Emma Whitsit.
Estella Willis.
Chas. Wilson.
Edward Wright.



CLASS SONG, JUNE, '98.

On rapid wings the days fly by,
As patiently, with hope and cheer,
In life's vast field, the workers ply,
Nor cease their toil from year to year.
They plant sweet flowers of love and truth
Where discord's thorns once held their sway,
And patiently each maid and youth
Must work to keep such thorns away.

'Tis now our springtime, 'Ninety-eight,
When we must plant the seeds for flowers,
And never till the morrow wait,
But learn to use the fleeting hours.
May every day, by duties done,
Be better than the days gone past,
And every deed that is begun,
Be higher, nobler, than the last.

O, happy days, now passed away,
You were so bright and free from care,
While under all your duties lay
The seed of knowledge, pure and fair.
When it shall bloom 'neath autumn's rays,
Though joy or sorrow be our fate,
We'll turn to thee with love and praise,
Ye dear old days of 'Ninety-eight.

—*Florence Irene Morrison, June, '98.*

JUNE CLASS HISTORY.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE TRICOLOR TRIBE.

WE are a large and powerful tribe, who have been tyrannized over by the elders, envied by the inferior forces, and fairly admired by ourselves.

About eighteen moons ago, we assembled and decided to become a separate band among the children of Fame. We soon were conspicuous for our war paint of yellow, purple and white, and garlands of purple pansies, symbol of sublime "thoughts." Civilization crept upon us unawares, and with it came books and the art of printing. We set out to publish a "Dawn," as we called it, and for distinction, gave it the name of Walter Scott, whose poems we had received. This we traded to the settlers at the ranch, and the wampum we exchanged for a picture of the Jossakeeds, which we placed in our wigwam. Then the warriors of our tribe printed the "Silent Spectator," and later issued the "Ishkoodah" or "Comet."

When the Indian corn was first leaving its dungeon of darkness, Ahkosewin, the fever, beckoned our chief to the Happy Hunting Ground, as he thought the mastery of our band impossible. Summoning our messengers, the Flowers, we sent them, together with the Medicine Men, to our wavering leader. With their aid, he gained strength to resist the allurements of this Evil Spirit and again turned his attention to his solicitous family.

Gheezis' beams had warmed the earth and the Moon of Leaves had risen, when our active tribe smoked the pipe of peace with the Febs., and with them bade farewell to our departing kindred, the '97's, who were just about to leave the native reservation and scale the hill of Renown rising at their feet. We had a delightful campfire, and the war paint of the three clans was used effectively. The squaws prepared delicate and refreshing viands, and with mingled joy and sorrow the '97's departed.

When the maize was gathered in, we again joined our forces with the Febs. under the Moon of Snow Shoes. From our civilized neighbors we had learned of the pilgrims who first settled in our country and gradually drove our race toward the land of the Setting Sun; of the purity of their lives and their devotion to the church. The day of Thanksgiving drew near, and in memory of those devoted Puritans, and in thankfulness for our abundant harvest, we assembled on the prairie to celebrate. We had a noble feast, which the squaws prepared, and later a mimic war dance. Multitudes flocked to the scene and all joined in the spirit of festivity.

While the snows still covered the mounds of our departed, the braves brought forth the calumet, and by the wigwam Propylæum had a grand and gorgeous war dance, just as the warriors of the '97's tribe had done many moons before.

Before leaving our crowded reservation, our tribe gave a campfire for our brother Febs. We also are going to leave a lasting memorial of our unappreciated greatness to hail the Morning Sun and Evening Star. Pauguk has been kind to us and taken from us very few of our number. Yet many discontented have departed; some to the land of Matrimony, far off, from whence they can not return. In spite of these losses, the Tricolor Tribe is the most powerful in numbers of any band around, and when the birds from their newly made nests, call us away, we shall leave a hopeless void among the wigwams, and when we have gained the summit of success, we shall turn to gaze upon our loved plain—then eagerly toil on to brighter hopes and new successes.

S. L. T.

PROPHECY OF THE JUNE CLASS, '98.

IT was early spring, a very disagreeable day was rapidly fading into night. The cold, chilling rain beat on the roof and the wind whistled and howled around the house, rattling the doors and windows and causing me to thank Dame Fortune that I was comfortably ensconced before a warm fire. The flames danced and leaped, casting grotesque images and fantastic lights and shadows on the walls and ceiling of the unlighted room.

In the ever shifting, ever changing flames, I fancied I could behold scenes from life. I thought the veil that obscured the future from mortal eye was lifted, and I could read the destiny of those with whom I have been associated for the last four years.

I saw the volume of poems upon which rested the fame of the modern Sappho, our dear schoolmate and the valedictorian of our class, Florence Morrison. The book was profusely illustrated, with magnificent drawings by Alexis Many, whose masterpiece, "The Noes (Nose) of Fate," I saw take the honors of the Paris Salon.

I saw every effort of Paxton Hibben to distinguish himself as an orator on the floor of the State Legislature foiled by an impediment in his speech. Even more unfortunate, Clyde Lowry and Charles Ripley, superannuated tatterdemalions, still struggled in vain after office. Never a primary or election passed by but the voters had independent tickets thrust into their hands by these ambitious men. They stood for every office in the gift of the people, from precinct committeeman to presidential elector, but the ignorant people, deluded by unscrupulous demagogues, never appreciated their worth. Ray Newcomb, unselfish and patriotic, although never the occupant of a public office, yet by his advocacy of honesty in public life, did much to purify politics and win his way into the affections of the people.

Obie Smith and Hines Share distinguished themselves in national life. One as President, the other as Secretary of War, brought the long and disastrous conflict with China to an honorable conclusion. Ursula Daggett and Berenice Davis, tender, humane and sympathetic, became trained nurses and poured nostrums down the throats and love tales into the ears of those brave, patriotic men that fell wounded in many bloody battles during that bitter war. The graphic reports of the famous war correspondent, Will Baird, were anxiously awaited and eagerly perused in every hamlet throughout the country.

The attachment that existed between Charles and Frances Adams, continued. He became a leader in the United States Senate and a statesman of extraordinary ability. Whenever he was expected to make a speech, his sister, who managed his domestic affairs, was to be found in the visitors' gallery nodding her head in approval and smiling with pride as her distinguished brother addressed the House.

A number of my girl schoolmates married soon after graduating and became staid and settled matrons, attending diligently to their household duties and devoted to their husbands and their children. In such a way Jessie Anderson, Clara Armstrong, Anna Chandler, Gertrude Kelley, Violet Kelvie, Amy Kothe, Dora Kryter, Florence Liebert, Janie McDermott, Emma Pinkpank, Gertrude Miller, Charlotte Nowland, Bertha Peck, Mary Porterfield, Alice Reed, Winifred Ryan, Leora Smith, Mary Stubbs, Letitia Thuemmler and Blanche Weakly played their parts,

Having either been disappointed in love, or believing that in celibacy the greatest happiness was to be found, Anna Reade, Estella Ryan, May Sellers, Emma Whitset,

Sarah Wetnight, Rose Solomon and Florence Skinner "withered on the virgin thorn, grew, lived and died in single-blessedness."

Merrill Talbot, by close application and assiduous attention to the game, became an authority on "cinch," and wrote a treatise on the subject known as "Talbot on Cinch."

I saw Harold Jones win the proud position of a leader of fashion, which rank he lost through an insane and futile attempt to introduce the fashion of hanging the hat on one's ear.

I saw Maurice Shearer, the modern Samson, in a museum, lift a five pound weight marked five hundred pounds, to the astonishment and wonder of multitudes.

I saw a group of my schoolmates in a large hall discussing the debated questions of the equality of the races and of the sexes. There was Mary Egan, the President of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Society for the Liberation of Ireland; Bertha Sweeney, Professor of Modern Languages at the Booker Washington University; Grace Cowan, missionary to the Ashantees; Anna Dean, a leader in the movement for the complete enfranchisement of women, and Leland Mothershead, the distinguished preacher and theologian.

Across a street in a large city hung a sign announcing that Hazel Dietz and Flora Logan had removed their general information bureau to more commodious quarters.

Leo Axtell's footsteps had been directed by good fortune to a new gold field, the richest in the world. He munificently endowed a university known as the Axtell University, in which a number of our friends held chairs. Margaret Donnan taught aspiring genius to reason in Greek, Eunice Curtis was Instructor of Hebrew, Delbert Funkhouser presided in the department of Biblical History, Frank Rude showed budding genius how plants germinate and bud, and Avis Hargraves, the inventor of a new system of physical culture, directed her attention to the development of grace in the students.

I saw Elmer Eckhouse meet an untimely end, the only real service he ever did mankind.

Frieda Noelke was the beloved and respected Mother Superior of a large convent in the East. Emma Schmidt, who had at the same time devoted herself to a religious life, was one of the most devout and beloved members of the community.

Stella Tutewiler's great work, "The History of the Clothes Pin," was an evidence of the wisdom of the class's choice of her as historian. Nina Mayfield, Edith Robinson and Anna Hogan faded and grew prematurely old and gray in teaching the young mind how to shoot.

Leppert and Wilson I saw in a museum in a provincial town. Above them swung a banner with the inscription "The Two Chollies, the Marvelous Midgets."

I saw a book entitled "On Stars of All Times from Roscius to Booth," by Louise Kendall, Spinster. Belle Somerville's letters to a New York paper during her travels, were read far and wide, and reflected considerable celebrity upon the fair authoress. Fannie White, after her marriage to ——— ———, assisted him in initiating the loose jointed and awkward aspirants in the mysteries of the Terpsichorean Art. Eleanor Minor and Anna Hess, after reigning a season as belles, married and became the social leaders of their respective sets.

Fred Beck, patient and plodding, became a successful and prosperous banker. Ross Thomas and Roy Ross engaged in mercantile pursuits. Each, in his community, enjoyed the liberal patronage and confidence of his neighbors, and lived a life of peace and comfort.

The appearance of Edward Wright, Grace Baird and Elizabeth Defrees in Iolanthe was but their debut in the profession they honored. I saw all three of them in a tragedy written by Mabel Cook.. The voice of Daisy Herdman, making up in richness and melody more than it lost in strength, delighted and enchanted all who heard her. After her graduation, her genius for music, which had moved but sluggishly, suddenly awakened to a new and quickened life, and Adelaide Duncan's name was soon on the tongues of all lovers of the piano. Josephine McDowell acquired a transitory celebrity by means of a new and unique interpretation of the old masters that she attempted to introduce.

Margaret Allen and Cuba Reagan married brothers and lived in adjoining houses, doubly happy in the thought that even marriage was impotent to snap the strands of affection that bound them in a steadfast friendship.

A love of adventure, and perhaps a desire for celebrity, impelled Herbert Bosler and William Lilly to join an Arctic expedition. The rigors and severity of the Arctic climate nipped their aspirations in the bud, and they returned, thankful that they still enjoyed life and good health. William Druitt and Frank McGee entered the railroad service, and by industry and diligence earned deserved promotions.

May Kellogg became a contributor to the best magazines of the country; her delightful short stories pleased and entertained multitudes of readers. Golie Stuckie, Martha Hale, Inez Thurston and Margaret Cookson hesitated from a plunge into the sea of matrimony until they stood on the very verge of old-maidhood; but, luckily, the threatening doom was averted.

Among the foremost mathematicians of the country was ranked Elliott Ayers. Most unfortunate of any in the class was Fred Reid, whose mastication of vicious substances resulted in a paralysis of the muscles of the jaws.

Her love for children turned Mary Stone to kindergarten work. Grace Geisel, Florence Kahn and Maud Miller, after their respective marriages, emigrated with their husbands to distant lands. Edna Lane met a foreign nobleman traveling in this country. An attachment sprang up which resulted in a marriage, and our dear friend became Countess of ———.

Religion and religious subjects possessed an extraordinary fascination for a number of our schoolmates. Besides those that I have already enumerated, Pearl Miller and Nettie Mitchell attached themselves to the Salvation Army. Marguerite Minor's persuasive tongue brought many a poor penitent to the altar. Mabel Whiteneck, Louie Nicum and Florence Plum were active and vigorous church workers, while Amy McMillan conducted a religious tract distribution bureau for many years.

A. C.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

THE first class was graduated from the Indianapolis High School in 1869. It numbered *five*. From that time to 1897, 1,797 in all had been graduated.

Many of these graduates have been and are now teaching in the public schools of the city. A large percentage are found among the professional and business citizens of Indianapolis; still others are presiding with dignity and efficiency in the home.

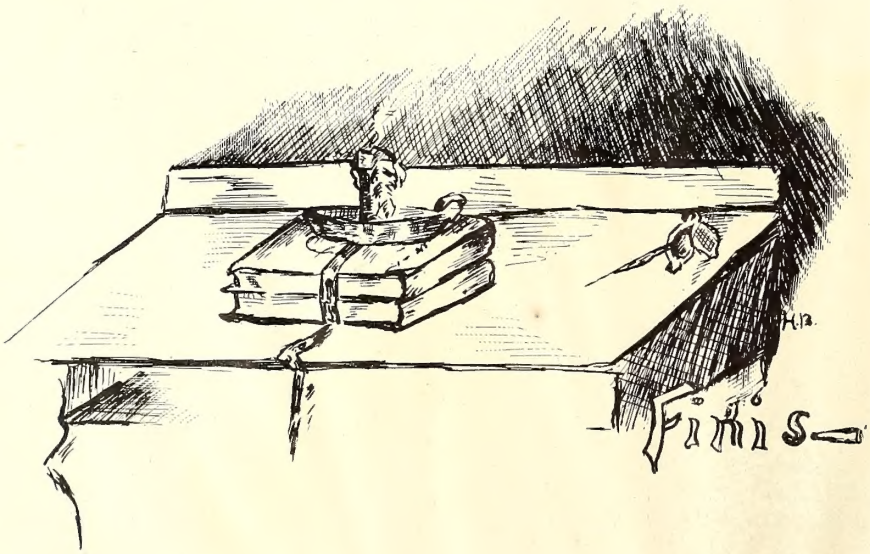
Some have had exceptional opportunities, and have honored themselves and the old High School in unusual ways. The Art Department is proud of the work of its students as represented in the recent Exhibit of Arts and Crafts in the High

School building. Fred C. Yohn has already made, for himself, a national reputation as an illustrator. He has lately drawn a number of spirited illustrations for the "History of the American Revolution," by Henry Cabot Lodge. Walter Galloway is earning an enviable reputation as illustrator for New York papers. These last two the High School claims, although they left before completing the course.

Wilbur C. Abbott ('86) was the first American to take the degree of Bachelor of Letters at Oxford University, England, last year. He is now instructor in the Department of History at Michigan University.

Robert Daggett ('93) is studying architecture in Paris, France. Rembrandt Steele ('91) has also done fine work under the American sculptor MacMonnies. Alvin Schmidt ('93) is studying medicine in Germany. He has already received special recognition from the medical faculty because of his superior work. Fritz Krull ('94) has been studying music in Berlin for three years. Chas. Von Herrmann ('82) is in the government employ as chief officer of the Signal Service in North Carolina. Geo. Thomas Moore ('90) is Assistant Professor of Botany in Harvard College. Last year he was the professor in charge of the Harvard Summer School of Biology, at Wood's Holl, Mass.

But perhaps the most unusual line of study for a young man to pursue is that taken by George Reisner ('85). At Harvard College Mr. Reisner made a specialty of semitic languages, Assyrian, Hebrew, etc., and after his graduation from that institution, he went to Berlin on a traveling Fellowship, the gift of Harvard. At the expiration of the period of his Fellowship, he accepted the invitation of the German Government to catalogue and classify the specimens of Oriental art and archeology in the Imperial Museum at Berlin. This work brought him in contact with many noted semitic scholars in Europe. At this time he also studied the Egyptian language. In September, 1896, Mr. Reisner returned to America and accepted a position among the faculty of Harvard College. Last fall, he went to Egypt, at the request of the Egyptian Government to assist in the work of recataloguing the Gizeh Museum, at Cairo. He has already made some impor tant discoveries in the process of deciphering the old tablet inscriptions.



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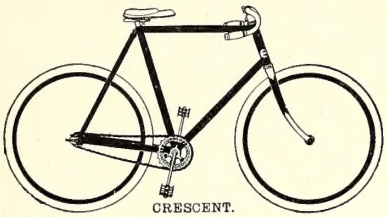

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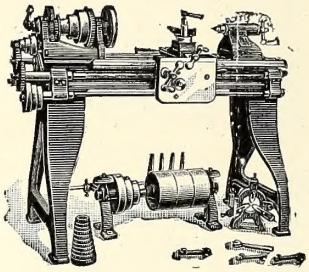

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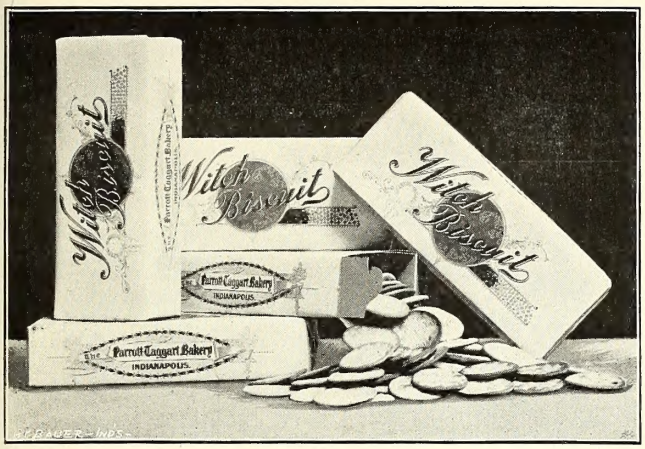

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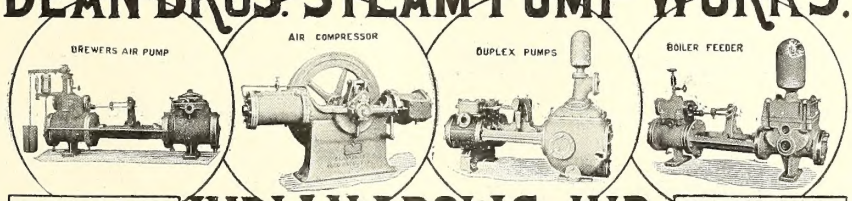

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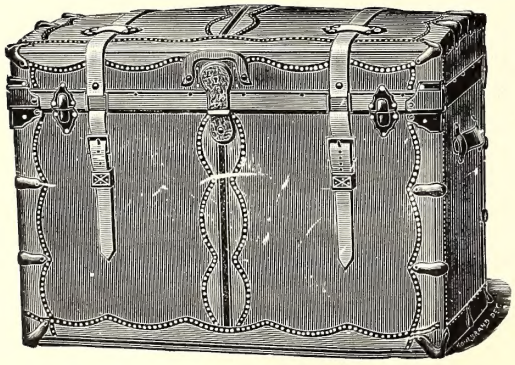

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It requires the ripest experience to produce an article that will excel others of the same class; one that will stand the test of time and be pronounced superior by capable judges, and the products of the "Regal" factory to-day illustrate the truth of this so fully that the manufacturers of these instruments are beginning to get returns from the enormous expense they have already gone to in their endeavor to make truly the very best mandolins and guitars in the world.

It is certainly true "that the best earns a place for itself at the front," and we congratulate Messrs. Wulschner & Son upon the unbounded success they are having with their "Regal" instruments.

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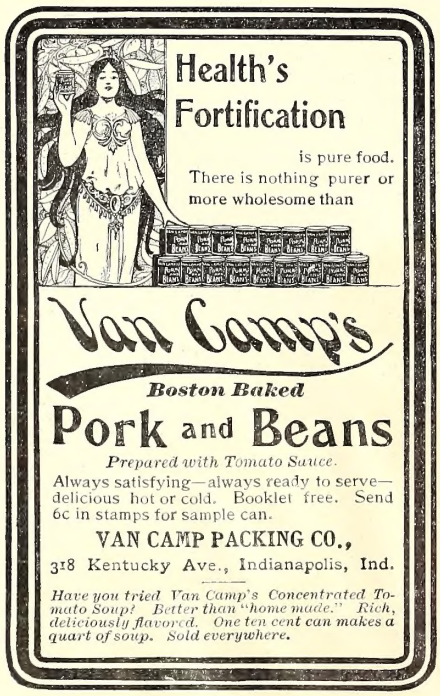

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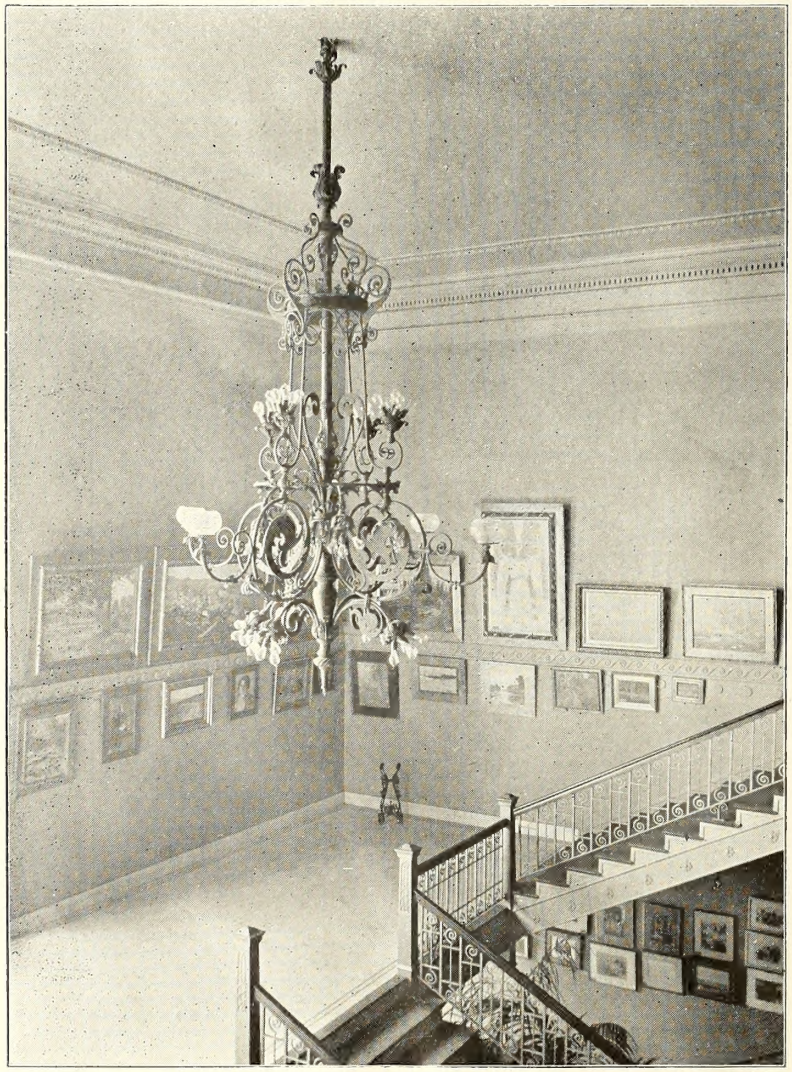

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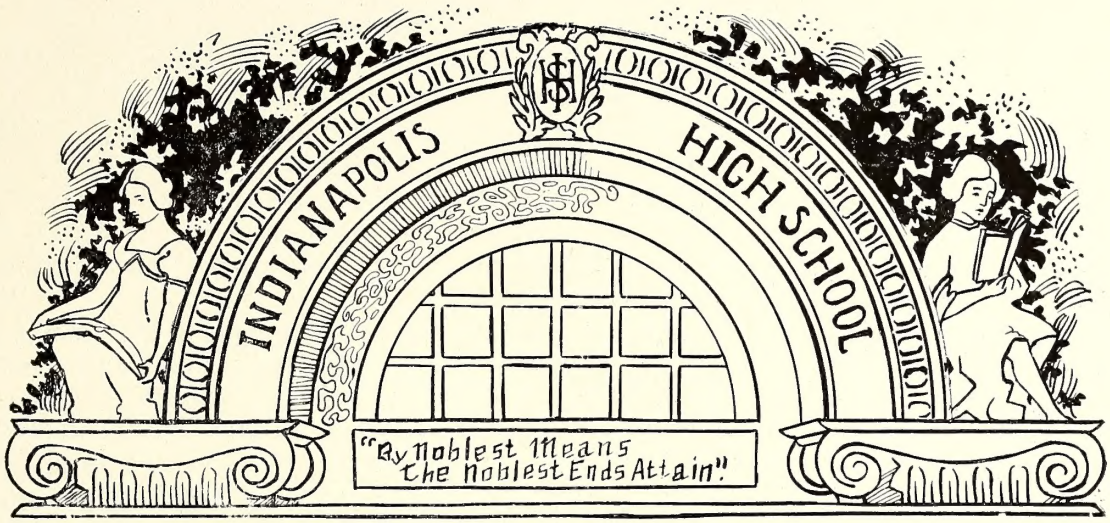


THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NUMBER 6. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA. JUNE, 1899.

VIRES ROMAE.

THERE is something more than conceit in the boasting words of the proud old Jewish patriarchs, who believed that they were God's chosen people. The march of civilization is measured, not by the uplifting of millions of benighted heathen, but by the daring progress of the foremost nation of the earth. With one enlightened nation is the favor of God; in one progressive people rests the hope of all mankind. Their literature is the voice of humanity; their struggles are the battles of civilization; and their history is the history of the world.

Many nations have, in the past, led the world in commerce, in discovery, in conquest. Many peoples have come forward to this leadership among the nations; many races have contributed to the advancement of mankind. Kingdoms have grown until they controlled the trade and the religion of millions of men. They ruled for a generation, they led the world in discovery, they taught the world in art; but in the end they crumbled and fell. Their grandeur is forgotten, and their age is but a memory.

But as every government has perished, it has left some mark upon the character of the human race. As each wave of national predominance surged high, and died away, it left upon the level shore of history some deposit of wealth or knowledge for the glory and instruction of future ages. Some golden grains of learning were added to the shifting sands of human wisdom. Phenicia rose; Phenicia fell—and the world possessed an alphabet. The Hebrews prospered; the Hebrews were scattered—and the world possessed a Bible. Rome was founded, and Rome was overthrown; but the glories of the age of Augustus can never be effaced. Happy the nation whose history shall give to the world

some lessons of honor and righteousness; and blessed the people whose national life shall blot out some ancient prejudice, and impress some principle of charity and good will!

Such is the mission of the leader among the nations; to lead, that others may follow; to learn, that others may be taught; to toil, to fight, to live, that humanity may be happier, and man be nobler. Such a nation is made up of strong, brave men—men who are original; men who are sincere; men who can not be bribed; men who will not bribe; men who are slow to fight, but who never surrender; men who revere the creed of their fathers, but who are not too narrow to amend it; men who have one definite purpose, and who labor unceasingly to attain it.

When we search among the stories of the nations to find examples of such men, we can not but admire the national character of the early Romans. These were men of sterling virtue; men of royal simplicity. Perhaps they did not have that delicate appreciation of artistic symmetry which the Greeks possessed; perhaps they were a bit too blunt in their speech, and too warlike in their manners; but they were a great and mighty people. They were ambitious. They had one purpose—to make the power of Rome supreme, and they succeeded. They were farmers, not artists. They were fighters, not poets. Their only songs were songs of battle. Their only sports were fighting and riding. Roman children played with little shields and wooden swords. Roman mothers taught their sons that it was noble to die for their country. Roman fathers killed their sons for showing signs of cowardice. There was no fame but military fame. The battlefield was the only field of glory.

What wonder, then, that such people should become a power among the nations! "Children of Mars," they called themselves. Inured to hardships, fond of dangers, fitted to rule and trained to fight, they soon showed the worn-out empires of the East that decadent authority could not withstand the fresh vigor of the West. Temperance and frugality overcame luxury and dissipation. Foreign despots acknowledged the sovereignty of the Roman republic; and the little city on the Tiber became the mistress of the world.

The year four hundred and seventy-six has become a landmark in political history. In that year, after a long and stormy struggle, a degenerate and debilitated government turned over to the rulers of the East the crown and sceptre of imperial Rome. For many years had her glory and her power decreased. For many years had puppet emperors controlled her legions and her wealth. Her treasury, filled with silks and gold, the spoils of war, was prostituted for the luxury of lascivious rulers. Her armies, once the pride of Italy and the terror of her enemies, had been corrupted by bribery and loose discipline. Her provinces had grown tired of oppression; her ancient rivals were gaining daily strength; her former allies, to save themselves, deserted her in the time of her trouble. Her frontiers lay unguarded and defenceless, while from the North, from the West, and from the South barbarian hordes flocked into her territory, and swarmed like greedy vultures upon the imperial city itself. Rome was no longer Roman. Goth and Vandal, Hun and Moor battled for supremacy. Foreign generals usurped the throne, each, in turn, to be deposed by another. And then, when the whole empire was on the verge of anarchy, unable longer to defend herself, the Roman Senate sent an embassy to Constantinople, surrendering Rome's imperial sovereignty, and begging that she be made a province of the eastern nation.

This was but the political death of a nation whose authority and power had long since passed away. This was but the acknowledgment that the Roman government had perished, that the empire was but an empty name. Had there been one man to master the situation, one man to unite contending factions, some vestige of the empire might have been saved. But no! the aristocracy were selfish and incompetent; the common crowds were lazy and incapable. Rome could not furnish a statesman. Great Julius might have overcome the Vandal hordes; far-seeing Octavius might have saved the government from utter ruin. But the glories of the Cæsars were past; and the Rome that mastered Gaul and conquered Carthage was now too weak to stand alone.

While native fortitude remained, the power of Rome ascended; but when love of of war for combat's sake gave way to lust of fighting for the sake of conquest, the day of her supremacy was gone. By the same divine laws of just inheritance by which Rome had inherited the mastery of the continents, she was called upon to surrender her wonders and her wealth to a new and untried people. The glories of the empire, the literature of all antiquity, the art of Rome, the philosophy of Greece—all were entrusted to a race whom the Romans termed barbarians.

Those untamed savages whose mighty stature, whose wild, ferocious strength had often terrified the soldiers of the empire; those same Teutonic warriors whom the valiant chief Arminius had led from the deep forests of the Rhine against the Roman legions—such were the people who received as their inheritance the products of Roman civilization. Such were the people who added to the magnificent patriotism and fiery ambition of the Roman character a love of home and a reverence for woman which the Roman nature lacked. Such are the people from whom the English race is proud to claim descent.

The fall of Rome did not destroy those things most valuable to the new civilization. Treasuries were plundered; libraries were overlooked. Gold and precious stones were stolen, but the grander gems of Vergil's verse were saved from vandalism. Monastic care preserved the best of art and literature. While these fierce Teutons, these uncouth conquerers, plundered and despoiled the material wealth of the city, her spirit lived; and after order was restored, and the tribes of the North had become settled in their late inheritance, the ancient learning was revived. The spirit of Rome rose again, and mastered her barbarian conquerors.

Henceforth the Teutons, not the Romans, were to rule the world, and lead mankind. Henceforth the rugged Saxons were to work the world's salvation. The Middle Age was a period of darkness and distress. The Teutons were learning what Rome had left. Religious reform and civil revolution have brought us to our present point of triumph, and we now look back upon those dismal centuries with feelings not far from horror.

The next century promises peace and prosperity, but many social and economic problems must soon be decided. Wondering as to their outcome, we look about to see what nation can best solve them. What nation can defend the rights of common men, and protect the authority of government? What nation can befriend the poor, and at the same time, shield the thrifty millionaire? What nation can encourage labor, and not stifle capital? What nation can convert uncivilized islanders, without becoming a "land-grabber?" What nation can drive out a tyrant monarchy, and yet protect the unwise revolutionists against themselves? What nation can make equal laws to satisfy diverse and unrelated peoples? Can any nation take the place of ancient Rome? These are the

questions which must soon be decided. Their solution will determine the history of centuries. Upon their solution will depend the peace and happiness of the world. Every race and every nation is given the opportunity to undertake this task. Who can deny the right of *our* country to attempt it?

The sage graybeard of Europe may smile at the presumption of our bold republic; and pessimists at home may dolefully predict a dismal future; but the true patriot has an abiding faith in the ability, the industry, and the shrewd common sense of the American people. Old monarchies may sneer at us, as egotists and upstarts. They call us a land of merchants, they call us a nation of traders; but the fact remains, grand and indisputable, that our country has, within a year, undergone a mighty change. A crisis in her history has been triumphantly enacted, and old-time monarchies have been given vivid proof of Anglo-Saxon strength and skill. We have shown them that the truly brave nation is charitable and generous. Europe can hardly realize that we do not mean to keep Cuba. We have shown them that a nation is free only when it is *free* to *free* another; and we have put to shame the powers of Europe who dare only "express sympathy" for outraged Armenia. We have taught them that we are not only fighters, but diplomats; we have shown them how a Yankee bargains. We have taught them a new diplomacy—the diplomacy of saying what we mean, and of doing what we promise. And now, the gold of commerce is coming to our shores; and every nation seeks an alliance with America. Better than all, America herself has been awakened. The knowledge of our strength unites us. The knowledge of our common principles makes us all brothers.

This is no time to be despondent. We do not care to take a dark view of the future. The time demands enthusiasm; the occasion calls for earnest thought, and patriotic sentiments. The American people are ready for any emergency which the future may disclose; the man who doubts the future, doubts the American character. The men who battled slavery have shown us how to stamp out anarchy. "Shall we retain colonies," is a problem which can be solved by the states who in seventeen seventy-six triumphantly resolved not to *remain* colonies.

Four hundred and seventy-six—seventeen seventy-six. Through thirteen centuries of toil and superstition, through thirteen hundred years of ignorance and crime, the spirit that stirred ancient Rome has come to find its place again upon the earth.

We are the inheritors of the wealth of Rome. We can lead on the nations to a higher hope. The strength of Rome is in our sinews, and Roman pride is in our hearts. We come to fight where Rome began the battle. We can follow her example. We can profit by her faults. Protection, not oppression; liberty, not lawlessness; reform, not anarchy, this we can promise. Prosperity will follow industry, and wealth will follow thrift. Not by the force of armies, not by brutal conquest will we make our way; but by straightforward competition, and by peaceful paths of trade. We put our trust in human hearts, and not in plated ships of steel.

When emotional patriotism has spent its force, when the enthusiasm of the moment has passed, the stern significance and infinite importance of the events of the past year will be realized. When the story of the present age has passed into the dim, uncertain period of ancient history; when the early struggles of our nation become mere legendary annals—if such time can ever be—when Bunker Hill is regarded as a myth, and Manassas is a mournful, misty memory; one year, one day, one battle will be remembered as an

epoch in the history of the American republic. And the morning of the first of May will be a sacred anniversary to all Americans—unparalleled in ancient annals, unequaled in the days of chivalry, and unsurpassed in modern times—the glorious victory of Manila Bay.

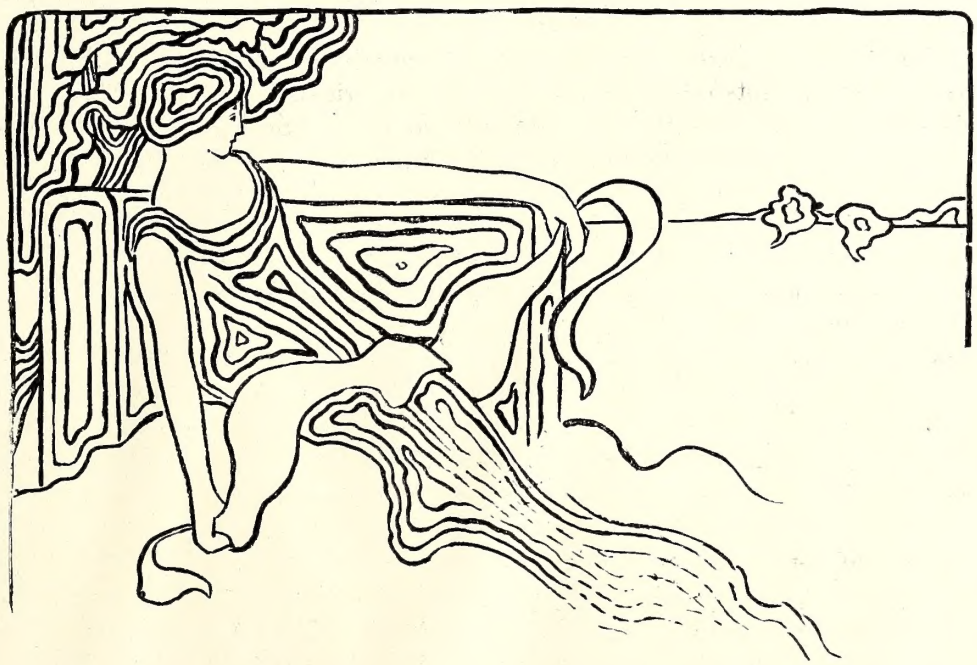
Unflinching as the icy granite of his native state; affable as a courtier, yet stern as a any judge; invincible fighter and accomplished diplomat—what praise could be too great for our great admiral? Sailor and general, master of strategy, commander of men; unchanged by admiration, unmoved by praise; unconscious of himself, yet always conscious of his duty. Our admiration for this man is not hero-worship. We respect him because of the principles for which he stands; we admire him because we think we see in him the typical American warrior.

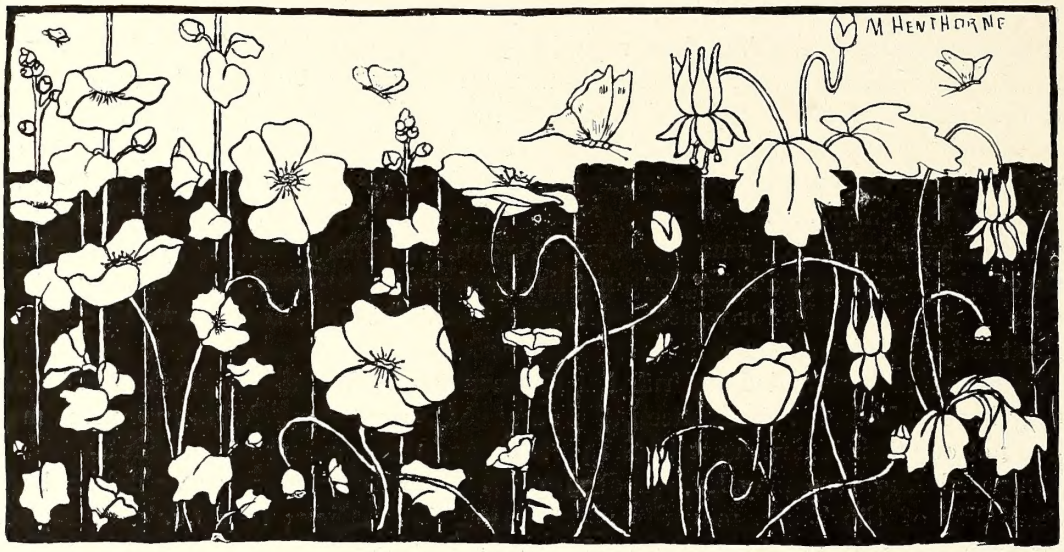
Such men as he founded and ruled the Roman state. With such men as our leaders, we may have unbounded confidence in the future of our country. With such men among us, can not our own America attain the place of eminence among all nations?

Imperial Augustus, may Roman deed and Roman story nerve us to nobler battle Eternal City of the Tiber, may thy name be our inspiration; may our presumptions be forgiven, and may our just ambitions be attained.

FLETCHER BERNARD WAGNER.

(This oration was awarded first place by the judges of manuscript in the contest of the Indiana High School Oratorical Association, held at Indianapolis, March 31, 1899.)





A MIDSUMMER DAY-DREAM.

ELMIRA was trimming her boxwood hedge at the front of the house. She wore a man's dogskin gloves, and snipped vigorously at the wayward shoots with a pair of rusted shears. In the road outside she could hear the farm wagons lumber past with their gay loads, for it was circus day, and all the folk of the town were going. Elmira was no partaker in the festivity. As she took care to keep the hedge trimmed and close, which separated her from the people in the highway, so she had put an invisible barrier between herself and the world.

Presently a couple strolled by. Elmira stopped her work and stood silent. She could not see through the hedge, but she knew the timid and admiring giggle to belong to the blonde Hastings girl, and she correctly guessed her attendant squire to be the school teacher, for although Elmira did not play a leading part in the village drama, she was not averse to watching some scenes as she stood aloof in the wings.

"Miss Netty," the school teacher was saying, "you look as fresh as the day and as young as the season."

The girl giggled. "It is my birthday," was the only response she could devise.

"Indeed! Well, that may account for it to some extent. Why, this is Midsummer's Day. You are destined to be a fortunate individual, I'll warrant you, for all good fairies dance attendance on those who are so lucky as to be born on this day."

They passed out of hearing, but Elmira remained motionless. This was also her birthday, her thirty-seventh birthday, and had fairies been her attendants? She turned and looked over the garden, which lay spread about her dwelling place like the flowered brocaded skirts of some old dame. Elmira lived in and for her garden. As she had withdrawn from human kind, she had grown close to the world of flowers. She never sold nor gave away her blossoms, and she seldom plucked them for herself, but let them bud and blow and wither and drop their seed where they had shed their fragrance. The garden lay before her now; the rosebushes laden, the carnation bed a fragrant patch of color, every leaf rinsed clean by the night's shower, burnished by the June sunshine.

Something in the words she had just heard spoken, in the flowers, above all, in the sunshine, stirred a dormant joy within her. For the first time since her childhood, she was exhilarated with the gladness of living. She hurried up the path, pulling off her gloves.

"I won't work any more now. I'll make this a holiday," she said, with almost childish spirit. She glanced at the old clock in the hall; it was almost eleven and the sun outside was growing oppressive, but Elmira shouldered her green umbrella and started out with a little lunch-basket and a book. She had been an embryonic book-lover, but a violent conversion at a tender age had for a time forbidden literature less austere than Richard Baxter, and when she recovered from the conversion, she did not recover her early tastes. To-day, however, she re-donned the cast-off habit and, associating the idea of a book with that of a holiday, she took one from the sparsely filled shelves of her dead uncle's library without even looking at the title.

Her way lay through the clover fields at the back of the house, over a rail fence (which she climbed), and into the bit of beech grove that edged Davis Creek. Here she stopped. The grove was pleasant; the banks of the brook were steeped in cool shadows. Elmira wandered up and down. She gathered a tuft of yellow daisies and stuck them in her straw hat, humming a little song without words and almost without tune, just the ghost of a love-melody she had heard perhaps a score of years ago. This was her first holiday in nineteen years. The insane old uncle, in the care of whom she had lavished her youth, had been dead half that time, but she had worked on without a pause. Now she was glad only to roam over the grass, watching the snake-feeders graze the water listening to the chuckle of the stream as it tumbled over obstructing pebbles. By and by she sat down, her back against a mossy beech trunk, and opened her book. It was the "Idylls of the King," and she plunged into their midst. At last, she was disturbed by a sepulchral voice at her elbow:

"Don't move. Don't move."

Elmira could not move for fear. At that moment, a resplendent butterfly alighted on her thin wrist and a net, deftly wielded, descended, taking both her hand and the butterfly prisoners.

"I beg your pardon, madam, if I frightened you," the hunter said, as he appeared from behind the beech tree, "but I've been chasing that sprite over two meadows, and I feared that if I failed to catch him this time, he would cross the creek and get away. I thought you were asleep, you sat so still."

"No, I was reading," Elmira said. "What a beauty it is! What are you going to do with it?"

"He completes my collection of Nymphalidæ found in North America. *Isn't* he a beauty!" said the entomologist, with boyish enthusiasm. He was not a boy, but a man of middle age, hot, dusty, tired, but triumphant. Elmira eyed him without suspicion.

"I'm glad you caught him and I helped."

She watched him chloroform the insect, not without a feminine shiver of horror at this ruthless taking of life, and when he rose to go, she said with a little hesitation and rising color, as she saw he had no lunch-basket, "Won't you have something to eat? I'm taking a holiday in the woods, and a picnic of one is a little lonesome." Poor Elmira! How long since it had even occurred to her to be lonely!

The entomologist accepted with alacrity and threw himself on the grass to eat doughnuts and drink cold tea from the one cup while his hostess used the bottle. He fell to

showing her the specimens he had caught and encased that day, and she turned the leaves of his illustrated book of butterflies with excited interest. A bond of sympathy existed between her and this lover of the stemless flowers. He talked much and well of his work, and when she spoke of her garden and the many strange insects that inhabited and frequented it, he expressed a desire to see the place, to ascertain whether the Papilio Philenor really did visit her Dutchman's-pipe-vine as she claimed from the picture.

"Then let us go," Elmira said. She led the way across the fields. The sun was low in the west and she let him in the back gate with a tremor, for the country people might soon begin to jog past, homeward, from the circus.

The stranger exclaimed in enthusiastic delight when he entered the little wilderness of flowers This was Elmira's sphere, and she talked of them as readily as he of his butterflies.

"These," she said, pointing to the tangled confusion of her poppies, "I call my Jews. They just grow and take root and spread everywhere. They don't ask for anything, but they take all they can get. They're self-sufficient just you once give 'em a chance. And these are my Baptists. Won't grow anyhow without you keep 'em wet. Have to keep 'em standing up to their knees in water, and then they flourish. Over there are my time-keepers. Day-lihes open when I get up; morning-glories close at dinner time; four-o'clocks pop out when its about time to begin to get supper, and I go to bed by the moon-flowers."

Her guest followed the shrunken figure about the garden as in fascination, smiling at her quaint comments, watching her caress her plants with tender fingers. Among the Dutchman's pipes he found the Philenor and captured it. But the sun dipped behind the beeches, in whose shade they had spent the day, and twilight shadow fell over the rose-bushes. Elmira changed with the light. She ceased to talk and moved more slowly. Her face hardened. At last, the rumble of a distant wagon seemed to complete the breaking of the spell.

" I think I must be going," said the entomologist.

"Yes," said his hostess, leading him with unwonted eagerness toward the gate. The charm was gone, it had faded with the sunshine. He no longer cared to linger nor she to have him stay.

"I must thank you for a pleasant day," he said, extending his hand, "and for this splendid butterfly."

She flung open the gate, unheedingly· "Good-bye," she said constrainedly and with a queer nod. The Hastings' wagon hove in sight, and Elmira shut the gate and walked up to the house.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"I'll warrant that Miss Elmira has a sweetheart," said the schoolmaster to Netty Hastings, "I saw him come out of the gate, as we were coming home last night."

"Well, if she has, it's the first time," Netty affirmed with some spirit. "Let's go by now and see if there's any signs."

They sauntered past the gray cottage. Elmira was out in the yard, finishing the trimming of her boxwood hedge. They could not see her, but they heard the snip-snip of her shears, and knew that all was the same.

Myla Jo Closser, '99.

A STORY OF ICELAND IN THE TENTH CENTURY.

FAR up in the region of the North Pole, where the vast ice floes extend and the perpetual snow is drifted high, Iceland lies. Ever since its chaotic birth, centuries upon centuries ago, when the strength of volcanic fury forced it up to the surface of the water, it has struggled bravely with the winds and waves that dash against it, and the unextinguishable fires that rage in its breast. It is a land of frozen lava. The barren mountain peaks reach up into the sky, and the hoary rocks along the shore defy the whirling spray that covers them. Between the mountains and the shore, the lava is coated with a layer of marshy ground and with many little lakes and springs. In the cold season, it is all a mass of ice, unbroken and impassable; but as the weather moderates, there is a great thaw, the bogs become soft and deck themselves with waving green grasses and brilliant flowers; and the hot springs send forth their steaming waters till the whole island seems filled with fog. But through all the year, through the winter and through the summer, the great jökulls or volcanic mountains shake the island with their rumbling and emit thin spirals of smoke and ashes, and sometimes eruptions, vast and terrible, take place and destroy all that opposes them.

To this land the Norsemen came, forced by the throngs that were pushing after them into Scandinavia. These hardy people found Iceland well suited to them. They did not attempt to till the fields, but used them for pasture-land for their flocks of sheep and droves of swine. They built their halls near the coast; they filled the friths with sloops, and they sailed forth on plundering expeditions and voyages of discovery.

For a time after their arrival, about 870 A. D., they retained their old customs and their old religion, but when a hundred years had rolled around, things were materially changed. They had grown tired of making long voyages from which they brought back little or no plunder, and they were beginning to feel that the worship of Woden and Thor and the other Norse divinities was not sufficient for their needs; and already many dark-cloaked monks had landed on their shores.

It was during such a condition of affairs that the boy of this story lived. He was the youngest child of a wealthy feudal lord. When he was born, he was laid on the broad threshold of the door, and there his father came to look at him. After he had been pronounced a healthy child, but not before, he was taken up and cared for. If he had been deformed in any way or sickly, a servant would have ridden away with him and left him in a lofty mountain-pass to freeze to death, or be devoured by wild animals. Egill, the child's father, believed firmly in the justice of this custom, because it was part of his religion, the religion of his forefathers; and he bitterly inveighed against the new doctrines which the monks were seeking to introduce, which would necessitate the giving-up of this usage.

He named the young child Grettir, after the famous hero who figures in several of the sagas, and the boy thrived. He received no tender treatment, and indeed very little attention of any kind; and he soon learned that he must fight his own battles in life. When he was old enough to leave the house alone, and he early reached this age, he would wander out, with the old sheep dog as a protector, and together they would visit the sea shore, or the marshes, or the hot springs where the geysers spouted. The mother spent many anxious moments when the child was away on these rambles, but

Egill declared that the sooner a boy was placed on his own resources the better, and he never feared for Grettir's safety.

His other sons were tall, muscular young fellows, fine types of the sea-viking, and Grettir bade fair to equal them. But his brow was higher, his eye more contemplative, he was more of a poet; and had he lived a century later, he might have composed poems of his own, or transmitted to immortal writing the sagas which he repeated to his children and grandchildren.

The poetic element in his nature had great opportunity to grow, for he was much alone when a child; his brothers were many years older than he, and no children of his own age lived within miles and miles. To be sure, the fisher folk along the shore had sons, and there were boys who herded the pigs and the cattle, but they were not of his rank, and he could not play with them. Sometimes as he strolled through the meadows, he would meet Atli, the swine-herd, a little fellow no older than himself, and would question him about the herds; sometimes he watched the fisher lads cleaning the fish that their father had caught; but there was such a gulf between these children and himself that he never entered into their games or assisted them at their work.

But it was through their conversation that he first heard of the new, strange God. The monks had come among the poorer classes; had taught the gospel, and had converted many. The children spoke to Grettir of these things, but he only scoffed at them. His father's teaching was deeply impressed on his mind, and his belief in Woden was firm and absolute. So, whenever the simple-hearted people began to speak of their new religion, he would stalk away, frowning; and he greatly feared the monks, for he knew not what dark witchcraft was concealed under their cloaks. He would stalk away and go to the rocks overlooking the sea; there he would stand and long for the time to come when he could go plundering with his father.

When the wind of approaching night grew too cold, he would go slowly home, admiring as he went, the pink and blue and steel-gray of the vast jökulls and the shimmering spray of the mountain torrents. As far as the eye could reach, no tree cut off the view, for though traces have been found showing that large forests once existed, the trees now are about as tall as shrubs, and in Grettir's time they were no larger.

The path from the shore to his home was rough and broken by pools and bogs; it wound around the white basins of several warm springs, and there Grettir loved to stop and trail his hands in the water, and pick the gay flowers that sprouted from the mud. But in the winter time he dared not linger so. As soon as the sun began to sink, he would hurry away over the hard-frozen ruts of the road towards his father's hall to gain the protection of its walls before the long black night set in.

Egill's hall was a large, rambling building, the various rooms being under different roofs, with the great hall proper in the center. Its vast door, always open, invited the passer-by to enter, and gave promise of hospitable entertainment to the visitor. A great fire flamed in the middle of the floor, and the smoke found its way out through a hole in the roof. Around the walls in niches the beds were placed, and in front of each one's bed stood the bench that he occupied during meals and, during the long winter evenings when the sagas were sung. The rich spoils of Egill's expeditions hung from the roof and the walls, and the firelight shone on swords and spears and heavy shields of hide. Grettir knew the history of all of these, and he burned with impatience for the time to come when he might use them.

When he was eight years old, the time did come, and then his training began. He learned how to handle weapons, wield an oar, and steer a craft. But before all else, he was taught devotion and reverence for Woden, and Thor, and Tiw, and hatred for the monks. He grew strong of body, bold of heart, and determined of will. He was much like his father, but there was an element in his nature which Egill did not have—he was tender. His devotion to his mother was one of the ruling passions of his life; and his love for his father and brothers was very deep, too sacred a thing to be voiced, and so strong as to appear in all his actions. He was superstitious and imaginative; in part he inherited this, but his lonely childhood added to it greatly. He felt a strange meaning in every gale of wind, and in the rumble of the vast volcano, Hecla, which poured its cloud of smoke over the valley where he lived; and the wild sagas that his father sang on still evenings as they sat beside the blazing fire inspired him, as nothing else in the world could.

His father had promised him that, when he was fifteen, he might go with his brothers on a pillaging expedition to the Shetland isles; so the boy worked faithfully with his spear and oar that he might be a help to his brothers, not a hindrance, when he went with them. He would dream as he sat by the waves, resting from his exertions, of the far away land that he would see, and of the rich booty that he would bring home. But he did not know that his dreams would never be realized; he did not know that the day was coming when his father and brothers would sail away never to return; nor did he know that before he could reach the age when he might go plundering in his own sloop, Christianity would have swept through all the land, softening the fierce hearts it touched, and taking away all desire to rob and murder.

When he last saw his father and brothers, they were bending to their oars and chanting a strange, weird song as they left the little harbor, bound for a distant shore. He climbed the highest rock to watch them out of sight, and for a long time after they had disappeared, there he remained, unmindful of the white gulls that circled about his head.

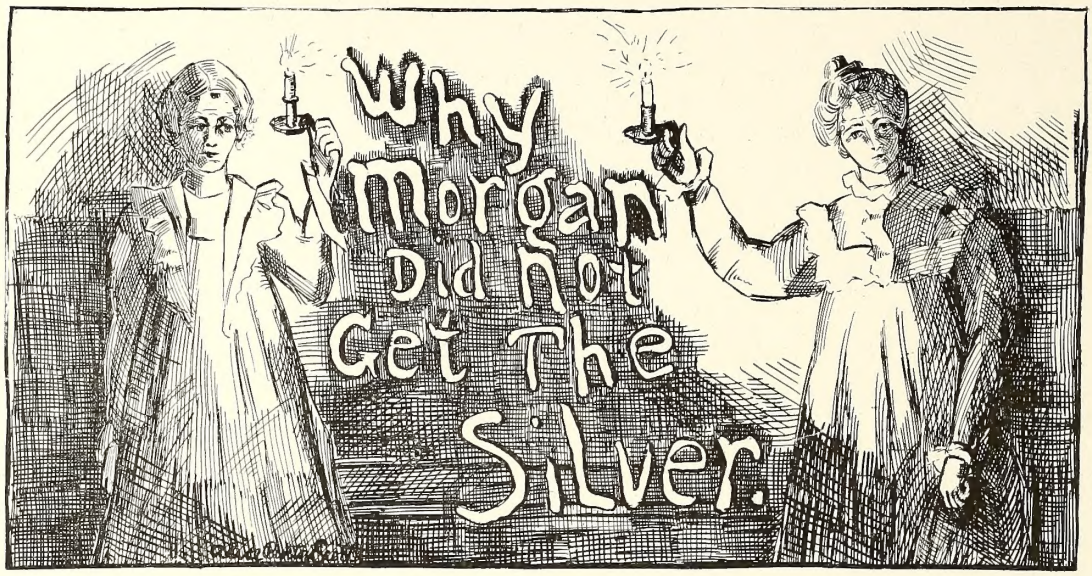
That very night, a terrible storm came rushing down from the north, bearing great ice-floes before it. The wind roared like a fiend; the waves rolled higher and higher, and cast the ice against the shore, shattering it into a thousand pieces and dashing the great white cakes together with a horrible, grinding sound. Hecla moaned, and heaved her gigantic breast, and sent forth from her huge, black mouth a stream of heavy smoke and cinders that settled like a pall over the water and the land.

All through this wild night, the boy and his mother sat hand-in-hand in the darkness, and prayed to Woden to preserve Egill and his sons out on the sea. But Woden was deaf to their supplications, and the little sloop never came back.

The days lengthened into a week, the months into a year, but still the watchers on the shore scanned the horizon in vain. Then it was that Grettir came to be looked upon as the young master and took control of the hall, the herds and the ships in the frith—in a word, that he became a man. It was he who presided at the feast given in memory of his father and brothers; he who composed a saga for them; he who comforted the afflicted mother; and finally it was he who, in after years, introduced Christianity into his household, thus leaving behind him when he died, a richer treasure than Egill had collected on all his voyages.

But these are deeds of his later life and do not belong here, for this is only the story of his childhood.

BETH SHULER DRIGGS, '99.



WHY MORGAN DID NOT GET THE SILVER.

OUR war with Spain seemed to revive Civil War reminiscences, and when Grandmother and I were alone together in the long summer evening, she used to tell me of the war times in her home in Southern Indiana.

In the little town of M——, nestled among the Indiana hills and divided from the green Kentucky range by the broad band of the Ohio, the inhabitants were often stirred to fever heat by false rumors and tales of approaching marauding bands.

In '63 came startling reports of Morgan's intention of making one of his famous raids upon that part of the country. Consternation reigned. One man, almost beside himself with fright, worked off his excitement by chopping down a blossoming pear tree and attempting to block the road with it. Guards were stationed on the river bank and in the outskirts of the town. One guard, a prominent merchant of the town, while on duty on the river bank, met a stranger to whom he gave his gun to examine; then seized with the thought that this might be one of Morgan's men, leaving his gun in the stranger's hands, he beat a very precipitous, if undignified, retreat behind a stranded coal barge, and from there begged piteously for his life. Such was everyone's fear of Morgan, that men, women, and children spent their time hiding their treasures and preparing means of defense.

Now on the sideboard of Grandmother's fine old homestead, was an array of old family silver that many of the M—— housewives coveted with greedy eyes. The coffee urn in the place of honor, the selfsame from which Grandmother's maternal grandmother had served the amber liquid in "Merrie England," the quaint Dutch cream pitcher and sugar bowl that her uncle had brought Grandmother's mother from Holland for a wedding gift, the queer wobbly salt cellars, the salver and spoon-holder filled with spoons of many sizes and shapes, the soup-ladles, the big stout-pronged forks and heavy knives,

all made up a collection of which Grandmother was justly fond and proud. Their clear reflecting surfaces showed her untiring care, and every night she counted the spoons, knives and forks as religiously as she said her prayers.

Grandmother and her sister, Great-aunt Amanda, had many grave and anxious consultations about this silver, and as soon as the rumors of Morgan's raiding were generally accepted as true, it was put into heavy covers and boxes, and hidden first in one place, then in another. Great-uncle's watch was hidden under the carpet at the south end ot the big wardrobe in the spare chamber, but no place seemed safe enough for that silver.

One night, when reports were most alarming, those two blessed ladies stole softly from their rooms and descended into the big damp cellar. By the light of their candles, they peered anxiously down into an old cistern and then pulled up the silver from the cavernous depths.

They went into the yard in the pale moonlight, crept stealthily to the little cabin, where the old coachman lived, and hurriedly aroused him. They all set to work pulling down the wood-pile, and then, when the right place was reached, they directed Ephraim to dig a hole. Grandmother and Great-aunt Amanda reverently lowered the boxes and threw the first dirt on them. Ephraim filled up the hole and smoothed it over carefully. Then they all piled the wood back on the wood-pile.

With a sigh of relief, the two worthy ladies sent drowsy Ephraim back to his cabin and went into the house. They examined all the windows and doors to reassure themselves of safe locking, and then started up-stairs.

Half way up on the landing they stumbled on a white bundle. "Why, here is Bennie; he must have got up and started to follow me," said Grandmother, picking him up in her strong arms. When she stooped over him in his little trundle bed, he murmured drowsily, "Bennie's 'ittle horsey; Mortan neber dit Bennie's horsey," and two dirty little hands patted her face.

The next morning Great-uncle Mark noticed that the constant strain and excitement caused by these alarming reports had left their impress on the dear ladies' faces, though this morning, they seemed very exultant and self-satisfied. He proposed their going on a visit to their cousins at H——, saying that he thought the fresh air and outdoor exercise would do the children good. H—— was a little hill-top college hamlet, grass-grown, dull and sleepy during the vacation. It was nine miles from M——, and not likely to be in the route Morgan would take.

Early in the afternoon, Ephraim drove the family carryall up to the front door with a flourish and swing of which he alone was capable. The three little girls, Clara Frances, Elizabeth Rebecca and Stella Amanda, in their best pink sunbonnets and stiffly-starched muslin dresses, came primly down the steps, followed by Great-aunt Amanda and Grandmother, with Bennie holding tightly to her hand. Great-uncle Mark handed them all into the carriage, and gave the children a bag of limes. He fixed them all comfortably, kissed them goodbye, and, just as they were about to start, he seemed suddenly to think of something, and leaning into the carriage said, "Is the silver all right, girls?" Great-aunt Amanda's and Grandmother's eyes flashed pride and satisfaction, and they said in unison, "Don't worry about the silver, Mark; it's all safe." And then, as they dashed down the street, Great-aunt called back, "Morgan will never get *our* silver," and Bennie shouted shrilly, "Mortan neber dit Bennie's horsey; O, no!"

* * * * * * * * * * *

Morgan had gone into Tennessee and all danger of his passing through M—— was over. So, after six long happy weeks, full of fun and frolic for the children, and pleasant visiting, exchanging receipts and tea-drinking for their mothers, they were home again; all except Bennie, whose cousins had begged so hard for Bennie to stay that Grandmother finally consented.

After the first greetings and the bustle of returning home had somewhat subsided, and they were all seated at the dinner table, Great-uncle Mark said, "By the way, girls, where did you put the silver, I am the least bit tired of eating with these things," and he held up a rickety iron-pronged fork. "Just wait until after dinner, and we will show you," answered Great-aunt and Grandmother.

After dinner, they all trooped out into the back yard following Grandmother's lead, and she again set Ephraim to work pulling down the wood-pile. He threw off a good deal, but Great-aunt and Grandmother could not agree as to when he had come to the right place to dig. Finally they told him to dig, and dig he did long and earnestly, not only the spot indicated, but in every place within a radius of ten feet. Grandmother and Great-aunt looked worried and uneasy; Great-uncle Mark, at first amused, began to look troubled; the little girls hung on their mother's skirts and wondered what was the matter, and Ephraim 'lowed he "dun forget all 'bout whar he digded dat 'ere tarnation hole."

Uncle Mark took a spade and he and Ephraim toiled faithfully for an hour or more, but with no results. "Had any more wood been added to the pile since they had gone to H———?" Grandmother asked. "Yes, probably a load or two," Great-uncle thought. That would change the location somewhat perhaps, but they were not to bother about it now, and he would send the porter from his office to help Ephraim dig, and the silver would soon be unearthed.

But it was of no avail, the whole wood-pile was pulled down and every inch of ground thoroughly spaded up. Every spare minute that any member of the family had was spent in searching. Grimy hands and earth-stained clothing became ordinary occurrences in an erstwhile immaculate household. Grandmother and Great-aunt Amanda went around in such mute despair, that Great-uncle stopped teasing them about cabling to China to know whether the boxes had arrived there yet.

After three weeks, Bennie came home to the desolate family and brought back cheer once more to all the faces. One morning, after tiring of his playthings, for children didn't have many in those days, he said gravely to grandmother, "Where ist Bennie's 'ittle horsey?" Grandmother, busy with her sewing, answered absent-mindedly, "Where did Bennie put his horse?" Bennie sat quietly on the floor for a minute, and then jumped up, ran to his mother, and cried, in his disconnected baby-way, "Blackie nightie and Mortan-blackie-Mortan neber dit Bennie's 'ittle horsey— taus Bennie and Muder and Tandie mate bid hole, and den— Bennie ist so sleepy." And then it all came over Grandmother in a flash; Bennie had wakened and heard her and his aunt talking, and taking his precious treasure, his "'ittle horsey," with him, had followed them. He had been so quiet and they so excited, that they had not noticed him, and he had probably slipped into the house and fallen asleep on the stairs while they were locking up,—and perhaps the horse was hidden near the silver.

Taking him gently by the arm, Grandmother said, "Can Bennie find where he put his horsey?" "Oh, yeth," said Bennie, and out of doors into the back-yard and right to

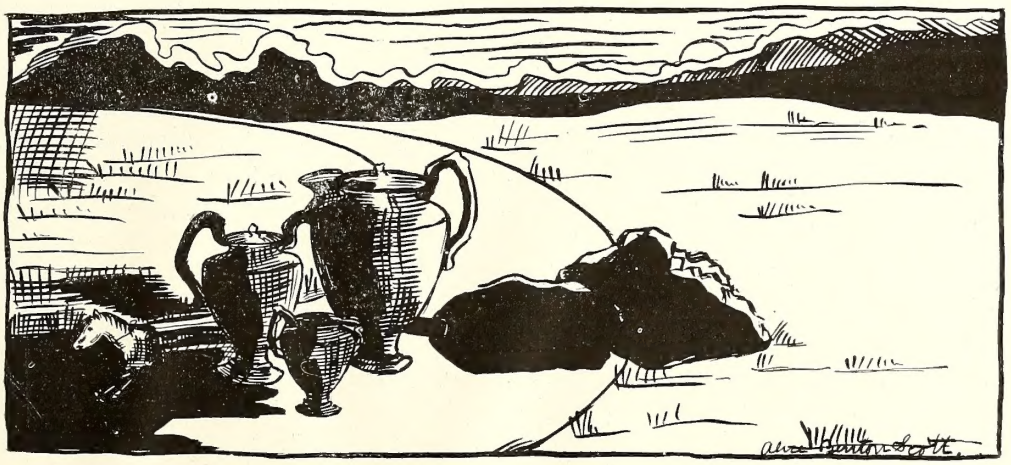
the path that led to the wood-pile he went. Then in the center of it, near one side of the wood-pile, Bennie stopped. "Here it ist, muder," and sat down to dig. Grandmother picked up one of the spades that were always in the yard now, and set to work. In a minute up came "Bennie's horsey," and then she struck the top of one of the boxes of silver. She began tugging at the box, too excited to dig, and called, "Manda!" "Manda!"

Ten minutes afterwards, Great-uncle Mark found Grandmother and Great-aunt sitting on the ground in the path, the silver bright and glittering from its husk, all around them. They rocked back and forth, half laughing, half crying; Bennie danced about them, waving his horse by the tail and shouting, "Blackie Mortan neber dit Bennie's 'ittle horsey."

In their excitement, the ladies had hauled down half the woodpile and had then carefully buried their treasure in the path beside the pile. When they put ihe wood back in its old place, they had gone back and forth over the spot where they had buried the silver, packing the earth down almost as solid as it had been before. Ephraim had been too sleepy and stupid, and the ladies too disturbed, to notice their mistake, and it had never occurred to any one to dig up the path.

As Great-uncle helped Great-aunt Amanda to her feet, she exclaimed, with characteristic lack of logic, "Well, Mark, I told you Morgan would never get that silver," to which Great-uncle answered, *sotto-voce*, "Yes, and the Bartletts came near not getting it, too."

FRANCES TILTON PANGBORN, '99.



NEWS HEELING AT YALE.

A VISITOR to the Yale Campus can not long remain ignorant of what a "News heeler" is. He is looked upon by college authorities, faculty, students, tradesmen, and bootblacks, as a distinct species in the genus of "Yale men." He is a sort of animal, and is often treated like one—or worse; he has his own code of morals, which he follows as perseveringly as though it was as good a standard as any, nor does he recognize any such thing as ease or comfort. The "News heeler," to speak paradoxically, is on his toes for five months, for during that time he must work night and day, sacrificing everything else, and to the detriment of his scholarship oftentimes, before he can be elected an editor of Yale's daily paper, the "News."

When the call for candidates comes, early in the fall, about thirty of these animals usually present themselves at the "News" office, eager to have the work explained to them, each resolving in his heart to do exactly as he is told, but rather dubious with respect to his own ultimate success, as he looks about him and sees the number of men who are to be his opponents in the fight. They all look far more able and "more successful" than he, and, without losing heart, he "forgets" whatever confidence he may have had. Several things are told him which surprise him greatly; he is apt to think the chairman is mistaken when he tells the aspirants that they are undertaking a rather unpleasant piece of work; he thinks it will not take *him* nine hours a day to write all that will be required for each issue; he thinks he will have no trouble in maintaining a standard of 2:25 on a scale of 4, and as for those entrance conditions, he does not agree with the chairman, who tells him that he had better wait till the next competition and remove his conditions in the meantime. So he saunters out into college newspaper work.

Josh Billings says, "A postage stamp is a mighty small thing, but it has the ability to stick to one thing until it gets there." The successful "News heeler" has just those qualities; he is insignificant, and he must have "stick-to-it-iveness." When he starts out for one of the two places open to him, he virtually has renounced all the ordinary college pleasures, such as social gatherings, football games, and out-of-door exercise, and resolves to do nothing for half a college year, but write for the "News" and get his lessons, for if he does not do the latter, the faculty will "request" him to stop.

When his first recitation is over in the morning his paper boy meets him at the door of his hall with the "New York Sun," the "Herald," the "Tribune," the "Hartford Courant," and possibly a Boston paper or two, all of which he goes over carefully, looking for Yale items, or editorials, or Yale matters. When he finds any such, he clips and files them until a more convenient season, for he must glance over his Greek before the 11:30 recitation. At 12:30, he takes up the work again, makes such extracts as he sees fit from the clippings, and arranges his work for the afternoon. This consists in visiting all the departments of the University—the Law, Divinity, Medical, and Sheffield Schools, not omitting the graduate department and the college co-operative store. At these places, the bulletin boards may furnish him with notices of meetings, lectures, etc., but more often they present a blank appearance, and his call has been of no avail. He must see the managers of all the teams—football, baseball and athletic—get their notices for the following day, and possibly resumés of the work of the respective squads. He never fails to visit college officers among the vari-

ous Faculties, who are supposed to have news, even though they do not hesitate to show him that he is not welcome. This teaches the "heeler" an independence and a certain kind of manliness which it would take years to get by ordinary processes, and delivers him from any possible false pride.

Three afternoons in the week, the work is "interrupted" by either French or German recitations, but this is only for an hour, during which the candidate is usually planning some piece of work which he will do immediately after. When he is brought up standing by the Professor, if he is lucky, he squirms through the passage only to resume his place and dream of news. A "News heeler" doesn't do much talking in class or out; in the drama of college life he plays a "thinking part," to say nothing of a great deal of acrobatic work—for nobody can climb college staircases, ride a wheel, or run, like a Yale "News heeler."

But the evening is the time when our friend "picks his fruit." Everything is on the rush after six-thirty, for the "stuff" must be put through the door of the office by eight. The "Princetonian" and Harvard "Crimson" must be looked over (and they do not arrive in New Haven until seven-thirty); the New York and New Haven evening papers must be perused, and all the various "sources of news," which the "heeler" soon learns to know, must be interviewed. The "heeler" must, in fact, keep in touch with every active Yale interest, and must have as capital to work with, a stock of knowledge concerning Yale and Yale life which is acquired by no other class of men in the University. A good "heeler" can give you off-hand the city address of any Professor in the catalogue; he knows by sight every man of prominence in the University, the number of his room and where he can be found; he can tell you the height, weight, and preparatory school of every 'Varsity athlete, the dates of the main athletic events, just when the college crews will go to the harbor, who are going to make up the various teams, why so-and-so will not get on, besides a multitude of Yale traditions of every sort. He knows which of the old buildings is the oldest, and which of the "new Yale" is the newest, and can give you the dates of their erection. In fact, it would be hard to "stump" a "News heeler."

His efforts are measured in words, and a record is kept each night. This gives the basis for election when the five months have expired. Expert accountants are employed to add up the credit, as it is called, and the two men who stand the highest are usually elected to the board. They serve as associate editors until the middle of Junior year, when they become regular editors—nine in number. Their period of authority runs from February to February, leaving the latter half of Senior year free from responsibility.

The "Yale News" is the only Yale newspaper; it is absolutely independent in its policy, oftentimes advocating measures directly at variance with Faculty opinion; it owns its offices and carries on a business which nets its senior editors several hundred dollars each. The paper has, this year, been enlarged, so that now it is the largest of the college dailies; it appears only in the morning, and is distributed to college rooms with the metropolitan papers.

News work is one of the most interesting, if it is one of the most severe, lines of effort which Yale offers to her undergraduates, and whether it is true or not, as a prominent eastern newspaper man has asserted, that a Yale News editor is worthy of any paper in the country, such an editorship certainly is a great source of satisfaction and profit.

D. H. Day, Yale '99,
Chairman "Yale News," 1898–9.

A TOAST.

To him whom we have all known long, as friend
In school and out—whose ready voice and hand
Have lent us aid ourselves could not command.
An orator, before whose words we bend
As sways the wheat when summer winds contend.
Good fellow, comrade—warm of heart and clean
Of purpose, quick to sympathize and glean
From all he meets the best, and that defend
With ready zeal.

To him may honor come,
Success and all he may desire, strong praise,
Firm friends, and if he wish, full mete of days.
May strength go forth to him from all—from some,
Perhaps, he may not know. Schoolmate of ours,
To you we drink success—I toast Claude Bowers.

P. P. H., '98.

TREE CEREMONIES AT VASSAR.

THE following is a selection from a letter by Florence Atkins, giving one side of college life:

"Last Friday night we Sophomores had *the* time of our lives at the tree ceremonies. Each year the Sophomore class chooses a tree on the grounds, and dedicates it by impressive rites and incantations to the memory of 'themselves' forever. The preparations for this affair are always secret and full of mystery. The Freshmen are always on the lookout to find out when it's going to happen, and to prevent it if they can. They have the best of us if they can get to the tree first, and give their class yell. The Juniors, too, are on the watch, and do all they can to help the Freshies.

"But we completely outwitted them Friday night. The tree which we had chosen is a large maple near the walk toward the lake. At eight o'clock that night, the signal was given, and there sprang up out of the darkness on all sides, the hundred and seventy Sophs. We could hardly tell ourselves where in the world so many came from all at once, for not a soul was in sight before the whistle—not even a prowling Freshman, much to our delight. We had been hiding behind trees and bushes—anywhere and everywhere. We were all disguised in black dominos with a skeleton outlined in white on the front. All the bones just matched our own, arms, legs and ribs, jawbones, hollow eyes, and laughing teeth. Oh, we looked lovely!

"The instant the signal was given, all these ghastly beings made a rush for the tree. The lanterns were lighted and we danced around in a circle with wild delight, waving our awful bones and singing the praises of 1901. Not a Freshman yell was heard till we were in the midst of the ceremonies and listening to the chain oration. 1902 are slow. Of course, they came down as soon as they heard our shouts and ''rahs,' but too late, poor things! After the fun at the tree, we went marching across the campus to Phil hall, singing to the tune of 'Johnny Comes Marching Home.' The vestibule was full of the disappointed Vassar babies, making as much noise as they could to drown our cheers. But they didn't succeed, even in that.

"In the hall, we had some ghost dances, and looked, with howls of laughter, at the shades of the departed Faculty who were hurried off to the lower regions (through a trap door in the stage) by order of his Satanic Majesty—a Soph, dressed in fiery red from horns to pointed shoes. Some of the girls took off the Profs splendidly. All except one dear fellow were condemned to eternal punishment. This favorite was presented with crown and harp and ascended to heaven, placidly thrumming the strings. We did have such fun.

"Just as we were getting ready to go back to our halls, news was brought by a darling Senior that the Juniors had been up to a lot of mischief in Strong and Raymond—that they had put ice as well as salt in the bed of every Sophomore, and had turned the sheets 'pie' fashion and sprinkled the pillows with red pepper. We were not

only warned of this, but invited to spend the night in 'Main' with dear old '99. So the whole Sophomore class marched quietly over to the main building. You see how those Juniors and Freshies were fooled again.

"Besides all this, we girls in Strong hall had the best joke on a lot of the Juniors. Nearly every Friday night, we have two or three freezers of ice cream sent up from Smith's, and those who wish have several plates sent up to their rooms at nine o'clock. Well, we had it brought as usual last Friday night—that is, the freezers looked as usual, but we had ordered the cans filled with sawdust. This was done as a bluff to make the Juniors and Freshmen think that nothing unusual was going to happen that night. Well, while we were off at the tree, the J's hit upon the scheme of stealing our cream. So they invited other Juniors from far and near to come and partake of the feast. Some Senior happened to enter 'Strong' just as the 'robbers' were on the point of opening the cans, when lo! nothing but sawdust greeted their hungry eyes. Fooled again! It was then that they planned vengeance and 'ice-beds.'

"When I came home the next morning, I found the news was true. My bed looked as though it had not been touched, but upon turning down the covers, I found a puddle of water and lumps of ice between the sheets at the foot. Just suppose I had come home in blissful (?) ignorance, and come to the realization of cold facts on going to repose, and stretching my weary limbs down into—oh!!!

"Wasn't it lucky we were warned on time? We're all wondering how long the guilty culprits waited for us to come back that night, and how disappointed they must have been to have had all their trouble for nothing. Three cheers for '99, and three more for 1901!"

FLORENCE ATKINS, '96.

THE STARS AND STRIPES IN ROOM C.

IT is our own beautiful American flag—a dazzle of flash and color—flaming red, brilliant blue, and gleaming white. This flag is not one torn and dimmed which has floated over a field of blood, or which has in the past, quickened the lagging feet of tired soldiers. There is not a spot on its clear freshness. Its folds fall crisp and heavy. We read in it not of the horrors and trials of a war manfully fought, but rather of a bright and glorious future, as bright and glorious as its own new folds. The yellow grained staff wraps the flag's silken folds around it as an officer would wrap his military cloak. The staff stands in a socket, leaving the flag free to answer every wandering breeze and passing footstep with a salute of graceful undulations, which sometimes sweep upward affectionately to the face of Whittier, the poet-patriot, looking down benignly from the wall. The spear-head at the top points upward, expressing a people's aspiration and directing a people's course. Above, are the silky, glossy stars, clear-cut against their rich purple-blue background. Each star brings to mind a wealthy, thriving state. Below is the long sweep of silver-glossed and crimson stripes, each stripe broad and free like our country. A yellow tassel, falling from a shining, plaited cord, mingles its glowing gold with the blood-red of a stripe. It has passed the unassuming white, scorning to cope with an unequal, but with all its strength, vies with the strong red. The dark background of a schoolroom blackboard only deepens and enhances the colors of the flag, and outlines in clear-cut, sharp lines its falling folds. This American flag in an American public school daily teaches its lesson through the eloquence of splendid color and graceful motions.

NELLIE RHODES, '00.

TO THE ALLEGHENY.

A drifting flood of dying sunset's gold
Pours down in yonder rushing river's vale;
And gilds the water as its evening wail
To heaven rises with the notes from chapel tolled;
To sky whose changing, rolling tints unfold
On dancing water's bosom, leaving trail
That gleams as stars through heavens tossed by gale,
That dies when dark o'er face of sun is rolled.

O river! in the sunset streaming slow,
Beneath the cliffs that up to heaven loom,
In joy thou sendest singing overflow
To meet a flood, to find blue ocean's tomb;
And with thy happy, trusting peace I go
To live the days, the years of light or gloom.

J. M. McK., '01.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SIMON PETER JACKSON.

SIMON PETER, *this* Simon Peter, was a philosopher. To be sure, he was only ten years old, and of a beautiful chocolate color; however, age and color need not bar one from philosophy.

His meditative manner was something of a cross to Aunt Lipsey, his mother. When told to whitewash the fence, Simon Peter always thought deeply before acting. His line of reasoning was something like this. He wanted to go fishing; he was told to whitewash the fence. He could run off, enjoy the fishing, and at night pay the penalty. This would be painful. Or he could whitewash, which work he hated. This also would be painful. The one is physical, the other mental pain. Simon Peter prefers the mental. He will whitewash the fence.

This course of reasoning often took the entire morning, partly because of the interruptions of Aunt Lipsey. But Simon Peter grew accustomed to the interruptions of smaller minds, and realized that great intellects are often subject to petty annoyances.

During his rather limited existence, only once had Simon Peter's career been ruffled. And this was because of something that might disturb a greater philosopher than he, namely, love. Aunt Lipsey first learned of his passion, when one day he rushed into the kitchen, his eyes like saucers, with the tragic statement that George Washington Brown had taken Arabella down to the creek to catch craw-dads. "Law, honey, why didn't you go 'long?" said Aunt Lipsey. Simon Peter gave her a look of lofty contempt, as he answered laconically, "Craw-dad hole's his'n." Then his composure gave way. His solemn little face twisted into an expression of utter woe, and he broke forth into unphilosophical weeping.

The sight of the tears making little canals in the dust on his face was too much for Aunt Lipsey. Clasping him in her arms, she consoled him with promises of a tea party, in which peach short-cake and lemonade figured conspicuously, and which, combined with Simon Peter's sterling worth, would surely bring back the fickle affections of that coquette, Arabella.

The plan succeeded admirably, and Arabella listened with an interest and devotion seldom found at the age of nine, as Simon Peter discoursed on the folly of craw-dad hunting, and unquestionably proved the superior advantages of peach short-cake.

ALICE BUTLER, '99.

BROTHER DEMUNDRUM.

THERE was a half-suppressed sense of excitement in the warm June air one Sunday morning two years ago, in a little village high up among the wild, green hills of Southern Indiana. There was to be preaching that day. At exactly quarter of ten, the bell in the meeting house turret would summon the faithful brethren and sisters to church, and for the first time in three months, the walls would resound with good old Methodist hymns, and the rough but earnest gospel be expounded

by the stern old circuit minister, Brother Demundrum.

I was spending a few weeks of my summer vacation in this same little village with an old lady, an enthusiastic member of the Methodist church, who was generally known as "Sister Patrick." Through her, I heard much of the brother, but had I been entirely ignorant of the many interesting facts of his hard life, his name (which took me some time to learn to pronounce correctly, and which forcibly reminds me of Dickens), also the fact that he was a real circuit minister, such as one reads of, would have caused me to want to hear him. So when the meeting house bell sent forth its call, Mrs. Patrick and I were among the first to start. There were few in the house when we first entered, but soon all the hard, uncushioned pews were filled with gaily dressed women and girls and uncomfortable looking men and boys in their best clothes. I was so interested in looking at the congregation that I did not, at first, notice a slight but erect figure, wearing a dusty suit of ministerial black and a clean white tie, seated on one of the stiff pulpit chairs. When I did happen to see it, I knew this must be Brother Demundrum. His hair was gray, but his eyes were a keen blue, and, though his strongly marked face betrayed a hard life, it showed that he still possessed the energy of youth.

The meeting opened with a hymn, which one of the sisters started, and in which the others joined, as soon as they recognized what was being sung. Then one of the deacons prayed. It was a very long prayer, and was followed by the collection and another hymn, but finally came the sermon. The subject was Job, but hardly had the brother finished reading the text, in a solemn, commanding tone, when the noise of wheels was heard without, and soon a little boy hurried into the church and spoke to one of the deacons. The deacon followed the boy out of doors, but returned after a few moments, and spoke with Brother Demundrum, who in his turn followed the deacon out. Curiosity seized the congregation. They strained their necks and eyes in looking after the two. What was the cause of this interruption? No one knew. But soon an explanation came in the form of a young lady, resplendent in a white satin gown and long white veil, followed by a young man, who was making frantic efforts to keep his wilted collar standing up straight, a second young lady in light yellow, the most calm and self-possessed of the party, and a portly old couple, who were very nervous. They marched slowly down the bare aisle and formed a semicircle around the pulpit, where they waited patiently until Brother Demundrum, who had been fumbling in a well-worn book, found the place, and without more ado, married the young couple. The deacon who had been called out, found an opportunity to remark to his neighbor (and indirectly to the whole congregation) that "they couldn't get word to the preacher nohow, so they jest had to come and take 'im by surprise."

Of course, church was broken up. Those who knew the bride and groom went forward to congratulate them, but one sister, not thinking it a proper manner in which to close a meeting, began singing the "Doxology," and one by one the others joined in.

So I didn't hear Brother Demundrum preach, but I witnessed one of the most interesting weddings I have ever seen.

SHIRLEY MARION COLEMAN, '00.

CONFIRMATION.

"The eyes are windows of the soul,"
She says, and, truth, this phrase implies
That what is in her soul, enshrined,
One sees by peering through her eyes.
Perhaps 'tis so, for when I look,
The face is mine that in them lies.

FROM THE CLASS OF 1900 TO THE CLASS OF 1899.

Fare ye well, O "Ninety-niners,"
Comrades have we been, and friends;
In this time of farewell-saying,
Joyousness with sadness blends.

May these days we've spent together
Cheer your pathway, calm your fears,
Be as some life-giving spirit,
Lending strength to future years.

Ever hoping and enduring,
Ever cheerful on the way,
May you reap a golden harvest
From the thoughts of yesterday.

Many tender recollections
Of old times, and many thoughts,
Gravely-gay, of past enjoyments,
You bequeath the "Naughty-Naughts."

ALICE BENTON SCOTT,
Poet of the Class of 1900.

A VISIT TO CROW'S NEST.

THURSDAY, April 13, was the last day of the winter term, and, as a fitting beginning of vacation, it was an ideal spring day. Fate could not have been kinder, and the Elementary Science class certainly could not resist the temptation to take a second trip to the country and woods. Accordingly, they decided to visit Crow's Nest. Toward night the pleasant breeze grew more balmy and pleasant. But what did it predict? Dare it foretell rain? Friday would tell.

Fortunately, Friday dawned fair and bright. By nine o'clock, a crowd had gathered at the High School, all in preparation for a trip that should be not unlike a picnic. Lunch-boxes played a prominent part, for the classes were to remain all day.

When the car was taken, it was plainly evident that the novelty of such trips had perished with the first one. The wild excitement so manifest then was now a thing of the past.

The classes left the car at Fairview and proceeded to walk over the dusty road to Crow's Nest, which was almost three miles farther on. Lunch-boxes grew heavier at every step, and would have been emptied on the spot had the pupils not known in how much demand they would be a few hours later. And then, O, joy of joys! the first wild flowers were seen. All the boys and some of the girls cleared an intervening barbed-wire fence in a twinkling, and soon left, where once had been bloom, only the green leaves to tell of the fate of that handful of wayside flowers. Those flowers proved to be blood-roots, and no one but Miss McClellan could ever have noticed them, hidden as they were among leaves and grass. Birds were almost unthought of, except a few buzzards wheeling far above the heads of pupils. Those who had not gone on the other trip, made wild guesses as to what kind of birds they were, but the rest then had a chance to show what had been learned on that first trip, by rightly naming the birds.

When Crow's Nest was reached, there was a sight to behold. The Goddess of Flowers seemed to have prepared purposely for this coming. On all sides, the ground was carpeted with delicate spring blossoms. Bloodroots literally ran riot over the earth, and star-eyed hepaticas held everyone spellbound until every hand was busy gathering huge bouquets of these peerless beauties. A few marsh-marigolds and dog-tooth violets were found, but when some one discovered a few early but lonely specimens of our own woodland violet, all else was worthless. It was the height of everyone's ambition to find something that should be

"Blue, blue, as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall."

But the dear little violets were at a premium, and pale-pink spring beauties and modest little salt-and-pepper flowers had to compensate for the extra search. When

everyone had a huge bunch of fairy-like blossoms, all became suddenly aware that they were thirsty. Then in a log cabin, they found enclosed a spring of clear, cold water. After drinking all they desired, they deposited their-lunch boxes on a fallen log and continued to wander "thro' flowery beds of ease." They wandered on till the lunch-boxes were left far in the distance, and not till hunger overtook them did they retrace their steps to the fallen log where reposed the lunch-boxes.

On the way back, some of the girls hailed a passing farmer who was driving a wagon in the bottom of which were sacks of corn. With his permission, the girls climbed in till the wagon-bed was crowded to its utmost capacity. Some found seats high on the sides of the wagon-bed, while others seated themselves far down in the wagon-bed on the sacks of corn. Altogether, it reminded one of the picture of the many children of the old woman who lived in a shoe. But for young faces peeping out from among the towering forms of those who were seated higher up, the sight was a living reproduction of the picture in the little book of nursery rhymes. After becoming tired of the rough but merry jolting, they alighted and, joining the boys and the teacher, gathered up the lunch-boxes, and after some hunting, found a suitable place to serve as woodland dining-room. One member of the classes had brought a camera and photographed the group as seated when banqueting in the woods.

The bouquets were now drooping and withered, and consequently were discarded and new ones obtained from the plentiful supply that only awaited the hand of the nature lover. In one place, a large trough filled with stagnant water attracted particular attention on account of its forming splendid tad-pole fisheries. Here again the camera was used as the pupils bent eagerly over the trough, and with bared arms captured the tad-poles. The little creatures were placed in a tin cup of water together with a frog and crawfish. A large collection of snails was also made at various intervals.

Once when tired, the classes rested where dead leaves were piled at least a foot high. But spiders were too friendly and the leaf-cushioned earth was no longer recognized as a desirable seat. Many times the spring was revisited and the walls of the little log hut were decorated with "I. H. S." Once more the classes sought a resting place, and this time on a fallen log that was

lodged between the trunks of living trees. But a warning crash caused the pupils to find repose on the green turf.

The athletic girls did not become tired, but as some of the others did, it was thought best to start for home, as even the boys had ceased to wrestle. While traveling on foot back over the dusty road, the pupils sighted another wagon and were delighted at the anticipation of another ride. The wagon proved too heavily loaded with material for drilling around the near-by oil wells to take on any extra weight; but the pupils were none the less merry. As the Elemen-

tary Science yell was as yet unborn, some of the pupils tried "Injun" on the way back to the car-line, but the good effects of last "yell-practice" were not evident. The pupils commented on an occasional fisherman's luck, and looked with envious eyes at "Grandfather's Chair," a rustic seat by the road-side. After having boarded a home-bound car, the pupils spent their time on the way to the city in obtaining souvenirs of the trip, to be placed with other school-day relics such as the ECHOES and oratorical contest banners. These souvenirs were collections of the signatures of all who went on the trip. To the owner of such a relic, there will, in years to be, some day come the memories of how he ascended the "Thousand Steps," climbed rail fences, or sank ankle-deep in mud; but above all, the sight of that keepsake will, to that pupil, ever keep green the memory of the time when he was a member of the Elementary Science Class of the I. H. S.

MAY RICHARDSON, '02.

A SILHOUETTE.

SHE sits at the open window, her white hair and wrinkled face softly outlined against the sunset sky. Without, everything is joyous. The birds are singing in the tops of the leafing trees; every sprouting flower and blade of grass welcomes the spring. But she does not see the beauty spread before her, nor hear the music of Nature's voice. Her eyes are looking upon the past; the music of long ago is ringing in her ears and heart. As the sound of children's laughter is borne faintly into the room upon the evening breeze, a tender smile flits across her face, playing about her trembling mouth and lighting up her dim, dreamy eyes. Perhaps she is thinking of her own childhood days, when her laughter rang out as care, free as that; when her life was all beauty and happiness. Perhaps she is thinking of her children who, long ago, used to play about her, lighting up the large rooms with their sunny faces, and making the dear old home ring with their innocent chatter and the music of their childish laughter. Her hands are crossed idly upon ber lap; resting now. All of her long, beautiful life they have toiled patiently for others, smoothing the rough, hard way for one, ministering to the wants of another, and guiding young footsteps past temptation and over difficulties.

The last tinge of red fades from the sky, leaving her motionless figure in the twilight, her upturned face full of deep peace and calm content. OLIVE WOOD, '01.

UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE.

What work is yours, who spend your lives
In bickering and futile toil?
And from the seed ye blindly cast
On barren ground, what good has sprung?
  Ye who are sluggish aphides,
  With small ambition clinging to
A single leaf, tell, if ye may,
  What work is yours?

Not ours the plan, nor do we see,
Nor shall we learn the aim of that
We do. With sweat and tears we build,
E'en as our fathers wrought, nor know
We aught but them as guides. The seed
We sow we merely trust falls not
On unproductive soil, but thrives
To live a day and then to die.
But leaving after it much more
  Of seed.
Upon the few we meet, perchance
We print some trace of what we are,
And in the moulding of our sons
We stamp them with our good and ill.
Thus, as upon the sands we leave
A mark,
Which wind of weakness shifts away,
Or wave of strength eradicates
And yet does not eradicate:
For even now, the changing sands
Of all humanity, we find,
Are scarred with marks which others left.
And when our minds and souls have done
Their work for other minds and souls,

All-using nature claims the rest,
That with our bodies we shall join
The Earth, great mother of us all,
And help to feed the world.
So like the leaves of trees we come,
And, in a season more, are gone,
Uncounted and uncountable.
Some slightest good we do, perhaps,
Before we mingle with the sand
And soil, a strength for violets,
That purple all the grass when spring
Is young. And e'en some harm, perhaps,
But, like the good, it lasts not long.
A little work?
Aye, true, a little work; but in
The vast machine which nature runs
No work is small to her.
And when the day is done and night
Has come to us, all wearied with
But half-completed labor, we
Are glad to sleep, returning dust,
Which time has lent, with usury,
To other dust.

HELEN JOSEPHINE WERBE, '99.

THE TECHNIQUE OF BRYANT.

BRYANT'S pen moves so gracefully and easily that we are fascinated by the delicate, fanciful imagery, the mingled truth and beauty, the subtle meaning, and forget to study another phase of the poet's work just as beautiful—the technicality. When nature is pictured so vividly, so truthfully, we too often care not whether the form be rugged, or whether it be polished.

The technic element in Bryant is not so well developed as in Tennyson or in Longfellow. His song is one of few notes, and though not varied, is never rugged or monotonous. He has not done as much as the English Laureate to introduce new and classical forms into the music of our verse; nor has he toiled as persistently as Longfellow to perfect the type schemes that are used to-day.

The great beauty in Bryant is that the dullest reader can seldom distort his verse into discord, into "sing-song," and ruin the harmony and color. This, it will be noted, is not true of Longfellow; but we must remember that Longfellow, the master of meters, wrote in a singular singing simplicity that makes it possible for his songs to be set to music, with a certain preponderance of open sounds, not of "l's" and "m's" as in Bryant.

Bryant's favorite foot was the iambic, and he usually formed it into the heroic measure. The hexameter, the Alexandrine, is not a characteristic of Bryant, and only once, in a translation, has he used the octameter. The anapestic trimeter breaks out in a few instances—one of them "Innocent Child." This gives no great variety, yet Bryant sang some of the nation's immortal songs in these two forms.

In stanza formation we find greater variety. He has not used either couplet or triplet, but of the quatrain he was master. "To a Waterfowl" is one of the highest pieces of art in the language, and is far more artistic than most of the quatrains of other poets. His combinations are musical and varied. In this form of verse, he ranks with Longfellow.

Bryant has not used the beautiful five-line stanza, that in which Shelley sang "The Skylark," and Stedman his "Sleigh-Ride." One can call to mind only a few examples of the six-line, "Not Yet," "A Presentment," "Caterskill Falls." The eight and nine-line stanzas are the ones most used. The eight-line is characteristic of his later poetry, "Greek Boy," "Song," and the "Winds." The nine-line is one used early in his career in "The Ages." In it he sang "June," "After a Tempest," and others. He used the twelve-line very effectively in "The Conqueror's Grave," and "Song of Marion's Men." His sonnets are, in reality, only short poems, for he has not always followed the English form, and but once, (in a translation), the Italian method.

Ex Libris
Maria Fletcher Berry

After all, the most powerful form of verse used by Bryant is his blank verse. His masterpieces were given to us in this form. His style is smooth, and always exalted and beautiful. "Thanatopsis" is his first; and it is also his greatest, not only from the thought standpoint, but also from the technical side. His free, daring use of the easy, run-on line gives it a grace, a slow-moving dignity, that is missing in later works with their square, end-stopped lines. Why he should suddenly change from a proportion of one-half run-on lines to one-sixth, I can not explain. As Shakespeare continued to write he used more run-on lines, seeming to gain confidence; but with Bryant just the opposite condition exists. Though his blank verse is a disappointment here, his use of the caesura, or pause, is admirable, and he always displays the same power that aids in making "Thanatopsis" beautiful.

To many poets, rhyme is a fetter; to Bryant, it was as a second nature. His rhymes are never strained, and never grate on the cultured ear. He is, however, guilty of an offense too often overlooked—that of leaving the first and third lines of a quatrain unrhymed. He has done this often in his later poetry—"The Unknown Way," "The White Footed Deer," and a few others.

Bryant is one of our masters of alliteration. We are never wondering how soon the poet will again dash a somersault of alliteration upon the page, as when reading the works of many minor poets. His alliterations are natural, as is his whole vocabulary, and come as gentle surprises; not having undue prominence, but finding their own simple places in the great harmony.

In conclusion, we find that Bryant's selection of meter was in beautiful sympathy with nature. How the plaintive quatrains of the "West Wind" heighten the general effect of the poem! How his heavy blank verse gives us sultriness in the "Summer Wind!" They call this iambic pentameter the "heroic measure." Bryant has made it immortal as a nature measure.

J. Milton McKinley, '01.

AN ECHO OF THE STRIKE IN ROOM B FEBRUARY 22.

Of room B's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that disturbing thought whose very act
Brought trouble to our room, and all our woe,
With loss of holiday, till some greater man shall die,
Sing, sleepy muse, that in the secret top
Of "C" or "F" didst inspire
Those shepherds, who first taught the chosen class
In the beginning, that two and
Two are four: or, if A and D
Delight thee more, and Dotey's words that flow
Sweet and soft, I thence
Provoke thy aid to my rebellious song
That with no little flight intends to soar
Above the glee-club's tunes while it pursues
Things yet unthought-of in the human brain.
And chiefly thou, O Biddy, that dust defer,
From day to day, all little things, thou canst
Instruct me, for thou knowest.
Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty broom outstretched,
Dove-like, satst looking at the vast abyss
And finally swept it clean. What in me is red,
Make purple; what is white turn black,
That to the depth of this great history,
I may assert the true account
And justify our ways to men.
Say first, for the great hall hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the great basement, say first what cause
Moved our grand seniors, in their happy state,
Favored of Hufford so highly, to drop off
From their dear teacher, and transgress her will
For one vacation, lords of the school besides.
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The restless Colgan, he it was whose guile deceived
The flower of mankind, by whose aid aspiring,
The chosen class trusted to have equaled Mrs. Hufford
If she resisted; and with dark designs
Against her right and power, raised rebellious war in B.
Them the mighty woman
Sent scurrying and skipping from the cloak-room door, back
To wooden seats; there to stay
With everlasting tasks and dreadful tests,
Who dared defy the omnipotent to arms.

Alan G. Williams, '99.

The Second Exhibition
Arts & Craft
High School
Building-Indianapolis
April
14-22
'99

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS.

THE EXHIBIT of the arts and crafts marks an epoch in the art life of Indianapolis. It is to the glory of all who were in any way connected with it to know that its influence has not only extended throughout the State, but has also attracted national attention. This was due largely to the fact that it was so far-reaching in its scope; that it comprehended the efforts of the humblest child in the grade schools and, at the same time, brought these into conjunction with the creations of the most skilled of our artists or artisans. This was made possible by the earnest co-operation of all who in any way contributed to its success.

As a movement, nothing has occurred in our city's history that is so far-reaching in its possible effect; nothing that will do more to stimulate an earnest appreciation of the beautiful. It has revealed the truth that art is not simply the painting of pictures or carving of statues. It has fully demonstrated the truth, that art can and should be embodied in the commonest things of utility which come within the range of the humblest. Once establish the thought that art can be a factor in every product of utility, and that one whose life-lines are cast in the humbler walks of life, by developing his innate gifts for art and utilizing them in the works of his hands, can become a factor in the world's betterment, he will take greater pleasure in the doing, and will find joy in this added art quality because it becomes a pleasure to others.

It should be a matter of pride to both children and teachers in the schools that they, by the co-operation of earnest effort, have aided in making the Arts and Crafts a success. Indeed it should be a joy to all who assisted in any way toward its realization, from the humblest contributor to those who gave their time and effort to its successful culmination. It should be a joy to the parents to know that their children, by their work or their mite, were factors in the good work. It should be a joy to the earnest souls who teach art in the schools to feel that they have not only the good will of the artists and artisans in their good work, but that these same artists and artisans are willing to hold up the hands of the art teachers of the schools in their efforts to unfold in the children the love of the beautiful, the good, and the true, in life and nature. Then let us all join in saying, "All hail to the Arts and Crafts!"

All should strive earnestly to continue this good work so auspiciously begun. It is a joy to know that the impressions received by the children will be ingrafted into their lives and will stimulate within their natures a greater desire for larger and more beautiful living; that it will stimulate a more earnest desire upon their part to strive to create things that shall reflect more of their ideal nature. Then we should not look back upon the Arts and Crafts exhibit as something that has disappeared like cloud shadows on a summer's day, but as something that still lives and is ingrafted into the higher life of our city, and as a real epoch-making factor in the very life of our schools. In this popular movement in art, the earnest efforts of all have been considered—artist, artisan, amateur, student and child. Each shared a part of the honors, and all touched elbows upon one common ground. And this is as it should be, for we who are artists and artisans of to day, to-morrow will have passed into higher realms, and the children whose works were placed beside ours will be the artist and artisan then, and all will have made the world better by the works of hand and mind.

R. B. GRUELLE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHAUCER'S PILGRIMS.

AS WE read the prologue of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," we seem to see pass before us that immortal company of pilgrims wending their way to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. We know them all, high and low, loving some, despising a few, and smiling at many of them. The gentle, courteous knight, in his travel-stained hauberk, rides along, followed by his son, the gay young squire, of whom Chaucer says:

"Embrouded was he as it were a mede,
Al ful of fresshe floures white and reede,
Syngynge he was, or floytinge al the day,
He was as fresshe as is the month of May.
Curteys he was, lowly and servisable."

Then come the simpering little prioress, the fat, well-cared-for monk, and the jolly friar, the silent, book-loving clerk, the haughty merchant and the learned lawyer, and,

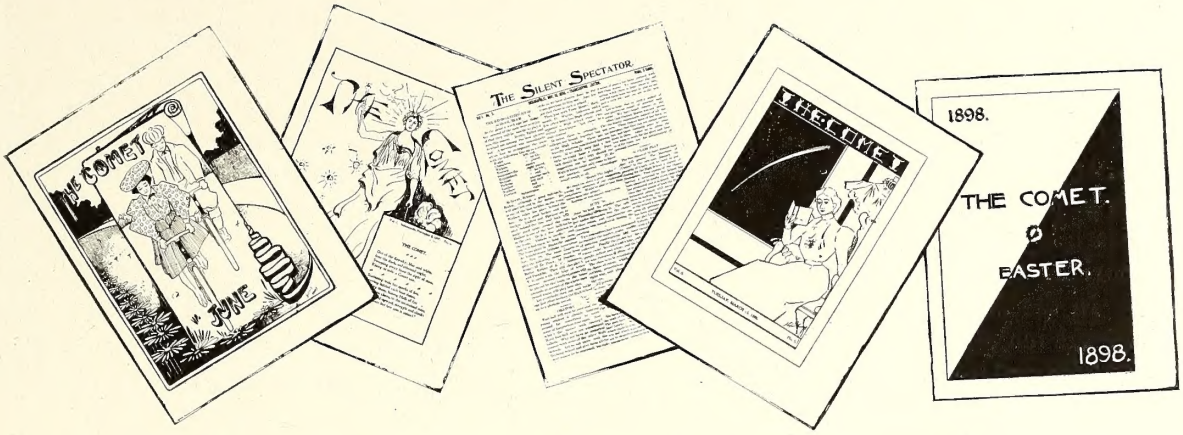
"With us ther was a Doctour of Physik.
In al this world ne was ther noon him lyk
To speke of physik and of surgerye,
For he was grounded in astronomye."

The gaudily dressed wife of Bath and the stout, brawny Miller ride in company, and with their loud laughter and coarse jests are in great contrast to the mild and patient parson and his god-loving brother, the plowman.

As they are pictured by the shrewd poet, we feel ourselves to be among them, on that fresh April morning, listening to the cheerful words of Harry Bailly, the host, who leads the way:

"A semely man our hoste was withalle,
For to han been a marshal in an halle.
A large man was he with eyen stepe,
A fairer burgeys is ther noon in Chepe."

ELEANOR CAREY.



JOURNALISM IN THE INDIANAPOLIS HIGH SCHOOL.

THE process of evolution which has given to the Indianapolis High School that unique and successful institution, a daily newspaper, began some years ago. How it has happened that the I. H. S. possesses a newspaper quite beyond the ordinary path of High School publications can probably be explained by a careful review of the conditions which have existed in our school for the past four years.

The DAWN and the ANNUAL, appearing once a year, did little besides exhibit work done in the English classes, and four years ago, there was no officially recognized paper appearing at shorter intervals. Under such conditions, in a school of one thousand pupils, it was natural that a desire for a newspaper should arise. We feel safe in venturing the statement that had the faculty satisfied this demand by establishing a monthly magazine, the DAILY ECHO would never have existed. But the faculty permitted this newspaper enterprise to take the form of independent publications by boys in the school—and boys will dare to attempt impossibilities. Several papers have been published in this way by boys in past classes, which even the "oldest inhabitants" have forgotten; but the paper from which we date the "evolution" of the ECHO appeared in 1896.

The students who came to school on September twenty-third of that year, found on their desks a four-page paper, bearing the title "The Silent Spectator," and announcing on the editorial page, "Published fortnightly in the interests of the Indianapolis High School, by S. W. Mansfield and L. B. Davis, editors." The first copy was distributed gratuitously. Claude Bowers, a Junior, read a copy in Room C; Pax Hibben read his in Room E, and Fletcher Wagner found one in Room M. Aspirations to greatness were already stirring in the heads of those three, for in the very next number of the "Spectator," we see their names as "room agents." In number three, was an advertisement "chased" by Wagner, and in number four, copious "room notes" by "P. P. H."

Davis and Mansfield published seven numbers, the last a fourteen-page Christmas edition—patent insides, in a blue cover decorated by a cut of the High School. Then the "Spectator" was sold to Ralph Wells, of the I. T. S. It was edited, for three numbers,

by Herbert Wiley and Hines Share, but its foreign ownership was kept a secret. Gloomy days for High School journalism! But a change was already at hand.

On a miserable mud-road half way between Bedford and Paoli, in Southern Indiana, near the close of a sultry summer afternoon, the High School "Comet" sprang into existence. The name was proposed two months later by Mrs. Hufford; the first number was printed in September, but the size, the frequency of issue, the general style, and the editorial policy were all decided while Pax Hibben and Fletcher Wagner pedaled their laborious way over the rocky hills of Indiana and along the rolling highways of Kentucky.

In the fall, a board of twelve directors was formed, and Walter Bond was chosen business manager of the Weekly Comet. Hibben edited very successfully twelve regular numbers and a sixteen-page Christmas edition. Wagner recovered from a severe illness in time to be an assistant editor on the last number.

The board of directors was disbanded and Fletcher Wagner and Chas. Pettijohn obtained permission to continue the "Comet." They published six regular numbers, an Easter edition and a June edition. The Easter "Comet" contained twenty-four pages, and celebrated from cover to cover the victory of Claude Bowers in the oratorical contest at Richmond. It sold for ten cents, and was a fitting memorial of that most memorable victory.

Now the frequent annoyance of reading proof, and the disturbance caused by the weekly appearance of the "Comet," had led our principal to the conclusion that the school should not have a weekly paper the following year. The I. H. S. did not have, next year, nor will it have soon again, a weekly paper.

In August, the former editor of the "Comet" went to those in authority and abruptly begged permission to publish a *daily* paper in the High School. Perhaps no one can ever know the exact opinions which our principal then held of the sanity and sincerity of the request. Nor will the writer attempt to describe his own feeling of mingled fear and determination when he undertook this self-proposed and self-imposed task.

It was a dreary job to be editor and assistants, and reporter, and special correspondent, all alone. It required some dexterity to be business manager, advertising solicitor, subscription agent and errand boy at the same time; to chase an ad., to write a joke, correct the proof, and to deliver Echoes. But it was fun—and by and by several fellows helped—and more spoke words of encouragement; so the staff went without dinner, and published the Daily Echo for a month and a half. Within a few weeks after Vol. 1, No. 30, announced that the Echo was no more, the former editor called a meeting in Room D, and proposed that the school take some action towards securing a printing press and continuing a daily paper. The proposition was well received. Figures showing the very lowest cost for a press that would print an Echo, and for a small outfit of type, were introduced. It was moved that Miss Donnan, Mr. Benton, and Mr. Taylor be asked to secure information and advice for the school, pertaining respectively to the editorial, the typographical, and the financial sides of the matter. As these teachers were present, and kindly offered to do this, the motion was passed. Mr. Dotey and Mr. Benton pointed out that the school board, if interested in the scheme, would probably give the needed assistance. Mr. Hufford showed also the advisability of faculty control. The students passed a resolution asking that the daily paper be continued in any event, and the meeting adjourned.

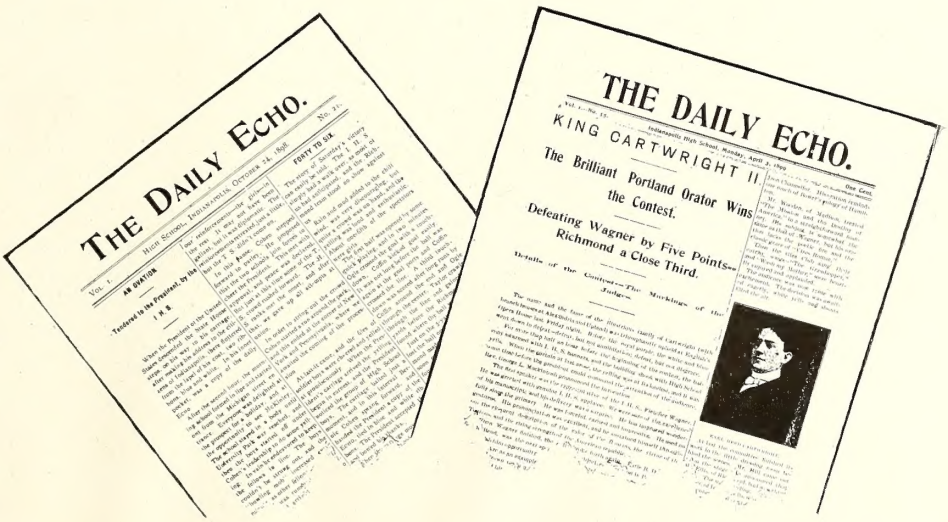
On December sixteenth, the school board generously granted two hundred and fifty dollars for the purchase of a press for the High School.

Since that time, under efficient and adult control, the little idea of a daily news-sheet has grown into a respectable, practical, business-like institution. What was one year ago undreamed of by the multitude, and very vaguely dreamed of by one, is to-day a visible reality.

A disastrous fire at 3:30 A. M. March 29th, in the High School building, is reported in glaring headlines at 8 A. M. by *one* Indianapolis daily, the ECHO, issued from a damp and smoking press room. Athletic and oratorical contests are reported in full after one day, and crowded advertisements enable the ECHO to appear with sundry supplements and many illustrations.

Future Freshmen in our High School will treat as a matter of fact what would have seemed to Seniors a year ago, a fable of the Arabian Nights.

FLETCHER WAGNER, '99.



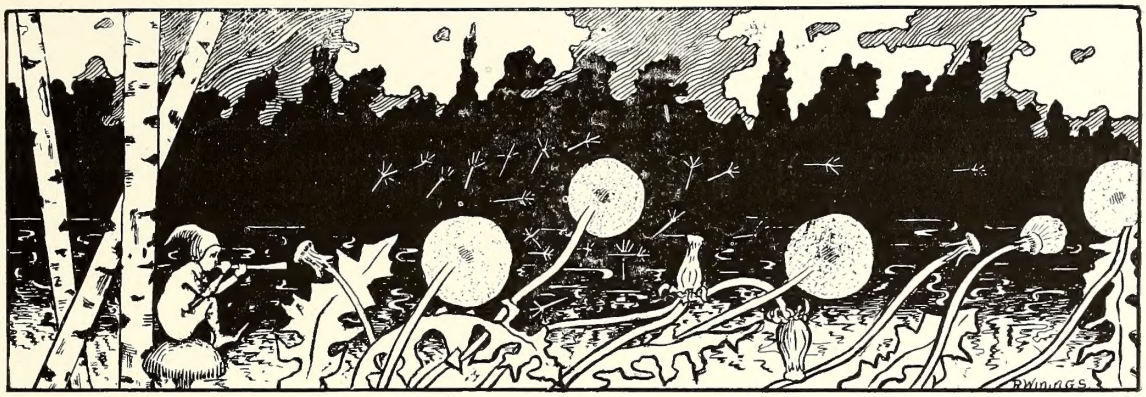
Fate.

From out the darkness of the night, a moth
Made fumbling way through window partly raised
To summer air, and, pausing at the sill,
She caught the gleam of candle flame afar.

Across the glowing aureole of light,
With quivering wings and blinded eyes, a moth,
Half-crazed, beats back the heated air and flirts
And wantons with the shifting, yellow fire.
No method in her course, but maddened, still
In reeling flight she swirls, she hesitates,
But rushing back, weaves circles in the air
And fans with fragile wings the twisting flame.

'Tis done. The hopeless, frantic struggle ends,
And in the gutter of the candle smokes
The writhing body of another moth.
But she who at the threshold paused, not sick
With dread, returns to darkness whence she came.
Some greater will has breathed upon the spark
Of light-lust hid within, and glowing now
The fatal fever burns. No thought there comes
Of darkness or of cooler air without,
But launching on a deadlier course, she too,
With faltering flight, seeks for the candle's flame.

—*Pax. P. Hibben.*



DATES OF INTEREST.

September 27, 1898—The first number of the Daily Echo was issued.

October 8—Football: I. H. S., 0; I. T. S., 0.

October 15—Football: I. H. S., 0; U. of I., 6.

October 21—The school greets President McKinley.

October 22—Football: I. H. S., 40; Richmond H. S., 6.

October 27—Address by Rev. Geo. L. Mackintosh, on "The Athletic Fever."

October 28—Celebration of LaFayette Day.

October 28—Celebration of Arbor Day, by planting of trees.

November 5—Football: I. H. S., 20; Walnut Hills High School, of Cincinnati, 0.

January 16, 1899—The first number of The Echo, printed on the High School press, appears.

February 3—Oratorical Primary, in High School Hall.

February 10, 11—Jester's Glee and Prize-Step performance by the Senior class, in the High School Hall.

February 21—A lecture on "Clouds and Winds," by Mrs. H. R. Edson.

March 11—Organization of the Indiana High School Athletic Association, at English's hotel, by delegates from seven cities.

March 29—The High School building suffers severe damage by fire.

March 31—The Third Annual Oratorical Contest is held in the English Opera House.

April 8—The High School Glee Club sings in Brownsburg, Hendricks county.

April 14–22—The Second Annual Exhibit of Arts and Crafts, in the High School building.

April 29—The Class of 1900 gives a reception to the Senior class.

May 9—Preliminary field events at Newby Oval.

May 27—Interscholastic State Field Day, at Newby Oval.

June 14—Commencement.

June 16—Meeting of the High School Alumni Association.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

Published Once a Year, in the Interests of the Indianapolis High School, by the Members of the Senior Class.

EDITOR:

FLETCHER BERNARD WAGNER.

ASSISTANT EDITORS:

JULIA COBURN HOBBS, MYLA JO CLOSSER,
NORA TAGGART, H. WAITE COLGAN,
JAMES RANDALL.

JOHN A. CRAIG, - - BUSINESS MANAGER.
WARREN W. MANCHESTER, - ADVERTISING AGENT.

THE students who have been entrusted by the class of ninety-nine with the publication of the ANNUAL, beg to present to the Senior class, to the faculty, to the undergraduates, and to all friends of the school, this, the product of their labors.

WE have endeavored to portray for you the life and the doings of the Indianapolis High School, and more particularly of the Senior class, during the school year just past. We shall feel that we have succeeded if these pages have made you understand, in any degree, the pleasure and profit which we have experienced during our four years of High School life.

ONLY a few days more may we rightfully claim the long-sought-for and short-lasting title of Senior, and then it is to be laid aside, to be eagerly and proudly assumed by others. Surely we leave the High School with some regrets, for, although our minds are constantly haunted by visions of ruffled and tucked graduating gowns, or striped and variegated ties, yet in the midst of all our excitement we stop to think what it is—the "ending up" of our school days—and our thoughts sober us for the minute. Many of us know that never again shall we bear the title of Senior, experience the general flurry and bustle, or invite our friends to see us receive an important looking roll of parchment, so we banish our serious thoughts, put on our radiant smiles, and dream of Commencement.

Have we changed much since we first came into the High School, four long, dim years ago? Let us stop and consider the changes, for surely there have been some. There is a decided change in our appearance. One would hardly know that Senior maid who walks so quietly down the hall, her hair tucked up on her head, her skirts touching the floor, as the same little Freshman, who, four years ago, was scurrying up and down

the stairs, jostling and laughing, with indecorous pig-tails floating behind. One hardly sees in that Senior youth who is so cool and indifferent, the studious Freshman who raced to his recitations and tried a center-rush act in crowded corridors. There is also a change of feeling which has come gradually, as our minds have developed and our perceptions broadened. We have learned the value of time, no longer wasting precious minutes looking out of the window while we ought to be at work on our Vergil or Geometry. We have learned to stand on our own feet, not depending on others to help us through, or to lift us over the rough places—that foolish notion was dropped as soon as we found that we were no longer treated as children, but were to be placed on our honor, as became a High School student.

Perhaps in the joyous throng which is leaving the High School, there are some who wish they might live over again these past four years; regretting that they did not study harder or that they did not take a course affording better preparation for college, or for a business life. But let us hope there is no one of these who has no tender memories whatever of his school days, or who cherishes in his heart no gratitude toward his instructors. Instead, let us feel that, looking forward to the end, he forgets past griefs and joins with his fellow-workers in praise for the good old school.

A YEAR ago, our silent fleet lay off the shores of blockaded Cuba. A year ago, threatening guns were pointing toward the humbled city of the Philippines. A year ago, the populace of this country were fired with patriotism, exalted by the great principle for which they were fighting, and astounded by their terrible prowess. In the time of danger they stood united.

To-day, our soldiers patrol the streets of Havana. To-day, are the victorious armies of our native land fighting the natives of the Philippines. To-day, our citizens are divided as to the future policy of our country.

A year ago, few would entertain for a moment the idea of territorial acquisition as a national policy. To-day, many hold that the future of our nation depends upon our foreign conquests. Our armies have been increased. We, as a nation, have stepped from the wings toward the center of the world's stage.

NOW IS the time of doubt. Are we to rush into the broils of European nations, or remain unharmed in the pursuit of our former policy? One or the other we must do. If we load ourselves with conquered riches, we may gloriously shine in the brightness of success, or, debased by luxury, we may sink and smother in the mire of corruption. If we limit our country by its present boundaries, we may succeed in the pursuits of peace and be an everlasting reproach to the wickedness of the old world. Or we may be lulled to sleep by the whir of our own machinery and may doze and doze, while other nations advance to glory and everlasting fame.

This is our time of doubt. We must not be swayed by passion or sentiment; we must be governed by reason and not led on by inclination. Let us not take the step toward our destruction, but let us decide upon that which will make us a blessing to the world and to ourselves.

"First in yells, first in cash—
Beat the colleges all to smash."

THIS altogether undignified couplet was part of a cry proposed for the Indiana High School Oratorical Association. It expresses, in very disrespectful form, an idea which has attracted recent attention among the friends of the Indianapolis High School. As to the first proposition—"First in Yells"—college graduates who have attended our contests, never fail to notice in the incoherent war cries which crash about their ears, a juvenile enthusiasm which is irresistible. As half of our voices belong to boys whose throats have not reached the depths of vocal development, and the other half to those brilliant and beloved fellow-students whose voices, for reasons of gender, will never reach such perfection, it is but natural that we should not come up fully to the gruff bellowings of college rooters. But in volume of sound, in music of accent, and in unison of effort, we endeavor to make up for our physical deficiencies.

"First in Cash," implies not only that the students are provident, but that they are liberal and patriotic. A community of wealth does not make a school financially fortunate. It is the hearty interest taken by students and teachers, coupled with good financial management which makes our associations so prosperous. Exhortations to attend a football game are accompanied by advice to "save your pennies." And it is in that spirit that we students, whether blessed with a large "allowance" or with none at all, spend our High School money. An "Echo" subscription paid with saved "candy money" is not an extravagance. Forty cents paid as "dues" to the Oratorical Association is an investment which returns to us ten-fold in the last week of March.

It was this spirit of united effort and of ungrudging financial support which enabled this High School, unaided, to secure for its oratorical contest, English's Opera House, after the representatives of six Indiana colleges had spoken in a much smaller building. Scarcely a week ago, the Indiana High Schools held an athletic meet at one of the best grounds and on the fastest bicycle track in the State, while the same colleges were holding a field day on less pretentious grounds not a stone's throw away.

The Indianapolis High School is already doing work which is almost collegiate in scope as well as in thoroughness; and now it seems that we have a school enthusiasm and a school spirit equal to that of local colleges. We have a publication which many colleges have never attempted, and some are now suggesting a gymnasium. May we continue to hold our many advantages, and to appreciate our energetic fellow-students, our able faculty, and our generous school board.

THERE is an old song, which we have all heard, and which has something about "misfortunes being angels in disguise." The melody, like that of other old songs, is full of ridiculous quavers, and ends in barber-shop chords, but the sentiments expressed are universally true, even if universally trite.

Such an angel as the song describes, an angel with an appreciation of humor quite incompatible with the conventional conception of heavenly spirits, went gayly masquerading this spring in the guise of the "fire" at High School. The day of and the day

after the fire, we wandered about the building, with faces as somber as it was possible to keep them in the midst of all the really delightful excitement of the event, but as the repairing of the damages progressed, the faces daily brightened. Now, nothing but what is agreeable remains to remind us of the night of March 28.

Everywhere the tintings of the walls and ceiling have been renewed, cool grays and greens in the corridors, rose-color in the hall. The building has been carefully braced, and the wooden timbers no longer quake, as the crowds of students pass to their classes. Other changes have taken place, and other improvements have been added, for which we are not indebted to the fire. In the yard, the Civics and Civil Government have planted their trees on Arbor Day, and the Association has laid out basketball and tennis grounds. The basement is made, by whitewash and cement, a clean retreat. In the office are the two new telephones, new books in the library, new pictures on the walls. Behind the stairs, the exchange and literary tables form an inviting corner. Mounting the stairs, the massive iron chandelier is seen suspended. A picture of this generous gift of the Class of '98, is our frontispiece. The chandelier is lighted by electricity, and the wires and fixtures for other electric lights are left us from the Arts and Crafts Exhibit.

On the second floor, little is new but the calcimining of the hall, already mentioned; but in the attic, many antique cobwebs and much ancient dust have been removed since last year by the boys, who make it their training-quarters in winter; and higher yet, on the flagpole which tops the cupola, there floats, on state occasions, the new blue and white of our I. H. S. Surely the year of '98–99 has been one of change and progress, not only in the mental development of the institution, but in visible and material improvement, so that when some post-graduate, now a Freshman here, is asked when the building was wired for electric lights, he will answer, "In the same year that the DAILY ECHO was established, the Senior year of the class of '99."

THIRD ANNUAL CONTEST
THS
INDIANA-ORATORICAL-ASSOCIATION

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

THE great event had been heralded far and wide, by pupils and ECHO, for weeks before. The excitement and enthusiasm caused by the primary contest was surpassed by that of the great final. At the primary, Fletcher Wagner had won first place, and so would represent us in the State contest. It is doubtful if a better representative could have been chosen. In addition to his ability as a student and as a writer, which he has shown throughout his career at the High School, he has also shown a degree of school patriotism, and an interest in school association that has made him a true representative.

Preparations for the contest had not been limited to the contestants. The "yellers" practiced faithfully, yelling themselves red and hoarse night after night, until there seemed no end to their noise and enthusiasm. Thomas Sims was leader, and his long arms and powerful voice stood him in good stead. Blue and white ribbon was sold by yards after the last few meetings, and for days before, Wagner and I. H. S. buttons appeared everywhere. The enthusiasm was steadily mounting higher.

The reception committee appointed by the Oratorical Association likewise had no small part in the success of the contest. Members of this committee were seen rushing madly about, now with their arms filled with rugs and pillows, and now brandishing hammers in a truly alarming manner. The committee was excused from classes, and the various noises heard above the heads of the uninitiated were curiosity-provoking in the extreme.

The great day arrived at last. The committee looked for the last time at the Hall made effective by their labors, and then went home to make themselves equally so. The delegations from the other cities made their appearance promptly, and the Hall and corridors were soon filled with a crowd of excited young people interspersed, here and there, with the mothers, who were invited to add dignity to the occasion. The Hall was very pretty. Combinations of flags, rugs, and pillows hid the plain chairs of every-day use and made a cosy corner of the platform. The reception committee saw that everybody had a good time, and all were ready for the excitement of the evening.

Long before the time appointed for the beginning of the contest, the "yellers" were on hand, making the opera house resound. Throughout the evening the I. H. S. "yellers" showed their superiority over all others. After the invocation, which was pronounced by Rev. G. L. Mackintosh, Fletcher Wagner began his oration. Excepting the excited cheering with which he was greeted, the silence on the part of the audience was intense as long as he was speaking. The excellence of his manuscript and his quiet, though impressive delivery, raised the hopes of us all, and we, at least, were confident that he was the best. The other contestants followed in due order and received the same attention, partly because of their real excellence, but chiefly because we were so eagerly comparing them with our own man. The orations were interspersed with yells from all the schools, and at the end, it seemed to those in the gallery that all the schools united in one grand prolonged uproar.

When the decision of the judges was announced, though it came as a disappointment to us, still we realized that Wagner had won a great victory for us in beating Richmond. Cartwright, of Portland, was first; his elocution had done more for him than his manuscript, as he had a subject, "The Hero of '59," which he treated in a very emotional manner. Wagner was given second place, his subject being, "The Strength of Rome." Griffith Ellis, of Richmond, came third, who had as a subject, "Prince Bismarck."

After the contest, everybody went to the High School Hall again. Congratulations were exchanged right and left. Some of the contestants and Miss Donnan made short speeches, but only those very near the platform received the full benefit of them. Then the reception committee came forward once more, and tried to make everybody have a good time. Some daring people tried to dance, to their own danger and the almost certain death of the spectators. The three successful men received congratulations not only from their own supporters, but from every one else.

At 12 o'clock, the reception reluctantly came to a close, and those who were depending on the cars for transportation, rushed out to catch the last car home, and at hundreds of breakfast tables the next morning, the contest was decided over again as "it ought to be."

ALICE S. BUTLER, '99.

THE HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUB.

DIRECTOR,

LYNN MCMULLEN.

FIRST TENORS.

FRANK BROWN,
FRANK KISSELL.

SECOND TENORS.

WARREN MANCHESTER,
PAX HIBBEN,
DON GILMAN,
JOHN CRAIG,
BERNIE COHEN.

FIRST BASS.

PAUL EDWARDS,
EVERSON MCHATTON,
JOE HALL,
TOM CATHRO,
JAMES NIMAL.

SECOND BASS.

TOM SIMS,
WILL LONG,
RALPH JONES,
EDWARD MAYO,
EARL PRITCHARD,
MAJOR DOWNING.

EARLY in the school year, a large-minded student thought of forming a glee club. It was announced in the ECHO, and a good number presented themselves. It was decided by unanimous vote that the club should be made a permanent organization.

Lynn McMullen kindly consented to act as director. The success of a club depends much upon the director. Mr. McMullen having had several years' experience in a college club, our success was assured at the start. The following officers were then elected: President, Warren Manchester; vice-president, Bernie Cohen; treasurer, Cleo Hunt.

Several meetings followed, music was purchased, and a regular weekly meeting for practice was decided on, Thursday being chosen. For weeks the hall re-echoed with our voices, until we had mastered several pieces. Our director broke the news to us that it was time we were making our début.

Our modest faces first appeared before the various morning session-rooms. Then an invitation came for us to sing at the Third Christian Church. We hailed it as our first really public appearance. Our director pulled us through the numbers, and our efforts were well received. Soon after this, we filled an engagement at Roberts Park Church. Frank Brown, our soloist, made a "hit." About this time a quartette was formed, and they often gave the club a rest by helping out the program.

When the seniors decided to give an entertainment, the Glee and Mandolin clubs formed the nucleus of it, and you all know what a success it was. The low-cut American-Beauty-colored waistcoats and the black faces of the minstrels formed a stage picture long to be remembered. There were many searching looks cast up and down the stage before we recognized our friends, whom we supposed we could tell in any disguise.

Soon after this, we began rehearsing for a concert to be given at Brownsburg. There was much anticipated pleasure at the prospect of making a trip, and our anticipations were fully realized.

The trip of eighteen miles was made in a large coach, which was filled to overflowing by the enthusiastic crowd. The entertainment was given in the large town hall of Brownsburg. At the close of the program, the Glee Club was entertained at the home of Mr. Hunt. The town hall was then left open, heated and lighted (through the courtesy of the generous citizens of Brownsburg), for the use of the club.

At 3 o'clock, the boys took the train for home, arriving at the Union depot "early, early" in the morning, tired and sleepy, but still full of fun. Yes, the Brownsburg expedition will live fresh in our memories long after we have left the I. H. S.

Mr. McMullen had declared this our last concert, but one of our members, wishing to have another "last appearance," secured the Third Christian Church, and with the Mandolin Club, we gave a farewell concert.

The Glee Club members presented Mr. McMullen, on this last occasion, a token in

appreciation of the services rendered by him.

The Club has now disbanded, but a spirit of kindly love has grown up among its members until it has bound them into a lasting union. The outward band may be broken, the individual members may pursue each a different calling, but that one common tie can never be broken. It shall live on as long as our high-school days are remembered.

WARREN W. MANCHESTER.

THE SENATE.

SURELY there be a mysterious attraction about the Senate Chamber, for throngs of students flock unto its doors whenever the worthy Senators do meet in session. This attraction lieth not in the decoration of the interior, for the walls be somewhat dingy and the furniture needeth something of varnish. Nevertheless, there be a great attraction, which (sith it lieth not in the room itself) must lie in the frequenters thereof.

Now, indeed, within this chamber do congregate most worthy folk. They assemble for to discuss the questions and perplexities of the day, and ofttimes do wax exceeding noisy in their disputations. Nevertheless, they are passing wise, and do exhibit much of sense, although there be a man of the name of Cohen that doeth much of nothing.

Now, among these Senators, is one Pettijohn. This man be somewhat inclined to talk, and ofttimes is seen upon the floor. Also there be two others who, though exceeding young, have, indeed, waxed famous. They be called Friend and Cohn. Right valiantly did they support the bill for to allow woman her vote. In the future of the Senate, these two will be famed, perchance, even as Bowers was.

Also, there is another that hath the name of Harrington. He, indeed, is most earnest in his disputation, and did oppose the "monopoly bill."

Two of the newest Senators be one Fisher and the damsel Hogan. They have discussed the bill for woman's rights. Well they speak. They be brilliant Senators.

Now of the elder Senators will I speak—the flock of senior girls that do sit all in a bunch. Lately great silence have they kept, for their time of speaking be past and gone. Nevertheless, they do judge and criticise, with frown or smile, the actions and accomplishments of the Senate. Also, of the elder Senators be two that do speak much. They be Wagner and Downing, and do manifest exceeding interest in elections. One Houser did oft arise upon the floor, but he hath been absent much of late. There be yet one other, but he be the author of this history, who doth little and saith less.

Now of some of the most recent doings and accomplishments of these Senators will I speak.

Firstly, one philanthropic Wagner did furnish printed rules and regulations, which, indeed, are of great convenience. Also did the Senate elect unto themselves one Julia Hobbs, a damsel, for president. This thing hath been done to no great extent, and it be a great honor for a maid to be chosen.

At one period, indeed, was a mighty struggle, attended with much fierce disputation. 'Twas then one 'clept Frank Spencer, a post-graduate, did obtain admission into the body. The struggle on both sides was personal and attended with much bitterness, which indeed was not beneficial unto the Senate. Also, there was once a mighty election decided by only one vote. It be somewhat laughable that some of the defeated party hath not returned since.

Now, indeed, is this Senate of much benefit unto the school. Not only doth it encourage the art of argument and disputation, but it also leadeth the youth to take great interest in the perplexities of

the nation. It be of the most importance, for it helpeth greatly to make good citizens. Truly, we hope that it will live forever, and that long will the "sergeant-at-arms," who meriteth much praise, be unto it a guardian angel.

H. W. C.

THE KEYES ASSOCIATION.

ARBOR-DAY of 1898 is the birthday of that association named in honor of Harry J. Keyes.

It was in Miss Donnan's second hour civil government class that the idea originated, and after suggestions from all the members, it was finally decided to name the association after H. J. Keyes.

Mr. Keyes was the only Indiana man who lost his life on the battleship Maine. He was a resident of Indianapolis and formerly a pupil of the public schools.

The first step to honor the memory of our hero was the planting of the tree, which is at the west door of the High School, and our further purpose is to preserve this tree and to care for its surroundings.

The association is in a flourishing condition, and bids fair to continue. The officers are: B. B. Cohen, president; Ethel Smith, vice-president; Alice Scott, secretary; Laura Donnan, treasurer. B. C.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Ru, rah; Ru, rah; Ru, rah; Run!
We're the class of nineteen-one.
First in numbers, first in grades,
First in all the High School raids.

AN UNUSUALLY bright and meritorious class is the class of "1901." We do not expect any one to believe this just because a "Soph" says so, because those who doubt it can investigate the excellent grades we have received, and also notice which class has the largest number of members in almost every organization—members who pay their dues, too. Then will they see the truth of the statement and recognize the superiority of the class of "1901."

The class is certainly a most loyal one in supporting school enterprises. Take, for instance, the Oratorical Association. In the O. A. there are exactly ten more paid-up members from this than from any other class, and they have like records in most of the other organizations. When, during the past football season, it was almost impossible to get a good-sized crowd out, whom did you find there, rain or shine? The Sophomores, of course, in the majority, with the Freshmen a fair second.

The boys of the class are a jolly crowd, always in for a good time, always getting up something new, and as a class, you will find a greater per cent. of them good students than the boys of the other classes. Among them are a number of the school's best athletes in football, baseball, and track athletics. Of the girls of the class too much praise can not be said. Among them are many modern athletic girls who can play basketball and other games with perfect ease and grace. Among them are some of the editors of the ECHO, and the heads of the girls' organizations; and they, like the boys, are the leaders in everything in which they take part.

The class is sure to have a bright future; a future such as no other class has ever had; a future full of success for its members, and which, when we have left the school, shall stand out above the records of all other classes as the Eiffel Tower towers above all its surroundings. Success to the class of "1901"! Success to its girls, and success to its boys!

"SHEP."

THE MANDOLIN CLUB.

THE Mandolin Club of '99 has probably lived through a greater era of brilliant success than any of the clubs of former years. It was organized early last September by John Craig, its present leader, and made its first appearance before the school LaFayette day, when it was received amid showers of applause.

The club intended, at first, to play only in the hall, but by urgent request, made a tour of most of the session rooms. It has since been in constant demand, and has starred at church socials and many other entertainments.

It was decided that it would be best for the general welfare of the club if no girls were admitted, as several of the best performers have great aptitude for losing their places when in the presence of ladies.

The club is directed by Mr. Frank Z. Maffey, with whom it meets every Monday evening for rehearsal. After the rehearsal, it usually serenades Miss Donnan's night school and everybody else along the homeward route. The club never declines to play; it will perform at any place where a sufficient quantity of "eats" is guaranteed, and, by the way, the eating instinct of some of the members is developed quite as fully as the musical one.

The repertoire of the club is as varied as the appetites of the eighteen different members. It plays everything from "A Hot Time" to Chopin's Funeral March. This last piece was learned as a serenade to the football team after its second brilliant victory (?) over the Training School. The club made its greatest hit at the oratorical contest, when it rendered a variation of the good old "Midway," known as "Kaya Kaya." This selection was pronounced by some of the musical members of the school to be the "real thing."

The school year will soon be over, and its close will mark the end of the '99 Mandolin Club. May its music echo forever within the High School walls, and be an inspiration to the clubs of future years.

The club at present consists of:

John Craig, leader.....First Mandolin
Walter Bond..... " "
Frank Kissell..... " "
Oatley Cockrum..... " "
Ralph Peck..... " "
William Sullivan..... " "
Fred Wallick .....First Violin
Blaine Miller..... " "
Alexander Taggart .....Second Mandolin
Noble Dean..... " "
Winfield Miller ..... " "
Claude McGinnis.....Guitar
Fred Day ..... "
Charles Wilson..... "
Russell Sullivan .... "
Claire Peck ..... "
William Craig..... "
Alfred Ogle .....Banjo

B. M.

THE CINCH CLUB.

SINCE the members of this High School have not had the privilege of seeing any public performances of the "Cinch Club" as they have of the Glee and Mandolin clubs, they are not able to judge of the perfection that has been attained in "cardology" and gastrology by this body of scientists, and will therefore have to trust entirely to what they hear for information on this subject.

This year's club was a greater success than that of last year. There were more boys in it and they formed a jollier crowd. The officers, for the year, were Edward Rouser, president; John Craig, secretary; and Alan Williams, treasurer. No formality whatever existed at the meetings of this organization. Everyone threw off whatever dignity he might have and had a good time—no one would recognize Colgan the cinch player, as the calm, dignified president of the Senate. Whenever the boys were offered a second supply of ice cream or cake, they did not use the polite society phrase, "no, thank you," but the more healthy and homelier one, "yes, thank you, I think I will."

One of the most enjoyable times that the club had was at the home of John and William Craig, where they were given a regular dinner and everybody was called upon to toast some one of those present.

The last meeting which was held at the home of Joe Hall, was one of excitement. Every game was "for blood," as every one wished to finish the year with as many games to his credit as possible. When the last game had been played, it was found that Alfred Ogle had won the prize for the year, with John Craig a close second, he being only one game behind. "Alex" Taggart and Alan Williams were tied for third place. A. O.

THE ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE fourth year of the history of the Indianapolis High School Oratorical Association finds that body in a very flourishing condition.

The contest of ninety-nine was well managed, and it seems very probable that the State Committee will not change the decision to hold all future contests in this city.

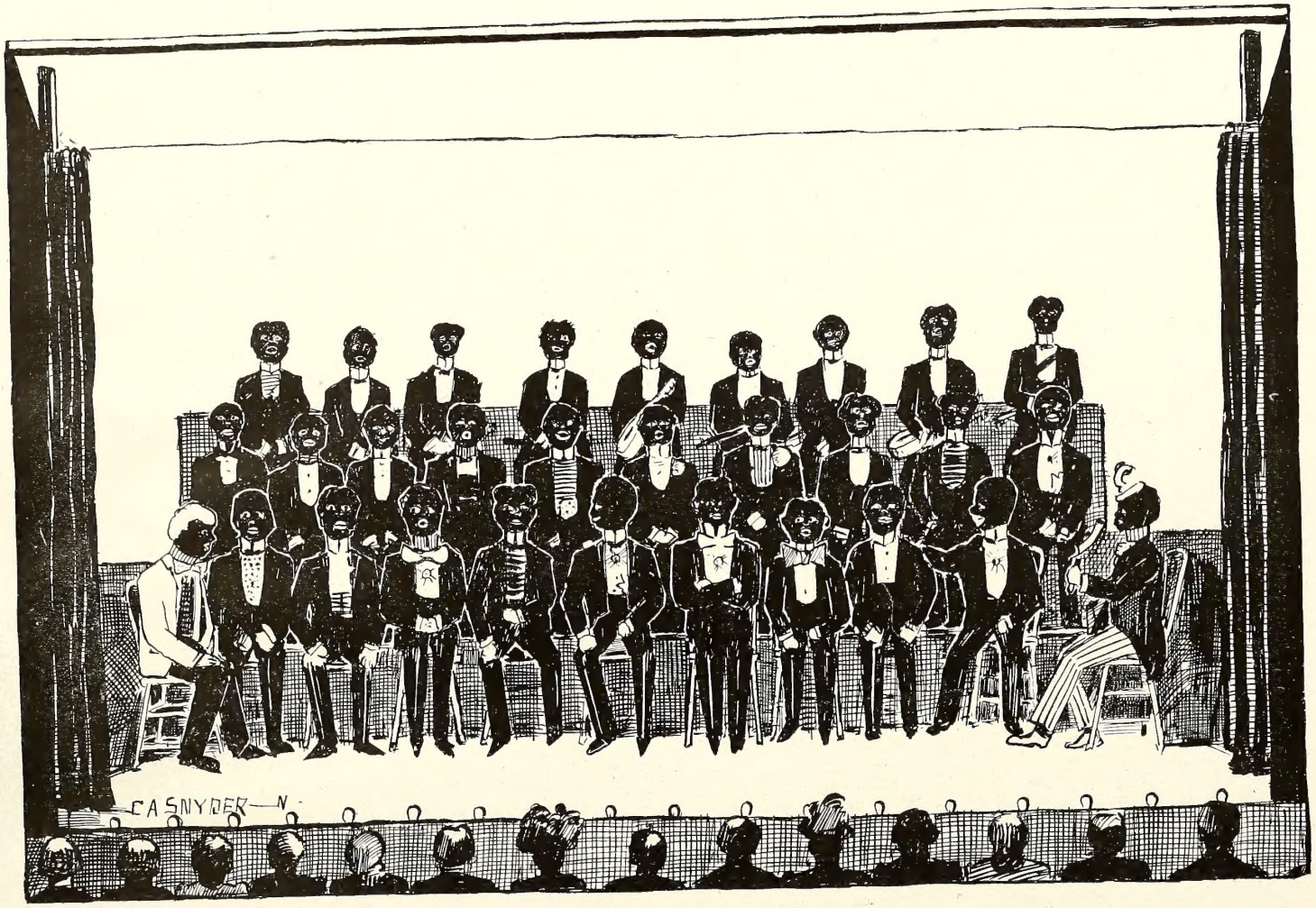
The third contest was won by Earl Reed Cartwright, of Portland, while Fletcher Wagner, of Indianapolis, came second. The following are the markings of the judges:

	MANUSCRIPT.			DELIVERY.			
	Ingalls.	Harding.	Wisely.	Parr.	Hogate.	Baker.	Totals.
Cartwright (P.)	3	2	3	1	1	1	11
Wagner (I.)	1	1	5	2	3	4	16
Ellis (R.).....	2	4	4	3	2	2	17
Wooden (M.)	4	3	1	4	4	3	19
Cline (H.)	5	6	2	5	5	5	28
Doty (S. B.)	6	5	6	6	6	6	35

The Indianapolis High School now enjoys the distinction of having the best record in the three annual contests already held. The three leading schools rank as follows:

	1897.	1898.	1899.	Total.
Indianapolis	3	1	2	6
Portland.....	1	5	1	7
Richmond	2	2	3	7

Interest in oratory has taken a deep root in the High School, and the prospects for a good contest next year are very bright. A larger number of students is expected to enter the primary next year, than ever before.


C A SNYDER—N

THE '99 ENTERTAINMENT.

IF YOU didn't come to the '99 entertainment, "you missed the greatest thing that ever happened." If you say you *were* there, we will not dispute it, because it seemed to us that everybody who attended the High School, and everybody who had friends who attended the High School, and everybody who expected to attend the High School, and everybody who had friends who expected to attend the High School, was there.

Now, we boldly venture to say you never enjoyed yourself more, nor saw anything finer inside the High School walls, and we propose, in a very brief manner, to prove to those who could not attend the entertainment, why the class of '99 succeeds to the right of being the Chief of all the High School's entertainers. In the first place, more people witnessed the minstrel show and cake walk (or more euphoniously, "The Jester's Glee and Prize Steps") than were ever before attracted to a High School entertainment.

Over thirteen hundred people entered the Pennsylvania street doors between 7 and 8 o'clock on the evenings of the performance. We have no hesitation in saying that never before was there such a crowd gathered together in this old building. At the Friday night performance, people were perched high up on step-ladders, and anything else that promised a view of the stage. Saturday night, though the crowd was not so large, yet every seat in the big hall was taken. The new chandelier was used for the first time, and in the glow of the fifty-six electric lights, the flickering gas jets were not even noticed.

The minstrel show came first. We can distinctly hear, even now, the long-drawn "Oh - - - - !" which came involuntarily from the big audience when the red curtains were mystically separated and revealed two tiers of black faces, mighty collars, flaring red ties and white gloves. At each of the two extremities, sat two comical figures who were soon destined to provoke tremendous applause by their fun-making. When the first round of applause had died away, the fun began, and for over an hour the audience was convulsed with laughter.

Then came the cake walk! This is simply beyond all description. We make bold to declare that never were eight such handsome young ladies on any Indianapolis stage. And where can there be found such a cake walker as Curtis Harris? From the grand march to the reading of the judges' decision, the audience never once took its eyes off the stage and its lithe performers. It seemed that every pair did as well as every other, and that a decision would be difficult. To tell of the comical stepping of Wagner, the hopping about of Craig, the contortions of Colgan, the bowing of Cohen, the efforts of Pettijohn and Mayo, and the masterly walking of Brown would take one whole ANNUAL, and the admirable performing of the girls would take two more.

The Class of '99 took in more money than any class which has preceded it. Altogether, the '99 entertaiment was the greatest success which has ever attended the efforts of any class that has ever graduated from the High School. We heartily thank all those who so kindly assisted us, and wish all succeeding classes similar success. Now, everybody!

What's the matter with the Class of '99? It's all right! T. A. S., '99.

THE JUNIOR RECEPTION.

IN the adventures of Aladdin, the parts where the works of the Spirit of the Lamp are in evidence are the most fascinating, probably because the power to accomplish complete and wonderful changes interests and attracts us. Some such attraction hovered over the High School when, on April 29, we presented our cards at the door, entered, and observed the wonderful transformation which had taken place. Groups of pupils were in the corridor, but no books could be seen, and the teachers seemed to ignore the noise of talk and laughter. The landing, decorated with flags, rugs, couches, pillows, and American Beauties of two kinds, had become a nook of rest and quiet. The long, serried rows of chairs had left the hall, which had been transformed into a large reception room, tastefully decorated, and in two of the four corners, were willing hands ready to serve refreshments to the faint and weary.

Though it was warm when one danced, the rag-time strains which floated through the corridor were irresistible; and then what exquisite pleasure it was to stand quietly before the whirling fan and eat an ice! Everything possible for comfort, pleasure and enjoyment had been provided by our cordial and hospitable hosts.

To the "ninety-niners" the occasion had a deep significance; it was one of the four great events which occur in High School life—the reception one's class gives, the class entertainment, the reception one's class attends, and graduation. Many memories of school life cluster about this social event; much of the pleasure of the school year is derived from it, and for the fond recollections which the class of '99 will treasure, its thanks are due to our hosts of April 29.

May they, in turn, be accorded a reception equal to this—there can be no better—and may they carry with them from I. H. S. memories as dear as those for which '99 is indebted to 1900.

ALAN G. WILLIAMS.

ATHLETICS
C.A.SNYDER

ATHLETICS DURING NINETY-NINE.

THE season of ninety-eight and ninety-nine has witnessed a remarkable revival in athletic spirit in the Indianapolis High School. This year has seen the organiza- of basketball teams among the girls, and a bowling club among the boys. It has seen the most successful football team and one of the best baseball teams that the school has had in many years. We have had more bicycle road races and more cross-country runs than ever before. Lastly, and best of all, this year has seen the formation of an Indiana Interscholastic Athletic Association.

Under the management of this body, the first annual field and track meet was held at the Newby Oval, May 27, 1899. The management was placed in the hands of Mr. McMullen, and much of the credit for the success of the meet must be given to him. Seven high schools were represented.

We were confident of winning the State championship, but an unfortunate accident, during the first heat of the first event, caused us to lose. Alfred Ogle, one of the best athletes whom the High School has ever had, and on whom we counted for several first places in the contest, suffered a severe injury to his hip, and, though he pluckily started in the hundred yard dash, he fell before finishing it, and was carried from the field.

After this, we had small hopes of winning first place. Our crack riders, Fitch and Davis, won all the bicycle events but the half-mile. Coffin captured the hammer-throw, as we expected; Carl Struby almost equalled the champion, Vonnegut, in the high jump, and Alex. Taggart ran a wonderful quarter-mile dash. Especial mention must be made of Herbert Johnson, who broke the record in the running broad jump, the shot-put, and in the hop, step and jump, taking first place in each of these events. Many others did well, but without Ogle it was a hopeless race, and we may feel proud that we came within nine points of victory.

Those of us who attended field day, will never forget the brilliant blue and red ribbons which waved in the large grand stand. Our excitement during the Battle of the Banners, our dismay when Coval captured the half-mile, our wonder at the performance of the agile little "Hawaiian" from Crawfordsville, and our delight at Johnson's magnificent hop, step, and jump, will never leave our minds. But chief of all our memories is the sadness which came over us after the injury to Alfred Ogle. His showing in the first heat of the hundred assured us that he was in good condition, and, remembering his work of last year, we felt sure that he would be the star of the day. Then, when we learned that he was seriously injured, even our disappointment in losing the contest was forgotten in our sorrow at the accident which befell our favorite.

We took an interest in the events which followed, and we accepted, as graciously as we might, our defeat at the hands of our rivals of the south side; but we could not help an occasional unspoken regret, when we thought of what would undoubtedly have been the result had Alfred Ogle taken part. We watched the finals of the hundred-yard dash, and saw Gillen, the speedy Hartford City runner, beat McDermid, of the T. S., by a small distance; but just in front of the foremost man, it seemed to us, ran—our Wounded Hero.

And when Vonnegut and Pickett won the hurdles, *we* saw, far ahead of the two graceful figures in red and white, another and more graceful runner, the best hurdler in the High Schools of Indiana. And so, the phantom form of our champion appeared to us a silent representative, who turned our seeming defeat into a well-earned victory.

CHESTER SNYDER
PAUL WINNINGS
MARY QUINN

Athletic Records

OF THE

Indianapolis High School.

100 yard dash, 10½ seconds,	Schleicher, '97.
220 yard dash, 24 seconds,	Schleicher, '97.
440 yard dash, 57 2-5 seconds,	Alex. Taggart, '00.
One mile run, 5 minutes, 25 seconds,	Claude McGinnis, '99.
120 yard, 3-foot hurdles, 20 3-5 seconds,	Alfred Ogle, '00.
Standing high jump, 4 feet, 5 inches,	Alfred Ogle, Bert Coffin, '00.
Running high jump, 5 feet, 2 inches,	Carl Struby.
Standing broad jump, 9 feet, 11 inches,	Tolliver.
Running broad jump, 19 feet, 5 inches,	Herbert Johnson, '00.
Hop, step and jump, 42 feet, 1 inch,	Herbert Johnson, '00.
Pole vault, 9 feet, 4 inches,	Ketcham.
High kick, 8 feet, 5 inches,	Frank Baker, '96.
Putting 12-pound shot, 38 feet, 1½ inches,	Herbert Johnson, '00.
Throwing 12-pound hammer, 101 feet, 8 inches,	Albert Coffin, '00.
Throwing baseball, 322 feet,	Rinehart, '96.
Quarter mile bicycle, 34 seconds,	Chas. Fitch, '00.
Half mile bicycle, 59 seconds,	James Davis, '00.
One mile bicycle, 2:14 2-5,	Chas. Ripley, '98.

M. J. Quinn

OUR BASEBALL TEAM.

Anthony	Short stop.
Pettijohn	Second base.
Taylor	Center field.
Collins	Pitcher.
Dugan	First base.
Kissell	Third base.
Gibbs	Right field.
Duckwall	Left field.
Danner	Catcher.
Harding, Farrell, White	Extra pitchers.
Bartol, Dickson, Cain	Utility men.

NEVER before has an I. H. S. baseball team attained such success as the '99 team. The first step toward its formation was taken when Mr. Trent was appointed by the Athletic Association as manager. The boys soon met and chose Chas. Pettijohn captain.

The first game was played against the Pastimes, a very good amateur team of this city. The High School simply toyed with them. It was at this game that the I. H. S. boys showed their powers at the bat.

A game was played with Butler on a cold, sleety Saturday. Our boys were easily superior to the college boys, and would have won if we had had a catcher who could hold "Cyclone" Collins. The score was 10 to 6, in Butler's favor.

This made the boys greedy for revenge, and on April 15th, Mr. Trent took the team to Butler. The ground was in bad condition on account of rain, but High School made a good showing. They hammered the poor University pitcher with a vengeance, while Collins was barely hit at all. After two innings, Butler withdrew from the game in disgust and the despised "High School Youths" were triumphant.

Franklin College had arranged a game with us to be played on their grounds. Of course, the High School was getting ready for another victory, but just the day before, we received two telegrams from the Collegians stating that they were not prepared to play.

On Decoration Day, the team played two games at the Ohio street ball park, for the benefit of the Free Kindergarten Society. The opposing team was made up of boys from the High School, from the Training School, and from the University of Indianapolis. The High School team won the first game by a score of 7 to 5. A dispute arose as to the score of the second game.

THE FOOTBALL TEAM.

MR. LEMAY, who has coached the High School teams in the past two years, is responsible for the excellent showing made by the football team of '98–'99.

Weight has never been the prominent advantage of our teams, but speed and teamwork have won many games against a heavier eleven.

The team was chosen early this year, and Mr. Lemay proved a harder master than ever, for he demanded many hours of hard work on the part of candidates for the team.

A game was played against the Training School, on October 8, which resulted in a tie—no scoring being done. This game was a great surprise to the South Side boys. The team defeated Richmond High School 40 to 6, and Walnut Hills High School 20 to 0. The latter team held the championship of Cincinnati High Schools.

The I. H. S. line-up was:

Right end	Ward Dean.
Right tackle	John Jones.
Right guard	Dan Shepard.
Center	Walt Spencer.
Left guard	Rob. Patton.
Left tackle	Claude McGinnis.
Left end	H. Walterhouse.
Quarter back	Nicols, Anthony or Hasson Hall.
Right half	Bert Coffin, Capt.
Left half	Alfred Ogle.
Full back	Harold Taylor.
Substitutes	P. Risener, D. Dean, Paul Jordan, Frank Brown.

Fun
Meisler

HASH.

One of the common herd.—And don't you ever get mad and say "Darn"?

Julia Hobbs —No-o-o-o, I don't believe I ever have; but then sometimes I say, "O, pshaw!"

Randall.—Colgan, do you play checkers?

Colgan.—Chess.

Miss Dye.—I have never seen a bicycle race, but I should imagine that the racers would look like spiders, speeding around the track.

(James Davis leaves the room.)

Wagner.—Where does the Ovid lesson begin, Colgan?

Waite (abstractedly). — No, she went home.

Alan Williams.—

"Happy, happy, happy pair!
They never have,
They never have,
They never have to curl their hair."

Mr. Benton.—Jones, what is that on your beaker?

Jones.—Nothing.

Mr. Benton.—Well, wipe it off. It gives me a pain.

Mr. Dotey.—Take, for example, this old idiot—Miss Closser, did you wish to say something?

Fat Girl (at Field Day).—O, look, Mr. McMullen is eating something!

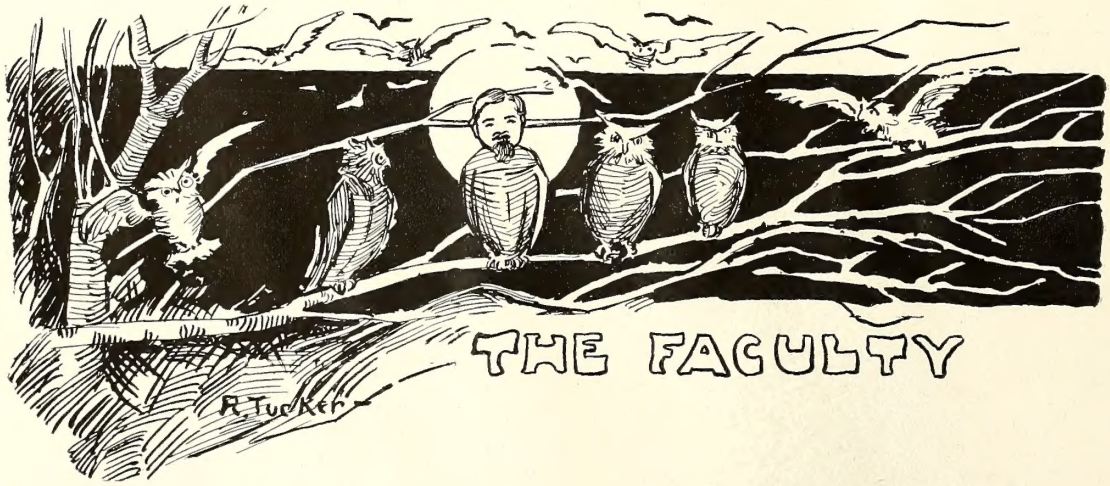
Tender-hearted Neighbor. — Don't begrudge it. I'm glad of every bit he gets, poor thing!

The teacher had just finished an elaborate diagram of cog-wheels on the blackboard. Mabel Pain, pointing toward "Tom Sims," who was standing between her and the blackboard, suddenly asked: "What is that little thing there, with the eight teeth?"

Funkhouser.—Professor, I don't understand what harm it does to have these recrystallized sodium hydrogen phosphate crystals opaque.

Mr. Benton.—You don't? Why, if they were, the phosphoric acid would be short, when precipitated as magnesium ammonium phosphate by magnesium sulphate and ammonium hydroxide in the presence of ammonium chloride and converted by ignition into magnesium pyrophosphate.

(Curtain.)



It Would Be A Novel Sight To See

Mr. Dotey unkind.
Miss Shaw flirting.
Mr. Newland rude.
A boy take honors.
Mrs. Hufford cross.
Mr. LeMay in tears.
Mr. Trent in a hurry.
Lorle Krull conceited.
Harry Wells giggling.
Miss Marthens savage.
Mr. Hufford undignified.
Julia Hobbs with a zero.
A girl win the oratorical.
Miss Dye breaking a rule.
Miss Donnan approachable.
Mr. Higdon in the mile run.
Elizabeth Baker unladylike.
Will Long chasing a squirrel.
Mabel Pain mildly enthusiastic.
Eleanor Carey in the prize-steps.
Helen Davy talk back to Mr. Dotey.
Major Downing sweet and natural.
Mr. Cannon laughing uproariously.
Harris Walcott riding a velocipede.
Professor Biddy without his broom.
Alan Williams without his lessons.
Mr. McMullen as Barnum's fat man.
Mrs. Carey affecting the new woman.
A disinterested Senate on election day.
Charles Shearer get ahead of Mr. Dotey.
The printer's devil in his Sunday clothes.
The book that Helen Werbe hasn't read.
Chandler Connette win next year's Primary.
The M. T. H. S. in the Oratorical Association.
Ethel Smith without a bow of orange and black ribbon.
A High School boy who could pole-vault eight feet six inches.
Waite Colgan and Julia Hobbs talking to, or looking at, somebody else.

THE DAILY ECHO.

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THE HIGH SCHOOL DAILY ECHO

Is published every school day by the pupils of the Indianapolis High School. It is printed on the High School press. It is controlled by the faculty and edited by the students.

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The first DAILY ECHO was published by students of the class of 1899, on September 26, 1898.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Among the spectators at Saturday's great game was Coffin, the Yale half-back of '03–'04. Coffin began his football career in the Indianapolis High School, where he was captain and half-back on the team for several years. He expressed his approval at the playing of the boys. Harold Taylor was a Freshman and full-back on the same team four years ago, and Walt Spencer played his first game as center.

On Sunday afternoon, a reception was held at the home of Miss Catherine Mulry, 127 Harrison Street, North Indianapolis, in honor of Miss Laura Donnan, who is visiting this city. A great number of this lady's many admirers greeted her. Miss Donnan was formerly a teacher in our High School, and was popular everywhere. At one time she had control of the editorial work of the DAILY

ALL NIGHT SESSION.

The Senate Deliberates on Matters of Importance.

DEBATE ON MEXICAN ANNEXATION.

Speeches by Beveridge, Quay, Oiuaho and Others.

Bill Finally Passed By a Vote of 32 to 26.

Seldom has the High School Senate had a more exciting or more profitable session than that of Friday night. The meetings of Thursday and Wednesday had been occupied by an extended dispute over the introduction of the bill which provides for the annexation of Mexico. It was expected that the debate on the bill would begin Friday, and it was known that its supporters would make every effort to secure its immediate passage.

The opposition was determined, but not large enough to defeat the measure, and it was passed at 3:35 A. M. by a vote of 32 to 26. The speeches on both sides were brilliant. Beveridge, of Indiana and Oiuaho, of Hawaii, spoke on the affirmative. Quay and Hoar led the opposition.

The woman's suffrage bill was read for the

FORTY TO NOTHING.

Another Football Victory—High School Eleven

VICTORIOUS IN A WELL-PLAYED GAME.

Details of the Contest—Newby Oval Crowded.

A Large and Enthusiastic Audience Greets the Teams.

The second championship football game went as did the first, and was won by the High School team by the overwhelming score of forty to nothing. The playing of the boys from the south side school was in every way creditable, and several times they were dangerously near a touch-down, but the thorough training and excellent team-work of the High School eleven gave us the victory.

By two o'clock, Saturday afternoon, the grand stand at Newby Oval was crowded, and the other seats were rapidly filling. The attendance was estimated at 4,600. Nearly half of the spectators were young ladies. The center of the grand stand was occupied by a large crowd of enthusiastic and well-trained yellers from both schools. Banners, blue and white, and white and red, blended together in

ECHO. She taught Civil Government in the I. H. S. from 1883 to 1900.

It may be of interest to our readers to learn that the M. T. H. S. at one time held the athletic championship of the schools of the State. That was the case in 1899, one of the first years, we believe, of the State Association.

There are many persons who do not know that Congressman Biddy, newly elected from the sixth district, was at one time connected with the High School.

A movement is on foot to secure a new girl's gymnasium. At present, one building is made to do service for both boys and girls. In a school of twenty-five hundred pupils, of whom more than half are girls, it seems strange that we can not have more than one building for this purpose.

At the game Saturday, some objection was made to Shideler, of the M. T. S. eleven. It was claimed that he was not strictly a student; but it was shown that he is taking postgraduate work and he was allowed to play.

On last Friday afternoon, during the sixth hour, a loud report was heard on the seventh floor of the science building. It proved to have been caused by the explosion of a Crookes tube. No damage was done beyond the destruction of a part of the Roentgen ray apparatus.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Alfred Fisher and Miss Louise Hammond. Both are members of the Sophomore class. Their many friends are overwhelming them with congratulations.

third time and defeated by a vote of 51 to 3. The Senate adjourned at 5:20 A. M.

DETAILS.

When the president's gavel fell at 8:20, the large assembly hall was crowded and the galleries were nearly filled. The roll-call showed only one absentee—Pingree, of Michigan. The third reading of the bill which provides for "the annexation of the Republic of Mexico, with its dependencies, to the United States of America," was heard attentively. When it was finished, Senator Beveridge, the senior Senator from Indiana, was given the floor. He was given the most perfect attention during his entire speech, which lasted over three hours.

He reviewed carefully the history of Mexico since its conquest by the Spaniards. He dwelt at great length upon the great trade advantages which would be gained by the United States in case Mexico were annexed. He concluded with an eloquent appeal for annexation.

"And now, fellow Senators, I have endeavored to bring before you a few of the reasons which have led me to support this bill. Though we hear again, from across the sea, reproach for greed and advice against extension of our territory, we can not forget that manifold motives urge us on to action. The land which suffered under the torture of Pizarro, the land which threw off at great cost the despotism of Maximilian now turns to us for aid and seeks protection against the invasions of a foreign prince. Mexico, the land of Montezuma; Mexico, the fairyland of coffee and rubber, appeals to us for help. Will you hesitate for

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3.)

a patriotic gleam of color.

At ten minutes past two, Principal and Mrs. Hufford were driven to the grounds in a carriage drawn by four elegantly equipped horses, amid the cheers of assembled students. Five minutes later, the Training School eleven came up from the training quarters; they wore the brilliant scarlet and white, and received an ovation from their supporters. A moment later, the High School team appeared resplendent in their blue and white. Their popular coach, Mr. Lemay, was obliged to bow in acknowledgment of the thunderous applause.

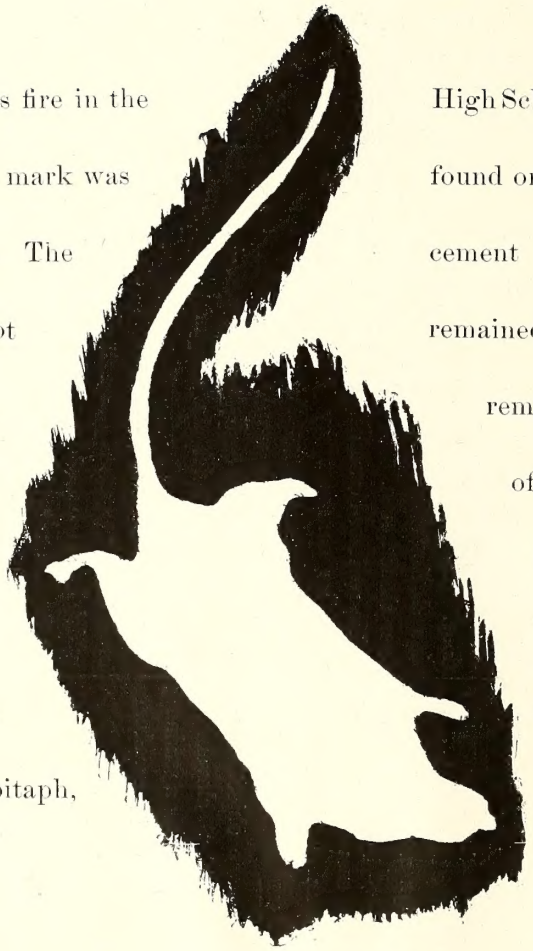
At 2:23 the teams lined up, the High School having won the toss. Captain Taylor kicked off and the team followed with a rush, downing the ball on Training School's thirty-yard line. The game was played with speed and with dexterity seldom seen on college fields. The first down was made in four minutes, by Kenneth Ogle, left half-back of the High School team. Taylor kicked goal.

Spencer, the big center-rush of the blue and white eleven, made the next star play of the game when he plowed through a solid mass of red and white and carried the pigskin down the field for a twenty yard gain.

About this time, a very amusing incident occurred. There was a blue and white flag on one telegraph pole, and a red and white flag on another, in the infield. A Training School boy undertook to capture the High School flag. He climbed the pole, had dropped the flag, and substituted a red and white streamer, almost before he was noticed. But when he attempted to descend, a long, stout splinter, in some way, became entangled in his clothes,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5.)

After the disastrous fire in the High School building, on March 29, 1899, a very curious mark was found on the floor in one corner of the Echo press-room. The cement was discolored by smoke, but one spot remained white. This little silhouette is all that remains to tell the tale of the fate, and the tale of the fate of the tail, of one of the unfortunate inhabitants of the basement.



Our respect for the dead, and for those who live to read this, his epitaph, forbids us to mention further de-tail.

HIGH SCHOOL CIRCUS
AND MENAGERIE.

GRAND AGGREGATION OF WORLD WONDERS!

CURIOSITIES FROM ALL COUNTRIES!

COME! COME! COME!

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE!
CHILDREN AND TEACHERS HALF PRICE!

Monsieur Wagner's Trick Ponies,
'Cæsar,' 'Vergil,' 'Cicero,' 'Ovid.'
A Cunning Quartet.

SEE THE GREAT WHALE, 'MAJOR,'
AND HEAR HIM SPOUT.

The Curiously Joined Triplets
RHODA GIBSON,
JULIA SHEPARD, JESSIE HOBBS.

MASTER FRED WALLICK, AS CUPID
Will give His Daring Bare-back Feat, assisted by Bernie Cohen, Ringmaster.

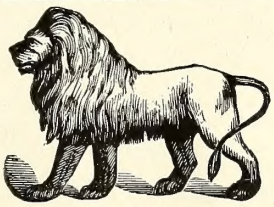
Mademoiselle Donnan and Her Trained Parrots,
FRIEND and COHN.

Don't Miss the India Rubber Girl,
The Human Bouncing Ball—TILLIE HOLLE.

COME AND SEE
CRAIG, THE OSSIFIED MAN
And the Albino Circassian Beauty.

THE MAGNETIC GIRL, SADA BOWIE
Warranted to Attract in a Circle of Three Yards Radius.

HOUSER, THE FUNNY CLOWN,
Will be there in his Prince Albert. He will Make the Little Ones Laugh.



You Can't Afford not to See
The World-Renowned Wild Beast Tamer, TOMISIMS,
Walk Boldly into the Cage and Face, without Flinching, the Great Lion,
"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

JORDAN, THE STRONG MAN, will lower the World's Pole Vault Record until he can jump over it.

THE FAMOUS SPRINTER, COLGAN
Will Run an Exhibition Mile,
Paced by TRENT and DOTEY on Burros,
In an Attempt to Reduce His Present Record of 29 Minutes 18⅔ Seconds.

Mme. Eleanor Carey, the Peerless Equestrienne,
Will Charm the Deadly Cobra Paxton Pluto while on a Furiously Galloping Horse.

MADEMOISELLE CLEOPATRA HUNT
Will Perform Her Unparalleled Feat of Tumbling in Mid Air.

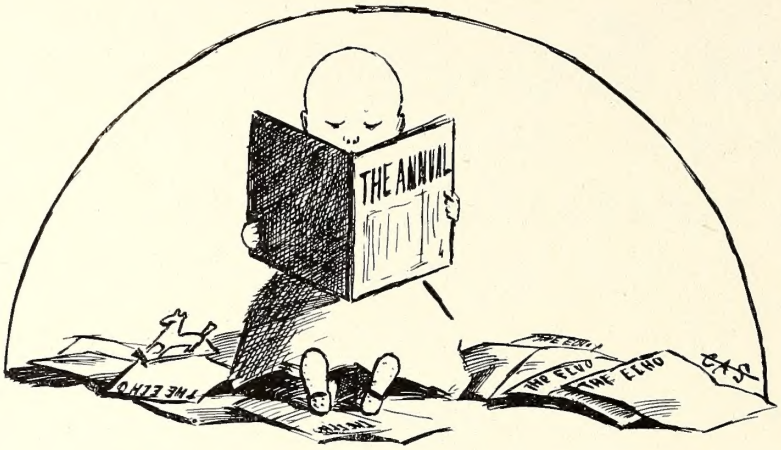
MASTER LESLIE ANTHONY,
The Champion Boy Paper-Wad Shot of the World,
Will Throw Chalk at the Side of a Barn at Ten Yards Distance.

See Jolly JOHN JONES, the Genial Giant, and LONG WILL, the Short Man.

DON'T MISS IT!! BRING THE LITTLE ONES!!

Fireworks at the Conclusion of the Performance.

Wm. B. Burford, Lithographic Show Printer.



CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

WHAT'S this? A lit-tle boy with his arm in a sling. Poor lit-tle boy! A naugh-ty coon bit his chub-by fin-ger off, and he is cry-ing be-cause it hurts so. He did not ask his Mam-ma if he might play with the coon, so may-be that is why he got bit. Chil-dren, nev-er play with-out Mam-ma's per-mis-sion. Naugh-ty Lee!

Oh, what a fun-ny pic-ture! Here is a lit-tle boy who grin-ned all the time, and see, the grin has fro-zen on his face. Just look! it reach-es from ear to ear, just like a "ches-sy" cat's grin. Poor Blaine! How tired his jaws must be get-ting!

Whew! What a scowl-ing face for such a sweet lit-tle girl. Her an-gry pas-sions are a-roused, you see—be-cause a naugh-ty bad man caught her go-ing o-ver to the drug store to buy some can-dy. He has brought her back a-gain to her teach-er. What a hard scold-ing she is get-ting! We hope Mar-tha will not run off a-gain that way.

Let us turn the page now. Who is this? Why, it must be Ma-jor. How in-no-cent he looks! Lit-tle does he dream that ev-ery one is laugh-ing at him. We see what's the mat-ter, don't we? He has a pa-per fast-en-ed on the back of his coat, and on it we read "I be-long to Ev - - - ." How ap-pro-pri-ate and how ver-y fun-ny.

How hard this lit-tle boy seems to be work-ing! He looks quite pale, as if he were awful-ly scared. He is turn-ing the pa-ges of his Ov-id ver-y fast to read the notes, and keeps look-ing back at the vo-cab-u-la-ry. He has got-ten on-ly half of his les-son, and he sees that his turn is com-ing. What is he say-ing un-der his breath? Hush, naugh-ty James. Be good, chil-dren.

How shock-ing! Two lit-tle "John-nies" hav-ing a fight. See, John has push-ed John clear un-der the desk, and is beat-ing his fists on his head. But hush! here comes Mrs. Huf-ford. Qui-et reigns a-gain. Vic-to-ri-ous John smoothes down his rum-pled locks; de-feat-ed John wipes a-way the tears. Chil-dren, al-ways be good; nev-er fight.

See the girl. She is a nice lit-tle girl. She is ver-y qui-et. She does not o-pen her mouth. She fol-lows the rule which all good chil-dren fol-low, "Chil-dren should be seen and not heard." We ad-mire Hel-en Wer-be for her sweet and gen-tle dis-po-si-tion, don't we?

Oh, what a pit-i-ful pic-ture! Has the un-for-tu-nate boy been wick-ed and got hanged, or is he un-hap-py and try-ing to stran-gle him-self? Neith-er, lit-tle chil-dren, this is mere-ly Char-ley King with his neck-tie slip-ped up.

What is this? This is a horse. It is not a ver-y big horse, but it is ver-y use-ful. It is some-times called a po-ny. This is the on-ly kind of a horse that Ralph Bau-man and James Da-vis will ride. Mis-ter Do-tey does not like boys that ride a po-ny. I guess he thinks it is ef-fem-i-nate. But I don't think it is, or else Rich-ard Fair-banks would have one. Nev-er tell Mr. Do-tey how fast you can go on a po-ny. It would be bet-ter to talk a-bout your bi-cy-cle.

Don't be a-fraid, chil-dren. This is a kind la-dy. She will not hurt you. She is not near-ly so fe-ro-cious as she looks. She is ver-y good to lit-tle boys, and will not eat them up. You may go right up to the door of Room One, and speak to her. Do not be a-fraid.

Did you ev-er see a cake walk? This is a pic-ture of one. But it is not walk-ing just now. This cake is ve-ry beau-ti-ful. Do not be de-ceived. It is hol-low and cav-er-nous in-side. It is not good to eat.

The Class of '99.

Flower, American Beauty Rose. Colors, American Beauty and White.

Motto:

"Obtain by noblest means the noblest ends."

... Officers ...

THOMAS ALLEN SIMS, *President.*

ALMA BACHMAN, *Vice-President.*

JESSIE EMERY, *Secretary.*

WAITE COLGAN, *Treasurer.*

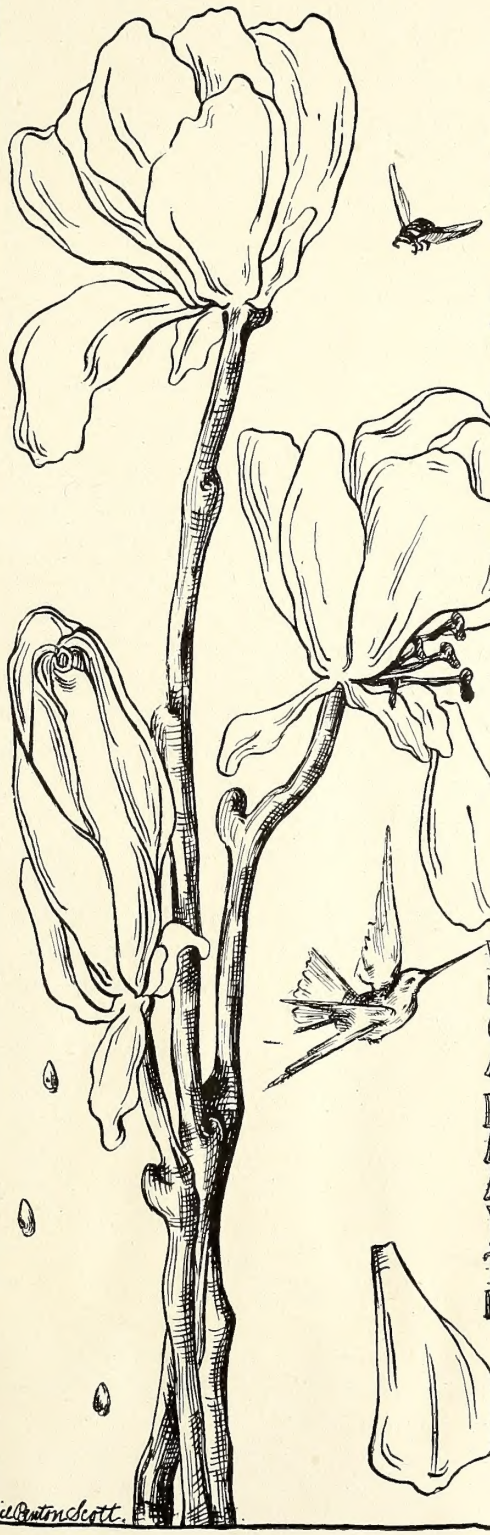
MYLA JO CLOSSER, *Poet.*

TILLIE HOLLE, *Historian.*

NORA TAGGART, *Prophet.*

... Class Roll ...

Leslie Anthony
Jennie Auman
Alma Bachman
Elizabeth Baker
Jessie Bassett
Mamie Bay
Stella Blossom
Ada Brown
Frank Brown
Edna Burton
Alice Butler
Mabel Canary
Eleanor Carey
Sadie Caylor
Alberta Christy
Myla Closser
Bernie Cohen
Waite Colgan
Olive Cooper
John Craig
Hattie Cress
Alethea Crossen
Helen Davy
Ollie Dickson
Bertha Dildine
Major Downing
Elizabeth Driggs
Katie Dugan
Jessie Emery
Elizabeth Fish
Martha Foster
Eva Gary
Jesie Gibson
Joseph Hall
Maude Harvey
Philip Hauss
Mary Henthorne
Oril Henthorne
Lucile Herron
Cora Hewitt
Julia Hobbs
Sarena Hogan
Tillie Holle
Evelyn Holliday
Cleo Hunt
Mary Jacobs
Florence Jones
John Jones
Paul Jordan
Anna Kendrick
Jane Kenyon
Julia Ketcham
Charles King
Florence Kittle
Bertha Klusman
Lorie Krull
Amanda Laster
Charles Latham
Tillie Lauter
Blanche Laycock
Will Long
Sibyl McCaslin
Claude McGinnis
Margaret McGregory
Mary McConney
Kath. McLaughlin
Attia Malott
Warren Manchester
Fillette Many
Cora Martin
Teresa Meskill
Blaine Miller
Elsie Mohr
Frieda Minter
Helena Morgan
Ida Myller
Susie Noble
Mabel Null
Clarice Ochiltree
John Ostrander
Mabel Pain
Frances Pangborn
Stella Patton
Mary Peterson
Walter Pollock
James Randall
Kathryn Reynolds
Daisy Russell
Delila Scott
Florence Selig
Charles Shearer
Thomas Sims
Ethel Smith
Eva Spahr
Wm. Spaulding
Bonnie Spink
Clyde Springer
Vivian Strother
Lena Swope
Nora Taggart
Susie Taggart
Gertrude Talbot
Hattye Taylor
Frederick Thomas
Katherine Thomas
Katie Thomas
Ione Townsend
Ledeska Tyler
Minnie Voorhees
Isabel Vinzant
Edith Wachstetter
Fletcher Wagner
Grace Warren
Phoebe Waterman
Helen Werbe
Blanche Werts
Maude Werts
Sara Wetnight
Alan Williams
Edna Wilson
Lucy Wilson



ALPHA.

(Class Song.)

Chaste Spring in lilies nude Earth doth enfold
And roseate Dawn hath turned the pale stars old
And Youth with star-clear eyes looks up
Spring Dawn and Youth a golden world behold.

Gracing new-opened toil with jocund gravity,
Youth recks not of the old world's oiled depravity;
Elixir of young life o'erruns his cup;
He shouts his song neglectful of due suavity.

(Song.)

In morning glory bells
To fill his waxen cells
The early bee sips meagerly;
The wind is cool
And in the pool
The hungry fish rise eagerly;
On blade and flower
The jeweled dower
Of dew is pendent, glittering;
Th' awakened birds fly twittering
Across the azure skies,
Through air delusive clear,
The mountain top seems near.
Awake! Awake! Arise!

What though th'ascent be steep, the way be weary
In its long line of rock and chasm dreary?
Can he not climb as far and scale as high
As others towards the dizzy eagle's eyrie?

But when the Dawn has deepened into Day
And winds no longer clear the clouds away,
Ah may he have amid the calm and heat,
Youth's spirit still in summer as in May,

To climb, to stumble sometimes, to kneel down,
Bedew the way with tears, and then climb on!

Myla Jo Closser.
Class Poet of '99.

Alice Barton Scott.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '99.

LOOKING back over the records of the class of '99, we heave a sigh that the school days of such illustrious students should have, in fact and in reality, gone by.

Ours was the first class in which the *Febs* and *Junes* clasped hands and moved along as one consolidated body. Consolidated? Yes, but not always contented, for the *Febs* struggled against the coöperation, but small in numbers, finally desisted, though afterward proving quite often the contrary of the saying: "Great minds run in the same channel."

Our career through High School has not been a checkered one, but the free will and independent thought and spirit of the members of the class have kept it from being monotonous.

From the time when we were full-fledged Freshmen, we sought to rise. Our object was ambition, aye, ambition, but of the true and noble sort, or might we say, the ambition of duty. No class ever held the interests of the High School closer at heart than the ninety-niners, and that is why we strove to rise to benefit our Alma Mater.

We organized when Juniors, and symbolized our union with the colors, American Beauty rose and white. Taunts reached us from the June, '98 class, saying we had taken the colors of the Training School, but the pure tone color in the American Beauty rose can in no wise be confused with the scarlet of the M. T. H. S. Our pin, so well selected and approved, showed the artistic taste of the members of the class.

Our reception to the graduating class of June, '98, was a delightful one, and our guests were well pleased by the courtesy tendered them.

Our class entertainment was a novel affair. Nothing like it had ever been given in the High School before, and nothing ever will be given which will equal it. Apollo and Diana gazed from their corners in astonishment, and the large crowds which gathered both evenings of the performance, could scarcely be seated.

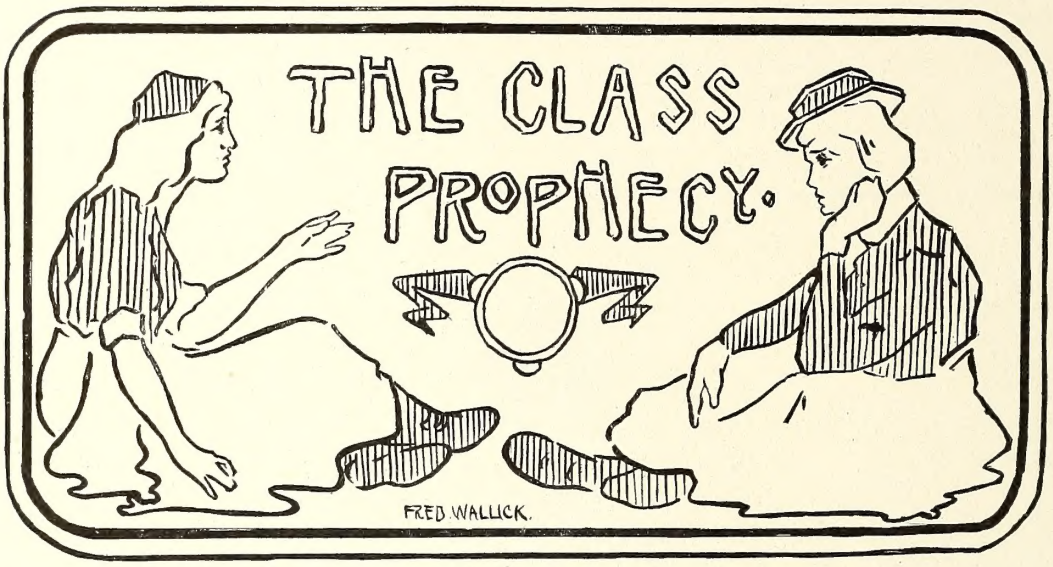
The class of '99 has had a push and vim about it all the way through High School that is now fairly pushing it out of the school and into the world. Its remarkable energy and enthusiasm have often been dampened only to cause the class to rise and be ready for the next event. Our Senior year has been a crowded one. No January commencement appeared to ripple the smooth flow of our supreme dignity. The Oratorical contest came and went, leaving us better prepared for study than before. It was during our Senior year that a most important High School organization was established—the DAILY ECHO. Our members have ever been foremost in the ranks of every High School organization—not with the purpose of controlling them; ah no! we were too noble-minded to seek that ambition—but always with the interests of the dear Alma Mater at heart. Yes, that is what prompts the spirit and the action.

Our class, as a rule, were far too serious to indulge in "class scraps." "As Cæsar thought it beneath his dignity to cross the Rhine on boats, likewise did we of '99 deem it beneath our dignity to ride in bob-sleds."

The Senior year leads us to the threshhold of a "new and untried" world. We know not what defeats may hinder, or what victories may crown our efforts, but with a larger faith in the divinity which shapes our ends, and with this faith, untiring effort on our own part, we trust that the future of the class of '99 may be even more glorious than the past.

TILLIE E. HOLLE,
Class Historian.

Alice Benton Scott



THE FUTURE OF THE CLASS OF NINETY-NINE.

A WAY out on North Meridian street, exactly thirteen miles from the High School, nestling beneath majestic pine trees, is a tiny, weather-stained cottage. Naturally you may think that a story of "love in a cottage" will follow this suggestive statement, but no—far from it—here in this lonely retreat, where the owls hoot at night and the moon is always hid under a cloud, where the flapping of the bats and the grewsome chirp of the far-away katydids makes you grow cold with vague fear, stands the home of the renowned fortune teller, Aron Traggat. Lonely as this spot may seem, yet it is frequented by many people who desire to learn their futures in regard to politics, religion or love. It is a favorite resort for young people. Many of the members of the '99 class—the fair and gracious, as well as the strong and valiant—have sought out this place, braving the terrors of the darkness, the dangers of the road, and most important of all, the ridicule of their friends if discovered in the act. These Seniors have such fear of detection—which would certainly destroy their dignity—that they steal out at all times of the day and night, wearing masks and such things in order to conceal their identity if met by inquisitive, spying Juniors and Sophomores.

As nearly as I can recall, I shall relate to you the fortunes of some of the '99 class, as told them on their stolen visits to me. I shall tell you first a little mishap which occurred early one morning, about two o'clock. I had just finished telling Warren Manchester that he would be a successful and well-known lawyer and would marry a young lady for whom he had always entertained the highest admiration, and had sent him away in a blissful frame of mind, when suddenly I heard an awful smash, clash, bang! Rushing to the door, I stepped out into the darkness and beheld, not ten steps away, two black objects lying upon the ground. Presently one, which proved to be Warren, raised his head, looked carefully about, and, getting up with difficulty made away as fast as his shaking limbs would permit. The other lay perfectly still until the clack, clack of Warren's knocking understandings had died away, then he arose and crept toward the house.

"Good morning, Major," I said, whereupon such a dreadful fit of shaking and trembling seized him that he could not speak for a full minute, and not until he had gotten into the house and shut the door did he regain his usual self-possession. He finally told me that he had run against somebody hurrying through the darkness, and that as each thought the other a lurking enemy who would publish the discovery of a distinguished Senator's visiting a sorceress, it was only natural that each should tremble for his own honored reputation. Major will take his degree at Columbia and will start out on a very promising career, but having sought in vain the hand of a disdainful maiden—with whom he became acquainted in a French class—he will grow so reckless and despondent that he will give up his work and leave this part of the country. After many years, he will appear before the public as Signor Majorizzio Downidizzio, the wonderful baritone, whose fame has traveled the lengths of the world.

One night about nine o'clock, there came a rap at the door, and on opening it, in walked Alice Butler and Mabel Pain. Leaving Alice to amuse herself, I conducted Mabel into a dark room, and seating her in a deep chair, I began: "Mabel, you wish to be an old maid, but it is not so written in the book of Fate. You will be a farmer's wife, but you will soon grow to despise living on a farm, and will run off and go on the stage, where your youth and grace will win you fame."

"Alice," I began, when Mabel had left the room and sent in her fair companion, "You are now very bad and unruly, but in time you will become more saintly and demure, and will be 'wooed and won' by a preacher. You will make an ideal preacher's wife, for your commanding stature and conversational powers will gain the respect and admiration of all the parishioners."

Soon after Mabel and Alice had left, Charles Shearer came to have his fortune told. Charles will gain wide reputation as a mathematician, and with the aid of William Spaulding, will publish a treatise on geometry, involving propositions and originals which not even Mr. Trent or Mr. Higdon could prove.

Bertie Dildine was so indignant with what I previously prophesied about her that not long ago, she came to my house and implored me to foretell a more pleasing future for her. So, yielding to her prayers and tears, I changed her whole future, without any scruples or qualms of conscience. Instead of — — — —, she will be a popular society belle, and her whole time will be taken up with dinners and balls. She will marry an Eastern fashion-plate with plenty of money, and will travel all the time, and shower magnificent gifts on her less fortunate friends at home. She will also invite these friends to her summer home on the Hudson, especially two maids who used to boast on all occasions of *their* friends with summer homes on the Hudson.

Jessie Gibson came out on her wheel one afternoon, in a great hurry. She had just left an important business meeting at the High School, and was obliged to be back in an hour to attend another important meeting, after that another, and so on, concluding with an engagement with Julia Hobbs. "Jessie," I said, "You will always be the bustling individual that you now are. After you graduate from the High School, having become thoroughly sick of study, you will enter society—strange as that may sound—where you will be kept as busy attending stupid social functions, as you were the year before securing A+'s. After several years of this demoralizing life, you will awaken to your senses and take up a study of architecture. Going abroad to complete your course, you will return and beautify this city with noble structures and monuments. You will be

chosen architect for the new High School, and will plan an orphan asylum which Tillie Lauter will build, and in which she and Lorle Krull will house poor, stray orphans, Lorle teaching them how to play the piano, Tillie teaching them how to work fiendish algebra examples and cramming their bewildered brains with angles, circles, parallelopipeds, octahedrons, and such.

About eleven o'clock one night, three young gentlemen knocked at my door. Their faces were concealed by the hideous masks which they wore, and the black muzzles of three loaded revolvers laid on the table stared me sweetly in the face. When they finally were persuaded to divest themselves of these ghastly, night-mare-causing false faces, I recognized my visitors as James Randall, Charles Latham, and Blaine Miller. James, while digging for fishing worms in his back yard, will come upon a gold mine which will yield enormous profit. Charles Latham will join a traveling variety show, and will go to the Paris Exposition where his novel and entertaining cake-walking will hold spellbound the admiring crowds of foreigners. Blaine Miller will give violin lessons, entertaining his pupils with thrilling anecdotes of his trip to Africa. Becoming restless, he will give up his teaching and go west, where now and then, we shall hear of him as the expert rough-rider.

Bonnie Spink and Tillie Holle will start a gymnasium. In a very exciting game of basket ball, Bonnie, in her frenzied desire to secure the ball, will in some miraculous way, leap clear over the basket, but sad to say, will expire from the effects thereof, although Dr. Pangborn will do all in her power to save her friend. Tillie, in her grief, will seek refuge in a bachelor club, started by Frieda Minter, Susie Noble, Lucy Wilson, and Florence Selig.

Margaret McGregory objected to leading the life of a disappointed old maid, so instead, she will elope at the age of thirty-five with a charming young lad. Elizabeth Baker will go abroad and remain for several years. When she returns, she will be greeted by her humble friends as "My lady, Duchess of Cumberland." Alma Bachman will also go abroad and will attend the Paris Exposition, where she will learn from her gay Parisian acquaintances many little coquettish tricks. When she returns, she will use French expressions constantly, raise her haughty brows and shrug her shoulders to perfection, causing everybody to stare with wonder and admiration. Her friend, Eleanor Carey, will remain at home, having a splendid time, going out all the time after making a fashionable début.

Several persons whose futures I was anxious to read, were either too lazy or too indifferent to come out to me, so that I was obliged to go in to them. Accordingly, arrayed as an old gypsy womam, I set out for the city and directed my course toward John Craig's house. Unfortunately, he was not at home. I guessed that he was out riding with a fair-haired young pianist, and sure enough, on my way to Charles King's house, what should fly by me but a tandem, on the front of which sat a beaming young damsel with her feet on the coasters, while behind, sat John pedaling away for dear life. I was glad to find Charles King at home, so I told him a very favorable fortune. He will go to Cuba after graduating, and serve his country so faithfully that he will be promoted from the rank of private to that of adjutant-general.

I then went to Leslie Anthony's house, but that individual, on opening the door and beholding a beggar fortune-teller, as he thought, shut the door abruptly in my face before

I could say a word. I was naturally very indignant and immediately prophesied a bad ending for such a bad boy. He will go to Africa and will be eaten up by cannibals.

I met Julia Hobbs and Myla Jo Closser coming home from the Senate, and making myself known, I went with them to Myla's house. There I told them fortunes which quite satisfied their romantic appetites. Julia having secured degrees from Vassar, Bryn Mawr, and Yale, instead of marrying a Professor—as was prophesied by a cheap fortune-teller, who knew nothing whatever about her profession—will marry the President of the United States and go to live in the White House at Washington. Myla will grow rich off of her literary productions, and with the money will build a large theatre where young prima donnas, such as Evelyn Holliday, Gertrude Talbot, Jessie Emery, and Helen Werbe, struggling for public recognition, will make their débuts in comedies and tragedies, written by Miss Closser. Great fame will descend upon her, as the teacher of future Mary Andersons, Modjeskas, and Olga Nethersoles.

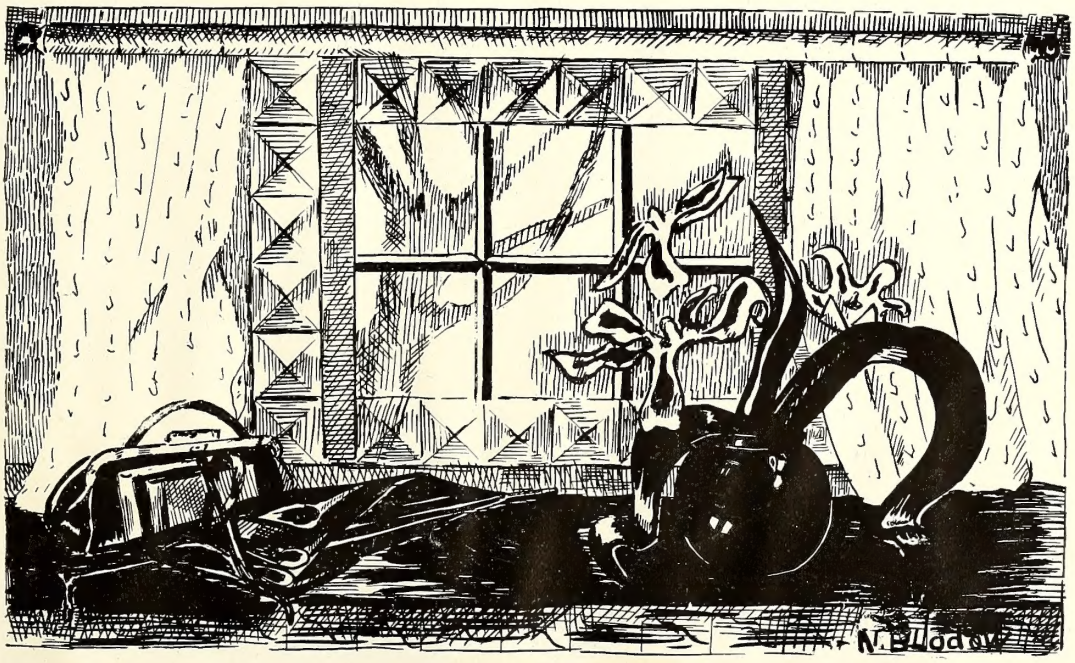
Fletcher Wagner and Thomas Sims visited me one morning about 10 o'clock, when all inquisitive and gossiping spies were at school, in the hands of their beloved instructors.

Fletcher will be a United States Senator. After having served two terms, he will become Secretary of State under President Colgan, whose election as Chief Magistrate he will have secured.

Thomas Sims will take his degree at Oxford, England, and will return to America as pastor of one of New York's largest churches. In time to come, he will be canonized.

Having related to you, as well as I can recall, the futures of a few of your Seniors, I close this narrative with a hearty three cheers for the Class of '99.

NORA TAGGART.



Alumni Association.

At the Annual Meeting of the I. H. S. Alumni Association during Commencement week of last year, the following officers were elected:

Robert Wilson Hobbs, - - - - -	President.
Edith Conner, - - - - - - -	Vice-President.
Chas. E. Emmerich, - - - - - -	Treasurer, *ex-officio.*
Geo. W. Hufford, - - - - - - -	Secretary, *ex-officio.*

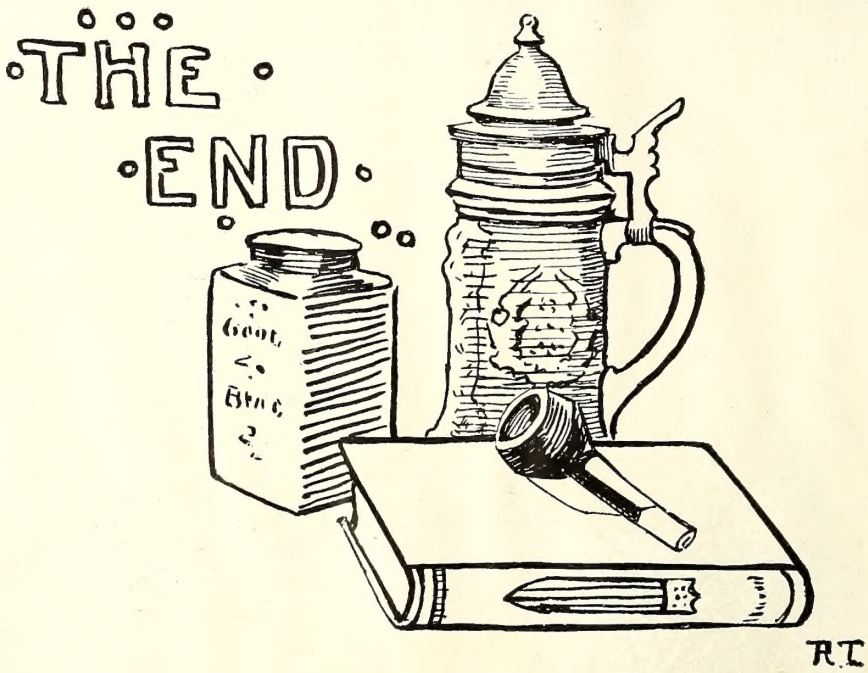
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Dr. Max Bahr.

Susie Clark. Bessie Taylor.

Ralph Helm.

A President, Vice-President, and one member of the Executive Committee is to be chosen at the meeting of the Association on the first Friday evening after commencement, June sixteenth. At this meeting a literary and musical programme will be given, followed by refreshments and dancing. All graduates of the High School and all students enrolled in the High School previous to 1876, are members of this Association.



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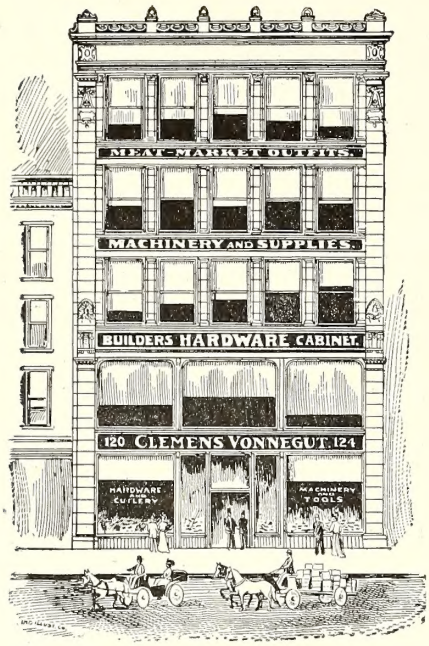

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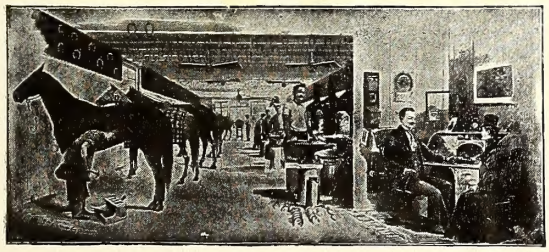

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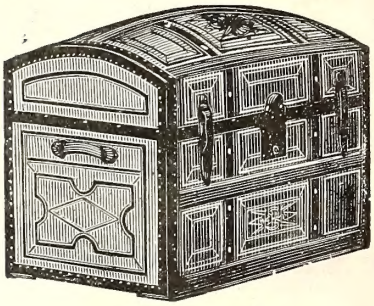

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